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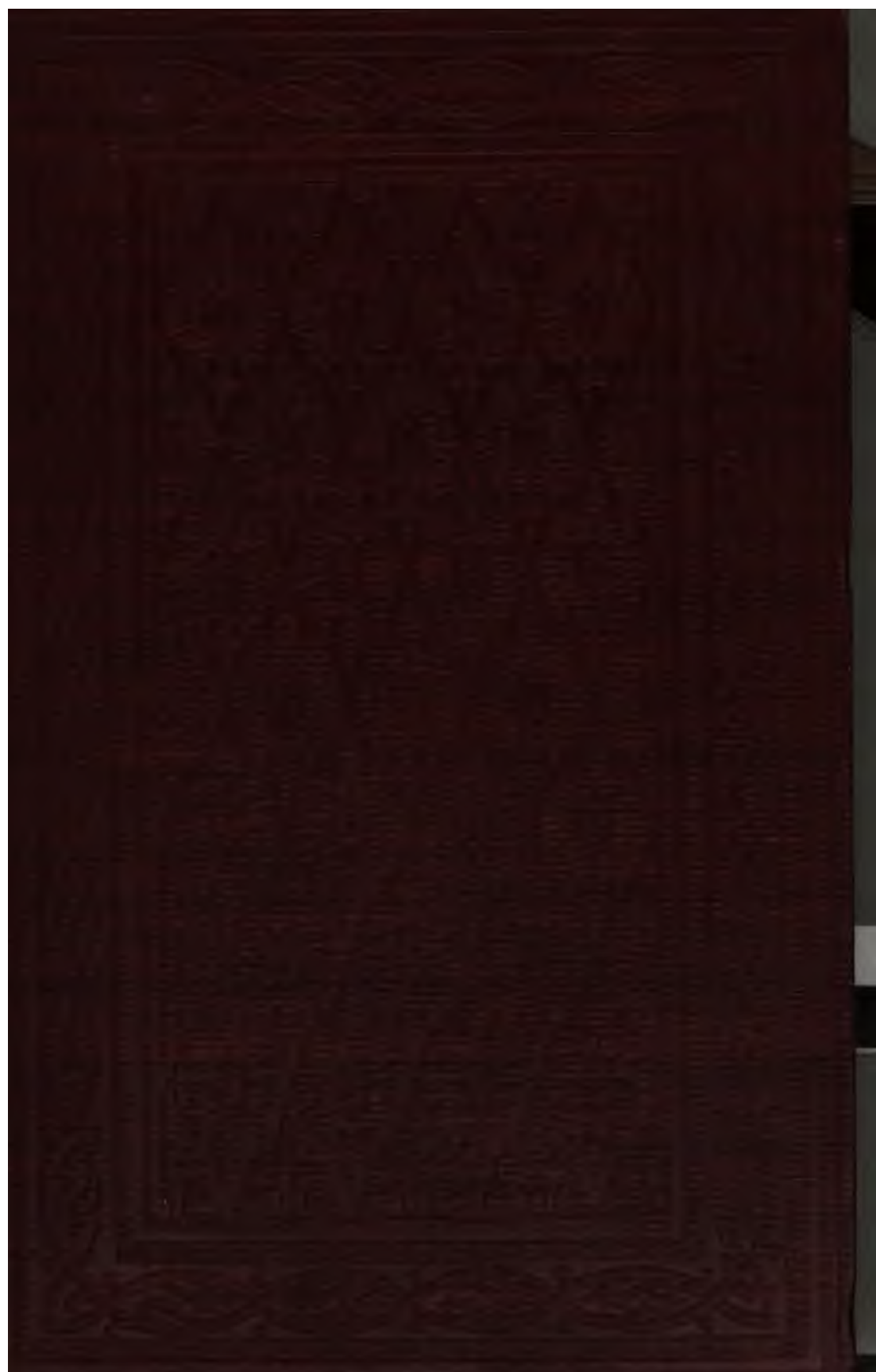
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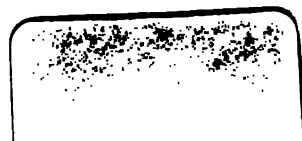
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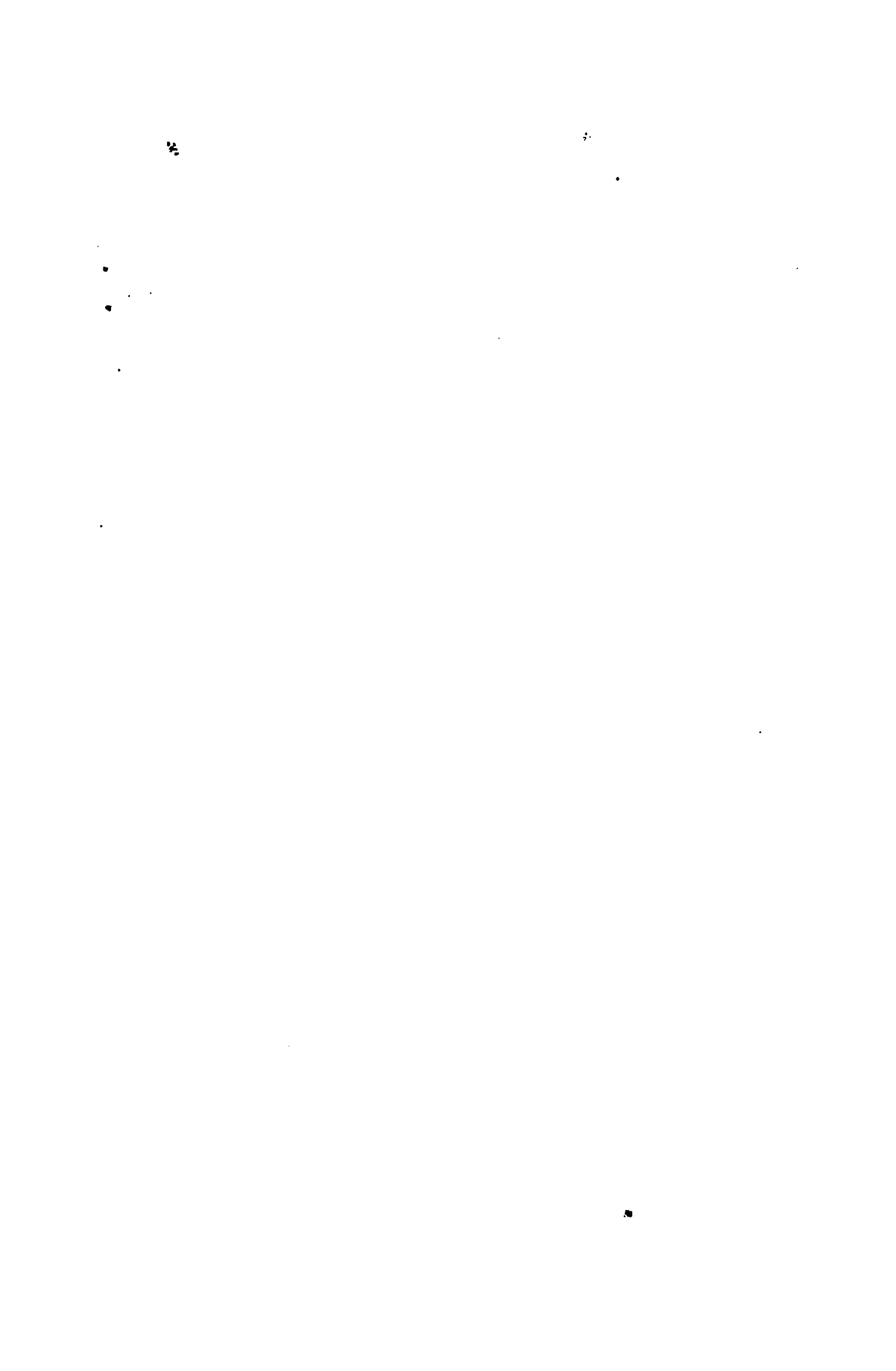
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THE CRIMEAN EXPEDITION.





G. T. LITV.

W. H. PARNETT, IMP.

MARSHAL SAINT-ARNAUD.

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THE
CRIMEAN EXPEDITION,

On the Capture of Sebastopol.

CHRONICLES OF THE WAR IN THE EAST,

FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT TO THE SIGNING OF
THE TREATY OF PEACE.

BY
THE BARON DE BAZANCOURT,
CHARGED WITH A MISSION TO THE CRIMEA BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MINISTER
OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Translated from the French

BY
ROBERT HOWE GOULD, M.A.

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AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

TO HIS MAJESTY

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

SIRE,

To dedicate this book to Your Majesty, is to dedicate it to France, to dedicate it to the Army; and the Emperor, in deigning to accept the Dedication, has accorded to the Author the noblest recompense that his ambition could desire.

I am, with respect,

SIRE,

Your Imperial Majesty's


Most humble and most obedient Servant and Subject,

BARON DE BAZANCOURT.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE subject of the present work, its semi-official character, and the high sanction under which it is, avowedly, written, render its translation into English a task of no slight responsibility, and constitute my apology for preceding such translation with some remarks, which seem to me not inappropriate or unnecessary.

In the first place, it is most essential to impress upon the reader, the fact that the original of this work was written not merely *in* French, but *for* the French;—that it neither intends nor professes to do anything else than give a detailed statement of the French share in the war, and the French view of the whole subject. The Author specially announces this in his preface,—and the Minister of War refers to the work, in anticipation, as “strictly national” (*toute nationale*). It presents to us just that portion of the history of the Expedition with which we could attain but little acquaintance from other sources; and tells not only what the Army of our Allies saw, and suffered, and achieved, but gives their own estimate of



all this, at the same time that it unfolds to us the plans and expectations which they formed ; the opinions of their Generals as to the various operations and incidents of the war ; and the measures from time to time adopted by the Allied Commanders.

On the other hand, we obtain the French view of the purely English portion of the Expedition ;—of the management of our army,—the tactics of its leaders,—its endurance in the camp and its achievements in the field.

This, however, is touched upon with comparative brevity, and only as incidental to, and forming necessarily an essential part of, the more direct narrative of the operations of the French army.

But it is curious, as showing the views entertained by such capable critics as our Allies, of our system of campaigning, our military organization, and, especially, of our conduct of this war.

The work does not aspire to the didactic tone, or judicial and retrospective character, of deliberate "*history* ;" but offers only a contemporaneous record, —a daily chronicle,—of the events of the war ; noted down in their order of occurrence, and taken partly from the Author's personal observation,—partly from the verbal testimony of actors in the events recorded,—and partly from the despatches and correspondence of the French Commanders-in-Chief.

Some occurrences, which have challenged censure

even from ourselves, are unavoidably mentioned ; but it is in a forbearing spirit,—nor are they dwelt upon farther than truth and candour compel ;—while, on the other hand, when opportunity offers to record those deeds which do credit to our arms, it is eagerly and cordially made available ; and nothing can surpass the frankness and heartiness, with which the Author bears testimony, in instances innumerable, to the indomitable courage, the unwearied endurance, and the indefatigable perseverance of our gallant troops.

And it must be remarked, that all his statements of *fact* are attested by direct reference to the sources (almost invariably official) whence they are drawn ; so that, although his “ comments ” are only expressions of individual opinion, the “ facts ” upon which they are based are authenticated, with all the weight which can be derived from official documents, and by that right of seeking information from the highest and most direct sources, which the Author’s employment by his Government had conferred upon him. It is unquestionable, moreover, that his “ opinions ” are, in reality, also those of the persons from whom he derived the materials for the details of his narrative ; and that, thus, although not “ official,” they embody the views, adopted on the scene of action itself, by the officers and army of our allies.

It is important to remember, that M. de Bazancourt had no access, on the English side, to those sources of information which were opened to him by the officers of his own nation, and from which alone could such a narrative be well or truly framed; and, therefore, that he not only was precluded, by the scope and purpose of his work, from attempting any detailed narrative of the English share in the expedition, but that, in the absence of such means of information as are above referred to, even the attempt to give more than a general outline of the operations of our army, would have been, in a high degree, inappropriate and presumptuous.

As a record, therefore, of what was done and witnessed by our brave Allies,—a record drawn from the most precise and authentic sources,—the work is curious and interesting; and surely not less so, as a criticism,—although only a cursory one,—passed, as it were, by another nation, upon the career of our own army and our conduct of the war.

A few words as to the translation:

Only those who have made the experiment, can appreciate the always delicate, and often thankless task, of transferring the thoughts or statements of another into a language different from that in which they have been originally expressed.

This re-heating of the bronze,—this making a fresh cast of the statue,—will rarely, indeed, fail to

be accompanied by some deterioration; rarely, indeed, will the "copy" fail to lose, in the "transfusion," something of both the definiteness and the grace of outline of the actual creation.

In Literature, however, if not in Art, the necessity for strictly-accurate reproduction of the very "form and pressure" of the original, is not always absolute; but varies in degree with the nature of its subject and the style of the work.

And where "facts" form the staple of a work, it will be admitted, that their lucid and accurate presentation is of more importance than the form of their expression. In the present work, therefore, while I have, as a rule, sought to adhere as closely to the Author's own form of expression as the difference of idiom would permit, I have not hesitated, in case of necessity, to regard his meaning as of more importance than his mere phraseology; but, at the same time, I have conscientiously endeavoured to convey to the English reader the precise effect intended to be produced by the original.

It is proper to add, that (in both original and translation) the constant recurrence of similar incidents,—the perpetual repetition of military and engineering phrases,—and the limitation for so long a time to the same scenes and the same personages,—have rendered a slight degree of monotony of style occasionally unavoidable; and while unwilling to

retain a single French word for which a true English synonyme exists, it has been scarcely possible for me to avoid the use of some French words, which have either been long recognized as available in English composition, or have become familiar during the progress of the present war,—such as *escarpement*, *matériel*, *fusillade*, *plateau*, *entonnoirs*, *corps d'armée*, *mamelon*, &c., &c.; while, to avoid circumlocution, some other words are often used in senses, which, by increased intimacy of association with our allies, have become almost as much English as French. Such words, so used, will strike the reader, perhaps, as “Gallicisms,” but the nature and subject of the work have rendered their adoption pardonable, if not unavoidable.

In conclusion, I have only to solicit the public indulgence, for my fulfilment of a very arduous and responsible task, under great pressure as to time; and the difficulty of which has been materially augmented, by the vast amount of statistical matter and technical phraseology, with which the work necessarily abounds, and for my rendering of which, there is no doubt, that, with every possible effort to insure accuracy, I must occasionally trust to the reader's indulgent consideration.

THE TRANSLATOR.

May, 1856.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

A FEW words may not be without utility, at the commencement of this book.

Charged, by His Excellency Monsieur Fortoul, Minister of Public Instruction, to proceed to the Crimea to collect all the documents relative to this glorious expedition, in order to write its history, I started, at the beginning of January 1855, accredited to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East, by His Excellency the Marshal-Minister of War.

This mission was delicate and difficult; and I did not disguise from myself the obstacles which I might encounter; for the arrival of a writer is always regarded with some alarm in the camp. I trust that I dispelled this alarm, by explaining

frankly, from the first day, to the General-in-Chief, my idea, my purpose, and the task for which I claimed his high patronage.

I shall always remember, with gratitude, the kindness extended to me by General Canrobert.

The tents were then opened to me, and I received, from the principal officers of the Army, a welcome, by which I was at once honoured and profoundly touched. I have drawn from these living sources, the valuable and authentic documents which have guided me through the labyrinth of this complicated work. The Journals of the various Divisions,—and those of all the military operations of the campaign and the siege,—have been shown to me. It is upon the very spot where the greater part of these events had passed, that those who had directed them have recounted to me their most striking episodes. I inquired,—I listened,—and I wrote. Not a day passed, but had its labour and its allotted task.

That which was still more valuable to me, was the opportunity of familiarising myself, by daily contact, with that military life, to me unknown; to follow it day by day, hour by hour, and minute by minute;—to find myself inspired by the manly emotions of the combat;—to listen, by day and by night, to the roar of cannon and musketry;—to see the darkened sky suddenly illumined by volleys of

shells ;—to pass through the trenches and see our brave soldiers, some behind the embrasures armed with rifles, others bending over the spade and turning up the earth, in order to advance, with steps slow but sure, towards the besieged town.

It is gratifying to me, to mention here, how much I am indebted to Colonel Raoult, Major of the Trenches ; who bestowed upon me the hospitality of his dwelling (the house of the *Clock Tower*), and thus permitted me to live in the very heart of the siege, and to follow, step by step, its interesting but perilous progress. In the evening, his conversation, no less kindly than instructive, initiated me into the secrets of his profession ; —although often interrupted by a sudden fusillade, or a sortie of the besieged. I lived this life with joy and enthusiasm. If I beheld sad pictures of the dead and the wounded, other scenes no less moving,—some terrible struggle or some bold attack,—soon removed the impression from my mind. A stirring life, and one which I would gladly live over again !

I feel it my duty, to here express my deep sense of gratitude towards those who have lent me their invaluable assistance. I am well aware, however, that this great kindness was shown less to myself personally, than in honour of the mission with which I was charged by the Minister of Public Instruc-

tion, and of the powerful patronage of Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War; who had been pleased, a few days before my departure for the Crimea, to address to me the following letter:—

MINISTRY OF WAR.

Cabinet of the Minister.

“ Monsieur le Baron,

28th December, 1854.

“ In informing me that he has charged you to proceed to collect, in the East, all the information necessary for writing a history of the present War, the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship has desired me to recommend you to the Commander-in-Chief of our Army.

“ I have acceded, with so much the more readiness, to the wish of my colleague, because I attach, myself, a high value, to the success of the strictly national mission which he has confided to you.

“ His Excellency could not have chosen a writer more capable of doing justice to his subject.

“ I have given orders, according to your desire, that a place should be reserved for you, on board the packet of the 8th of January next.

“ Receive, &c., &c.,

“ *The Marshal-Minister of War,*

“ VAILLANT.”

I have often heard this phrase repeated ;—" One does not write the *history* of a war which is still in progress."

No, living history cannot be written. We listen to it—we interrogate it ; but it is necessary that the years which have passed should have brought their tribute of facts, should have closed the tombs of the dead, and have pronounced their judgment, before it can be written ;—but what it *is* possible to write, is the narrative of events,—the exact chronicle of a campaign, or of an expedition,—gathered from authentic sources, and free from all expression of judgment or of opinion.

The old "chroniclers" still remain as inimitable masters of their art. Their vivid recitals have not grown old ; they present the life, the colour, the true sentiment of the events which they recount. They form inexhaustible springs, from which successive historians have come to draw truth and inspiration. Those chroniclers whom we call Villehardouin, Joinville, Comines, Froissart, &c., have they not written narratives which live and breathe ? At once soldiers and writers, their style is full of imagery, of movement, and of vital warmth. It is the path traced by those grand old chroniclers, which the author of this book, humble as he is, seeks to follow. Far from him be the thought of passing judgment upon events which are still in progress at

the moment when he writes. He contents himself by framing his narrative with exactitude and impartiality; and here presents the careful result of the labours of a year.

His only ambition is to have conscientiously accomplished a work which he believes to be useful.

December, 1855.

CAUSES OF THE WAR IN THE EAST.

I.

BEFORE commencing the narrative of this formidable siege,—a gigantic task and one without parallel in the annals of history,—it is important, and even indispensable, to ascertain the *causes* of a war, which came so abruptly to spread perturbation throughout the whole of Europe.

Without entering into the complicated details of that which is, by common consent, called “The Eastern Question,” we will endeavour, succinctly, to trace its general outlines.

The origin of this grave question,—very simple in itself,—has, so to speak, been completely effaced by the importance of the events which have subsequently occurred.

What, then, is this “origin?” or, to speak more precisely, this first phase of the question?

To begin with, it comprises the negotiations of France on the subject of "The Holy Places."

For centuries the Roman Catholics and the Greeks have disputed the possession and the privileges of the sanctuaries of Palestine.

By a treaty, concluded between France and the Porte in 1740, the Latins had acquired a right and a solemn title.¹

Little by little, nevertheless, the Greeks had encroached upon the right of the Latins; and in 1850, the latter, from concessions upon concessions, had come to be entirely excluded from nine sanctuaries over which they had absolute rights;—but the fear of raising one of those religious contests, always so deadly, was such, that they had suffered in silence. The exclusion from the great Church of Bethlehem and the Church of the Tomb of the Virgin was nevertheless a serious grievance, and painful in a religious point of view; and so much the more so, that the Greeks had marked their usurpations upon Mount Calvary by the destruction of the most venerated tombs.²

The priests of the Holy Land addressed their

¹ Art. 33. "The Latin monks who at present reside, as heretofore, without and within Jerusalem, and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, (called *Camané*,) shall remain in possession of the places of pilgrimage which they now have, in the same manner as they have held possession of them in times past.

² The tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon, of Baudoin, and of other kings of the Crusades, were broken and destroyed.

complaints to France, whose guarantee protected by treaty the rights of the Latin Church.

It was then, that the French Government, in presence of reiterated complaints, essayed to terminate this unhappy quarrel.

General Aupick, in the reclamation which he addressed to the Porte, on the 28th of May, contented himself with calling to mind the rights of the Latins, and demanding the restitution of the sanctuaries, from which, little by little, the Greeks had excluded them.

It was not until the end of the year that an evasive answer was received from the Sultan.

In 1851, the Marquis de Lavalette succeeded General Aupick.

A mixed commission of French and Greeks was charged to examine the question, and to determine the rights of each party. But an autograph letter from the Emperor of Russia to the Sultan, brought about the dissolution of this commission, although not until after it had held several sittings.

Another, composed only of Mussulmen, was named to replace it.

It is this first step of the Porte, which plainly betrays her feebleness, and shows her already bending under the intimidation of Russian power.

Very soon she accords to the Greeks a Firman, the object and extent of which were, while still re-

serving the concessions recently made to the Latins by the Mahometan commission, to invalidate the titles and rights which the capitulations of 1740 had guaranteed to the Catholics.

This new decision, taken irrespective of France, might therefore, under the apparent form of religious rivalry, raise a question of political influence of the highest importance.

Nevertheless, our ambassador, continuing to act in a conciliatory spirit, was content to shut his eyes, provided that the firman was only registered, without being solemnly read before the assembled communities at Jerusalem. The chargé d'affaires of Russia, on the contrary, required the public reading.

The question remained pending for a long time, as is usual in such cases, until the period when Fuad-Effendi, charged with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, recognised the grave obligation created by the engagements contracted towards France, and resolved to maintain them.

Such is the substance of these first negotiations. They form the base of the recriminations of Russia, of her demands, and of this cruel conflict, which has wasted so much blood.

We have stated these facts, without remark of any kind, and with impartiality; allowing them to speak for themselves, and weigh with their own proper weight in the balance of justice.

II.

RUSSIA is seen to enter imperiously upon the question. She has an important point to gain.

And what was the position of Turkey ?

Certainly it cannot be contested, that the ground of this debate was completely indifferent to her. It was an entirely personal affair between Christian sects.

Placed between two nations, her allies, equally powerful, she could not but be impartial. She recognized a right ; but she circumscribed this right within narrow limits.

Governed by apprehension, she feared her own justice as a germ of war ; and, launched upon a path of evident contradictions, she saw herself menaced in her own existence by a sudden invasion.

It is at this moment that England appears ; she is not a mediatress—she observes, she examines.

“ To listen, to observe, but to maintain the strictest neutrality ;” such are her instructions ; and these instructions remain the same, whoever may be the ministers that succeed each other.

If we had not imposed upon ourselves the task

of passing over all this period with a rapid flight, it would be curious to examine the documents which emanate from the English Cabinet. They speak the voice of truth, apart from all personal interest; for England cannot be accused of having desired, either avowedly or tacitly, to favour the increase of the French influence in Turkey.

After a few conciliatory attempts, which had no result, she suggested to the French Cabinet the idea of treating the question directly with Russia.

This thought, at once dignified and ingenuous, relieved Turkey from an unjust responsibility, and rendered her, in reality as in justice, entirely a stranger to the ulterior decisions which might be taken.

France consented, and commenced direct negotiations. But while our minister at St. Petersburg entered into direct communication with Count Nesselrode, Russia despatched troops into the Danubian provinces, and concentrated there a formidable corps d'armée.¹

The question of the Holy Places came at last to receive a solution; being that, in favour of which the new minister, Fuad-Effendi, had decided; and

¹ One of the most curious documents of this grand diplomatic process is the despatch of Count Nesselrode to Baron Brunow (Corresp., Part I., No. 72). The bitterness which betrays itself at each word, in his recriminations against France, already unveils, without his own knowledge, the most private thoughts of Russia.

certainly, in accepting it, France still persevered in her moderation.

But Russia, also, persevered in her inadmissible demands; and, alleging a broken word, demanded reparation.

“It is to obtain this, that our efforts must be directed,” was her declaration.

On the 4th of February, 1853, the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople was officially announced.

III.

THE religious question is at an end; the political question begins; for Russia did not raise this debate for any other purpose than that of opening to her sovereignty the harbour of the Bosphorus.

It was on the 28th of February that Prince Menschikoff arrived at Constantinople; whilst his Government, in its communications with the English Cabinet, was officially protesting its "conciliatory intentions," and joining thereto some private communications, which must have removed doubt if it existed, or suspicion if it had arisen.

Thus England, who had become mediatress in this grave debate, saw, without fear, the arrival of the Russian ambassador in Turkey. She blindly believed in the protestations of Russia, and in her desire to arrest this conflict, which brought in question the most solemn interests; and she could not *but* believe in them.

What a striking contrast the menacing, hostile, and disdainful attitude of this envoy presents to the confident tranquillity of England!

Prince Menschikoff enters Constantinople, while two Russian corps d'armée enter Bessarabia.

Nations, like individuals, like all existing beings, have at times a secret instinct, which makes them divine the dangers with which they are menaced; and undoubtedly the military aspect of this mission was not of a nature to stifle the presentiments of intimidation and of menace which pervaded the secret mind of the Turkish government.

Fuad-Effendi, whom Prince Menschikoff had refused to see, had given in his resignation.¹

The affront offered to the First Minister was great; the emotion which it caused was universal, and the apprehension widespread. Turkey was menaced in her independence by the provoking attitude and by the military preparations of the Russian empire.

To the demand of the Grand Vizier, the *chargés d'affaires* of France and England answered that they had asked fresh instructions from their Governments.

"Turkey will be lost before these instructions arrive!" exclaimed the Seraskier, in the most profound consternation.

¹ The motives which determined Fuad-Effendi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to present his resignation to His Majesty the Sultan, are to be found in the refusal of Prince Menschikoff to pay him a visit.

According to all received custom, it is the rule that each new ambassador makes his first visit to the Grand Vizier, and the second to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The latter awaited the Prince in the apartments of his hotel, with all the usual ceremonies; but the Prince refused to enter, notwithstanding the invitation which was urged upon him by the Introducer of Ambassadors.

England, leaning with a blind good faith on the reiterated assurances of Russia, refused to believe in the reality of these apprehensions. France, more directly interested, had cause to be more uneasy, more prudent, and more attentive. She resolved not to remain inactive in face of a position the gravity of which might increase at any moment.

Such, then, was the situation. Turkey in consternation; France attentive; England still credulous.

And how should England be otherwise in presence of such constant and formal protestations?¹

Communications were exchanged between the several cabinets; but Prince Menschikoff still remained as a living menace at Constantinople.

Beside its apparent object, what was in reality the hidden aim of this extraordinary mission?

It was this;—a secret treaty between Turkey and Russia against the Western Powers.²

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had recently arrived at Constantinople. The new French Ambassador, M. de Lacour, arrived only a few days later. Lord Stratford possessed himself of the “situation,” and judged it clearly in its full extent, as well as in all its bearings; and impressed upon the Divan the fact that the question of the Holy Places ought

¹ Corresp., Part I., No. 113.

² Corresp., Part I., No. 135, Inclosure No. 2.

to be separated from the new and secret propositions of Russia.¹

The moment has arrived when evasive answers are of no value, and equivocation is useless ; when the simple and naked truth must appear in the open light of day.

Lord Stratford, Prince Menschikoff, and our new Ambassador are all present. The last questions in dispute have been settled to the satisfaction of Russia ; but at this moment fresh instructions arrive from the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, embodying new exactions ; and on the 5th of May, the Prince addresses a note to the Divan :—

“ It is no longer a question of a secret treaty ; Russia demands a convention, which is (adds the Envoy Extraordinary) solely in the interest of the religious immunities of the orthodox worship, and is to serve as a guarantee for the future.”

After six ministerial councils (all the grand functionaries, whether in active service or in retirement, having assisted at the two last), the Porte refused to enter upon any engagement of this nature, which she justly regarded, as incompatible with her dignity and her independence.

“ It is unquestionable,” said the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, “ that a government, which, upon a

¹ Plan of a Secret Treaty, proposed to the Porte by Prince Menschikoff. (Corresp., Part I., Inclosure No. 153.)

subject so grave as this, should sign an engagement with another government, would do an act entirely opposed to international rights, and would totally obliterate the very principle of its independence."

On the 21st of May Prince Menschikoff quitted Constantinople, with all the superior officers belonging to his mission.¹

¹ On the 9th of June Redschid Pacha received from the Grand Chancellor of Russia (on the subject of the departure of the Envoy Extraordinary) a letter which was equivalent to a declaration of war. We reproduce the text of the principal passages :—

"The Emperor, my master, has informed me, that Prince Menschikoff has been compelled to quit Constantinople, without having been able to obtain any of the guarantees which he demanded, for the maintenance of the rights and privileges of the Greek Church. The Emperor considers the refusal of the Porte as evincing an entire want of courtesy, and as an insult offered to his person. He entirely approves the conduct of his Ambassador.

"In his solicitude for the preservation of the Ottoman empire, he entreats the Porte to reflect once more, on the disastrous consequences of her refusal, the whole responsibility of which must rest upon herself. He accords her a final delay of eight days.

"At the expiration of this term the Russian troops will cross the frontier,—not, however, to make war, but to obtain from the Sultan the concessions which he has refused to grant in the way of friendly understanding. But Count Nesselrode still hopes that the Porte, better advised, will yield, before the Emperor has recourse to measures which are repugnant to his sentiments towards the Sultan Abdul-Medjid, but the adoption of which is imperiously demanded by his own conscience and by that of his people."

IV.

THE rapidity of this sketch does not permit us to examine or to discuss what were the important objects contemplated by the pretensions which Russia advanced to wield the very sovereignty of the Sultan ; but it is impossible to misapprehend them. To sign this treaty would be, on the part of Turkey, to exhale from her own mouth the breath which must, according to the expressions of Count Nesselrode, "cause to crumble into dust this body already so feeble and so tottering."

The question of "the Holy Places," so loudly proclaimed, had completely disappeared. Turkey was no longer placed in the position of an arbitress in the midst of interests to which, in fact, she was completely a stranger. She found herself directly interested, and attacked in the most precious attributes of her proper sovereignty. It was sought, under the specious pretext of a religious protectorate, to substantially withdraw from the authority of the Turkish government ten or twelve millions of her subjects.

Austria, Prussia, England and France, interposed

officially, up to the moment of the departure of Prince Menschikoff.

His immovable determination caused profound astonishment; however well foreseen certain events might be, when they actually occurred, they were, nevertheless, astonishing.

England especially, who had believed most blindly, was most profoundly wounded. Her government was obliged to avow that it had been deceived.

What had become of all the assurances, so often given, so many times reiterated, by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, on the subject of this mission?

Lord Clarendon complained bitterly of this to Sir Hamilton Seymour, the representative of England in Russia.¹

¹ Corresp., Part I., No. 195.

Sir Hamilton answered thus (Corresp., Part I., No. 268):—

“It has been, I can assure your Lordship, a great consolation to me to learn, that if my reports have contributed to mislead Her Majesty’s Government touching the intentions of the Imperial Cabinet towards Turkey, the fault cannot be attributed to my inexperience. I might have been mistaken respecting the explanations and the assurances of Count Nesselrode, had they been given me but once; but it is difficult to imagine that I could have deceived myself as to the meaning of these protestations, incessantly repeated; and the hypothesis of my being mistaken becomes inadmissible, when one sees that the series of declarations made to the British Envoy by the Russian Cabinet are successively repeated to Her Majesty’s Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by the Russian Minister in London. I will, however, avow to your Lordship that I have incurred all the blame which could attach to the entire faith given by me to solemn assurances; and that it was my misfortune, as well as my duty, to express to Her Majesty’s Government the confidence with which those assurances inspired me.”

The latter had attributed to the Turkish Minister, and afterwards to the French Ambassador, the obstacles which had arisen at the commencement of this grave debate ; but this time, it was the English Ambassador who was accused.¹

From the departure of Prince Menschikoff dates another phase of the question—a last, a supreme effort—the Conference of Vienna.

¹ “The Emperor,” says Count Nesselrode, “believes that he has remained faithful to the declarations which he made to the English Government. He had promised to carry moderation and patience as far as they could go ; but in bringing to the knowledge of the English Cabinet the military preparations, which coincided with the opening of the negotiations, he had not disguised the fact, that a moment might arrive when he should see himself constrained to have recourse to those preparations.

“We know,” he added, “the efforts that the English Ambassador at Constantinople has made with the Sultan, as well as with the members of his council, to encourage him to resistance, by seeking to persuade him that our menaces would not surpass the limits of a moral pressure ; and by promising him the support and the sympathies of Europe if he should accord to his subjects equality in presence of the law, and privileges more in conformity with the liberal manners of the West.”

V.

WHAT were, in fact, the pretensions of Russia? What did she exact in her *ultimatum*? That the Porte should bind herself to Russia in all that concerns the administration of the religious interests of the Greeks, while the latter seizes in advance, and by way of "material guarantee," two important provinces of the Ottoman empire.

By this sudden invasion of the Danubian Principalities, which was equivalent to a partial dismemberment of the Turkish empire, the equilibrium of Europe was menaced.

Russia, absolute sovereign of the Black Sea, having but to extend her arm to touch the Bosphorus, placed the Mediterranean within reach of the fleets of Sebastopol. From the recesses of her inaccessible harbours she might threaten all the nations of the world.

The four great European powers combined to avert a war which appeared imminent; and to this end, while respecting the dignity of Russia, to preserve also the independence of Turkey.

Meanwhile, France and England, in face of the

development of the Russian aggression, held their fleets at hand, prepared, if needful, to render efficient aid to the Sultan.

The idea of this mediative conference was surely something of the most tardy, to offer any hope of deriving thence a favourable issue. Gall and bitterness were already fully infused into the ingredients of the quarrel, and into the hearts of all parties.

Austria proposed to blend the Russian note and the response of the Divan, and to deduce from the two a conclusion admissible by both sides ; a difficult task, when one compares the two documents, so totally opposed to each other. But diplomacy has wonderful resources in the subtlety of its language, in its shades of meaning, in its appreciations, and in its modes of procedure ; therefore, this " fusion " was not considered hopeless.

To the first proposal remitted to Lord Clarendon by Count Walewski, (our Ambassador in London,) other combinations had already succeeded ; had been weighed, admitted for an instant, and then rejected. At length the French proposition having been confidentially approved by Count Nesselrode, a first conference was held at Vienna, on the 24th of July, at the residence of Count Buol. The Count Walewski's note was discussed by Count Buol, who suggested certain amendments thereto.

Meantime, the invasion of the Principalities (July 3rd) had produced a terrible effect at Constantinople. The excitement of the population, especially of the old Turkish party, was fearful, and constantly increasing.

The note drawn up at the conference, and to which Russia had given her assent, was sent to Constantinople.¹

The majority of the Sultan's council declared for its rejection.

Nevertheless, by strong representations, the Divan was induced to accept the principle of the note ; but with three modifications, of which Redschid Pacha explained, in a memorandum, the meaning and the object.

Turkey, the only power seriously pledged by the basis of this new treaty, repulsed all which seemed to her doubtful or obscure ; or susceptible of leading, subsequently, to misinterpretations. On the other hand, the European Powers, having previously approved the refusal of the Porte to subscribe to pretensions which aimed at her independence, could not now assume to constrain the Sultan to sign an instrument, which might, at a later period, produce a result precisely analogous.²

¹ Corresp., Part II., No. 56.

² It is curious enough to compare the text of the paragraphs, as they had been accepted, with those proposed by the Porte.

[Text

It must be said, that the "modifications" pre-

Text of the Vienna Note.

(Translation.)—"If at all periods the Emperors of Russia have testified their active solicitude for the maintenance of the immunities and privileges of the orthodox Greek worship and Church in the Ottoman Empire, the Sultans have never refused to consecrate them anew, by those solemn acts which attested their ancient and constant benevolence towards their Christian subjects."

As modified by the Porte.

"If at all periods the Emperors of Russia have testified their active solicitude for the orthodox Greek worship and Church, the Sultans have never ceased to watch over the maintenance of the immunities and privileges which they had spontaneously accorded, on divers occasions, to that worship and to that Church, in the Ottoman Empire, and to consecrate them anew," &c., &c.

Text of the Vienna Note.

"The undersigned has received, in consequence, the order to declare, by these presents, that the Government of His Majesty the Sultan will remain faithful to the letter and the spirit of the stipulations of the treaties of Kanairdji and Adrianople, relative to the protection of the Christian worship; and that His Majesty considers that he is bound, in honour, to cause to be for ever observed, and preserved from all attack (be it at the present time or in the time to come), the enjoyment of the spiritual privileges which have been accorded by His Majesty's august ancestors to the orthodox Eastern Church, and which are maintained and confirmed by His Majesty; and moreover, in a spirit of strict equity, to cause the Greek ritual to participate in the advantages conceded to the other Christian rituals by treaty or by private concession."

As modified by the Porte.

"The undersigned has, in consequence, received the order to declare, that the Government of His Majesty the Sultan will remain faithful to the stipulations of the treaty of Kanairdji, confirmed by that of Adrianople, relative to the protection, by the Sublime Porte, of the Christian religion; and he is, moreover, charged to make known that His Majesty considers that he is bound, in honour, . . . &c. . . . and moreover, in a spirit of strict equity, to cause the Greek ritual to participate in the advantages decreed, or which shall be decreed, to the other Christian communities, Ottoman subjects."

sentèd by the Turkish Government, and which that Government considered of such extreme gravity, appeared puerile, and above all, purposeless, to the Powers who had drawn up the Vienna note; and they continued to urge the Porte to accept it without alteration of its terms.¹

Nearly at the same time, there arrived unexpectedly, on the 7th of September, a despatch from Count Nesselrode, which discussed and interpreted the Vienna note.

This "act of frankness" (as the Grand Chancellor himself terms it) produced new and inextricable complications, and destroyed all hope of averting war—that scourge of civilized nations. The Powers who had so severely blamed Turkey found themselves forced to be silent.

One last effort was attempted in the interview which took place at Olmutz between the Emperor Nicholas and the Emperor of Austria; but it was the last gasp of diplomacy brought to bay.

"Accept," said they to Turkey, "the Vienna note; and at the same time the four Powers will, on their part, address to you a note, which shall give to that of Vienna an interpretation opposed to the

¹ The despatch of Lord Clarendon to Lord Stratford (10 Sept., *Corresp.*, Part II., No. 88) shows to what point prayers and remonstrances had been pushed. The French Cabinet also acted in the same spirit.

memorandum of Count Nesselrode, and favourable to Ottoman independence."

The French Government, in its ardent desire to maintain peace, did not repulse this project, strange as it could not but appear.

It was not, however, the same with England ; and the French Cabinet (which had not inclined towards this expedient, except to avoid creating new difficulties) yielded to the just arguments of Lord Clarendon.¹

Thenceforward events marched with gigantic strides towards War. If, in fact, it did not already exist, Peace was mortally injured by two fearful wounds ;—the invasion of the Danubian Principalities and the disaster of Sinope.²

¹ Corresp., Part II., No. 135.

² Forced by bad weather to take shelter at Sinope, the Ottoman fleet, composed of 7 frigates, 3 corvettes (sloops of war), and 2 steamers, lay there at anchor on the 30th of November. It was suddenly surprised and attacked in the harbour by the Russian fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Nachimoff, consisting of 2 three-deckers, 4 ships of the line, 3 frigates, 1 transport, and 3 steamers.

Vice-Admiral Nachimoff profited by a favourable wind to enter the harbour, and immediately made to the Turks the signal to surrender.

But the Ottoman fleet, despite the excessive numerical superiority of the hostile force, resolved to defend itself to the last extremity, sooner than lower its flag ; and at about half-past twelve o'clock at noon itself opened fire upon the Russians.

The combat was terrible, ferocious ; for on the side of the Turks the contest was hopeless ; they did not fight to conquer, but to die with honour. An hour after sunset this sanguinary combat still continued ; and the burning town, of which various quarters had been fired by the bombs of the enemy's vessels, illuminated with baneful light the terrible spectacle.

The Ottoman fleet was annihilated; eight vessels were sunk by the Russian shot. The *Mizmie*, of 60 guns, commanded by Kadri-Bey, and having Hussein Pasha on board, fought to the last moment, with all the courage of despair. Being no longer able to fight, and determined not to strike their flag, these two intrepid officers blew up the frigate, and were buried with her beneath the waves.

Ali-Bey, who commanded the *Navik*, 52 guns, imitated this daring example of courage and self-devotion. Rather than surrender, he also blew up his frigate.

The pen of the narrator can but faintly render the lugubrious and terrible majesty of this scene of disaster; cruel victory for the conquerors—noble defeat for the vanquished!

The Russian fleet did not escape without severe injury. Many of their vessels, shattered and completely dismasted, were unable even to leave the harbour, except in tow of the steamers.

The Russians quitted Sinope on Friday.

VI.

SUCH are the principal points, which constitute the veritable causes of the War in the East.

We have separated them, as far as was possible, from the diplomatic details in which they were enveloped. Our object has been to indicate the progressive march of events; to classify them, and to give a rapid sketch of their nature and bearing; to show what has been, in this momentous dispute, the respective attitude of each nation, and what were the necessities, stronger than their wills, created by the events themselves, and by the haughty and exacting ambition of Russia.

It has been truly said, that it is the shock of two humanities;—the terrible duel of two civilizations.

What is it to bring forth? The future alone can answer; but it is the duty of all great nations to extend the hand to the weakness which demands succour and support; it is, above all, their duty, not to lower their regards to the consideration of merely local and material interests, but to elevate them to a consideration of the general interests of

humanity, threatened by the usurpations of lawless power.

It will be an eternal honour for France and for the Emperor to have been the first to oppose a barrier to those encroachments, which menaced, in the future, the repose of the whole of Europe; to have entered resolutely upon the question, and to have been the foremost to say to Russia, "Thou shalt go no further!"

This alliance of the two great countries which represent the civilization of the West is a political fact of profound import; it cements the union of the two peoples upon the field of battle; it blots out the darker pages of the history of the past; it draws closer the ties which already existed, and waves above the city of Constantine, like the protecting wings of some guardian power, the protecting flags of the two allied nations.

BOOK FIRST.

BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

I.—THE die is cast; the last hope of peace has vanished; the diplomatic relations of France and England with Russia have ceased; declarations of war are exchanged, and the nations prepare for the struggle.

It is not merely some thousands of men who depart for the East, it is an army. France sends thither Marshal Saint-Arnaud; England sends Lord Raglan.

From every quarter troops stream towards the ports whence they are to embark. The hot breath of battle has swept over the French people, and aroused their ardent and warlike nature; for this war is a national contest which inspires the heart of each man, and the great heart of the whole people, with the noblest emotions. It is for the protection of the weak by the mighty, and it in-

volves the momentous question of the respect due to the rights of nations.

No voice of personal interest, no thirst of invasion or of conquest, directs our armies; they battle for justice and the right.¹

Throughout the wide extent of France, Religion solicits for our departing soldiers the protection of Heaven. In every church is heard the voice of prayer; from every pulpit sound the accents of piety and of true patriotism.

II.—Already our ships float in the waters of the

¹ *Convention of Alliance, concluded between France and England.*

EXTRACT.

Art. 1. The high contracting parties undertake to do all that shall depend upon them to effect the re-establishment of peace between Russia and the Sublime Porte upon solid and durable bases, and of preserving Europe from the recurrence of the lamentable complications which have recently so unhappily disturbed the general peace.

Art. 2. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire being violated by the occupation of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, and by other movements of the Russian troops, their Majesties, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French, have concerted and will concert together, upon the most suitable means of liberating the territory of the Sultan from foreign invasion, and for accomplishing the object specified in Article 1.

Art. 3. Whatever events may arise from the execution of the present convention, the high contracting parties engage not to entertain any overture, or any proposition, having for its object the cessation of hostilities, nor to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia, without having first deliberated thereon in common.

Art. 4. The High Contracting Parties being animated with a desire to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and having no interested ends in view, renounce beforehand, the acquisition of any advantage for themselves from the events which may occur.

Baltic and of the Black Sea. Already the cannon of the allied squadrons have thundered before Odessa, the naval harbour of which they have laid in ruins;¹ and our troops disembark at Gallipoli,

¹ *Extract from (French) Official Account of the Bombardment of Odessa.*

¹ The melancholy cause which occasioned the bombardment of Odessa has called public attention to that unfortunate act of war, which must cast a grave stain upon the honour of the Russian flag, unless we choose to believe, to the last extremity, in the fact of a vexatious and incomprehensible misunderstanding.

The following is the official account :—

BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

Vice-Admiral Hamelin writes, under date of April 10th, 1854 :—

“The English steam-frigate *Furious* having repaired, on the 6th of April, to Odessa, to embark the consuls and others of our nations who might wish to leave that town on the approach of hostilities with Russia; despite the flag of truce which the frigate had hoisted, and which was also displayed by her boat, the batteries of Odessa treacherously fired seven cannon loaded with ball, upon the boat, a few minutes after she had quitted the quay. It is a proceeding unexampled in the history of civilized war. Admiral Dundas and myself are about to consult upon the severe measures rendered necessary by such a proceeding.

“The Aide-de-camp General, Baron d'Osten-Sacken, Governor of Odessa, hastened to address to Vice-Admiral Dundas a letter, in which he protested against the imputation of such a felony.

“Here is his letter in full.

“Odessa, 14th April, 1854.

“The Aide-de-camp General, Baron d'Osten-Sacken, thinks it his duty to express to Admiral Dundas his surprise at hearing it stated that the frigate *Furious* has been fired upon in the harbour of Odessa, while protected by a flag of truce.

“On the arrival of the *Furious*, two shots were fired with blank cartridge; upon which the ship hoisted her national colours, and hove-to, out of cannon-shot. A boat immediately put off from her, bearing a white flag, and pulled towards the mole, where she was received by the officer on duty, who, to the question of the English officer, replied that the English Consul had already left Odessa. Without saying more, the boat resumed its way towards the ship; but as it went to rejoin her, the

while fleets of transports are preparing at Toulon and Marseilles.

III.—General Canrobert, whom we constantly see

frigate, instead of waiting, advanced in the direction of the mole, leaving the boat on her left, and approached within range of the batteries. It was then that the commandant of the battery on the mole, faithful to his orders to prevent all hostile vessels of war from coming within range, thought it his duty to fire, not upon the flag of truce, which had been respected until the end of its mission, but upon an enemy's vessel, which advanced too near to the land, after having received, from the two shots with blank-cartridge, an intimation to stop.

"This simple exposition of the facts, such as they have been reported to His Majesty the Emperor, should of itself destroy the supposition—otherwise inadmissible—that in the harbours of Russia they do not respect the flag of truce, the inviolability of which is guaranteed by the laws common to all civilized nations.

"BARON D'OSTEN-SACKEN."

The Captain of the *Furious*, William Loring, wrote, therefore, to Admiral Dundas, a letter in which he protested, in his turn, against the explanations given by the Governor of Odessa, on the subject of the shots which the batteries of that place had fired upon the flag of truce.

"* * * * "Under these circumstances," he writes, "Her Majesty's ship under my command reached Odessa at day-break, and at about 50 minutes past 5 o'clock. At five or six miles distance, the English colours and the flag of truce were hoisted.

"It was not at least until twenty minutes afterward (about a quarter past 6), that two cannon-shots were fired with blank-cartridge from the battery. Considering these cannon-shots as an intimation not to advance further, I stopped the vessel immediately, and put the helm hard-a-port.

"From that moment, until the return of the boat, the wheels did not make a single revolution, and the vessel drifted gradually from the shore, under the effect of a moderate breeze from the north-west, which blew from the land side. The stern was turned towards the Quarantine, and I was careful to abstain from opening the main-deck ports, and from every manœuvre which could imply the slightest hostile intention on my part.

"Seven cannon-shots were fired. The first was evidently directed against the boat, then about a mile from the shore, and fell at 60 or 70

employed in the responsible duty of reconnoitring and judging positions, and estimating the importance of obstacles or difficulties, is already at Con-

yards from her, she being to the south of the line between the battery and the vessel. The other shots followed quickly, and may have been aimed either against the boat or the ship, because they fell more nearly in the direct line.

"Lieutenant Alexander, once at the mole, asked to see the English Consul. He was told that he was not there—that it was too early—that they had sent to summon the captain of the port—and they desired the Lieutenant to regain his ship. He asked if the English Consul was still at Odessa, and was told by the officer on guard to return to his vessel; while a person, who was present as an English interpreter, added, that it was not permitted him to say anything more.

"During all this time, the English colours and the flag of truce were displayed very conspicuously on board both the vessel and the boat.

"What I assert can be corroborated by the testimony of the officer on guard, the chief engineer, the engineer on duty, and by every man in the ship."

The news of these events reached the combined fleets, anchored in the roadstead of Baltchick, near Varna. The allied squadrons set sail on the 17th of April, and cast anchor on the 20th, in the outer roadstead of Odessa; the draught of water of the ships not permitting them to approach the usual anchorage of the town.

The two Admirals, after consultation, considered that the explanations of the Governor did not adequately excuse the aggression of which the authorities of Odessa had been guilty; and on the 21st of April, 1854, they wrote thus to the Baron d'Osten-Sacken:—

"* * * * Seeing that, despite the flag of truce, the batteries of this town fired several balls, either against the frigate or her boat, at the moment when the latter had quitted the quay of the mole, where she had gone with confidence,

"The two Vice-Admirals, commanding in chief the combined squadrons of England and France, consider it their duty, to demand reparation from your Excellency.

"Consequently, all the English, French, and Russian vessels at present anchored near the fort or batteries of Odessa must be immediately delivered to the allied fleets.

"If, at sunset, the two Vice-Admirals have received no reply, or only

stantinople, on his way to Gallipoli, the centre of operations.

He has seen the Sultan and his ministers, and from both has received the most cordial greetings and recognition. "The good will of the Turkish Government," writes the General, "is assured to us on all points; but can we place the same reliance on their power? The complications of the Turkish mode of administration are such, that the most formidable delays retard the accomplishment of even the most insignificant affairs.

"The Seraskier, Riza Pacha, represents in this Government, the man of action, of energy, and of

a negative, they will find themselves obliged to resort to force, in order to avenge the flag of one of the allied squadrons for the insult which it has suffered; although the interests of humanity cause them to adopt with regret this final determination, the responsibility of which they throw upon those to whom it belongs."

The Admirals having received no reply within the time prescribed by their despatch to the Governor of Odessa, on the morning of the 12th, eight steam-frigates (of which three were French and five English) steered towards the Imperial Harbour of Odessa; and at half-past 6 four of these frigates opened fire upon the land-batteries.

"The two moles, as well as the intermediate batteries, replied briskly," says Admiral Hamelin's report; "and at 10 o'clock four other frigates joined the former, and the action became general. It continued until 5 o'clock in the afternoon; at which hour Admiral Dundas and myself made signal to the frigates to join the fleet.

"Fire had gained the battery of the Imperial mole; the magazine had blown up; some fifteen vessels, with the exception of two or three, were sunk or on fire. The naval establishments were also on fire, or seriously damaged by shells. The town, and the mercantile harbour (where were lying a great number of ships of all nations) had been respected."

activity ; the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the man of tact, of intelligence, and of discrimination."

Already the Russians have crossed the Danube at two points.

Among the persons at Constantinople best capable of judging the question, opinions are divided as to the probable course of events.

It is curious, now, to gather from reliable sources, certain of the opinions which high personages entertained a year since.

"Some think," says a certain confidential letter, "that the Turkish General, OMER PACHA, can defend, for several months, the passes of the mountains;¹ others, on the contrary, believe that the Russians, whose numerical force is very considerable, will easily force the Turkish General into the entrenched camp at Schumla, confine him there, and force the passage of the Balkans between Schumla and Varna; in order to make a forced march upon Adrianople and the capital of the empire, before the Powers in alliance with Turkey, would have time to concentrate their forces for defence."

This opinion—the most alarming—was the most generally accredited; and, even though doubtful, it

¹ Omer Pacha, who was at that time at Karasou, in face of the left column of the enemy, (who from Galata advanced towards the Dobrut-scha,) had wisely retired to the vicinity of Schumla.

was not the less necessary to guard against the dangers which it threatened.

It was imperative, therefore, to hasten the arrival of troops, and their concentration upon Gallipoli ;¹ whence they could be, if needful, directed in masses towards Adrianople.

IV.—In France, as at Constantinople, the necessity for haste was strongly felt.

Marshal Saint-Arnaud, commander-in-chief of the army of the East, arrived at Marseilles.

On the 24th of April, the Marshal reviewed, at Toulon, Forey's Division, which was on the eve of embarkation ; and he addressed to the soldiers, one of those glowing and impetuous speeches which warm the blood in the coldest veins. He dates from Marseilles his first "order of the day."

¹ In his foresight of events, General Canrobert hastened to arrange with the Pacha of Roumelia for the establishment of a service of couriers (*estafettes*) between the mountains and Gallipoli.

■ "SOLDIERS!

"In a few days you will depart for the East. You go to defend our allies unjustly attacked, and to retort the defiance which the Czar has cast at the Nations of the West.

"From the Baltic to the Mediterranean Europe will applaud your efforts and your success. You will fight side by side with the English, the Turks, and the Egyptians. You know what is due to companions in arms ; union and cordiality in camp, and devotion to the common cause in the field.

"England and France, once rivals, are now friends and allies ; they have learned, in their former combats, to esteem each other. Together they command the seas. Their fleets will supply their armies, while famine will be present in the camp of the enemy.

["The

All was ready for the departure of the Marshal ; and the *Berthollet*, which, five months later, was sadly to restore his lifeless remains to the shores of France, waited to bear him thence, full of life and hope.

Boldness, energy, an innate love of chivalric enterprise ; such were the instincts which animated him.

The departure of the Commander-in-chief of the army of the East was a superb spectacle.

V.—It was Saturday, April 29th. The garrison of Marseilles, all under arms, were ranged in order of battle upon the jetty of la Joliette. The excited populace crowd from all quarters. The Marshal arrives in the carriage of the Prefect. Beside the carriage marches the General of Division with his Staff.

Military salutes and salvos of artillery grace the departure of the General-in-chief.¹ All heads are

“ The Turks and Egyptians have known how to make head against the Russians, from the commencement of the war. Alone, they have defeated them in several encounters ; what will they *not* do, when seconded by your battalions ?

“ Soldiers ! The Eagles of the Empire resume their flight ; not to menace Europe, but to defend her. Bear them now, as your fathers have borne them before you. Like them, let us all repeat, before quitting France, the cry which led them so often to victory :—‘ *Vive l’Empereur !* ’ ”

¹ France has drawn the sword. She summons her children to the work of aid and protection. On all sides, the brave soldiers, the intrepid lieutenants, who for so many years have fought shoulder to shoulder

uncovered; all voices join in a final adieu, a wish of glory and of triumph for the departing vessel.

upon the soil of Africa, are about to appear, in turn, upon the grand and memorable theatre of the War in the East. We think it essential to the completeness of the difficult task which we have undertaken, to give some account of each of the Generals whom the confidence of the Nation has honoured with important commands;—and we will trace rapidly their past history, and tell what has been their military career, their rude apprenticeship to combats and fatigues. For some, this will be the tribute due to heroic actions; for others, that which we owe to the brave whom death has stricken in mid-career. This task has seemed to us at once useful and interesting.

MARSHAL LEROY DE SAINT-ARNAUD.

The Marshal Leroy de Saint-Arnaud, Commander-in-chief of the army of the East, entered the service on the 16th December, 1816. Born 20th August, 1801, he was therefore 15 years of age.

He entered in the *gardes du corps* (the Duke of Gramont's company), passed, with the epaulette of Sub-Lieutenant, into the legion of the department of Corsica, thence into that of the Bouches-du-Rhone, and at length into the 49th regiment of infantry of the line.

Sub-Lieutenant Saint-Arnaud quitted the service, and did not return to it until 1831. Lieutenant in the month of December, he took an active part in the war of Vendée, and was orderly officer to General Bugeaud.

It was in 1836 that the military life of M. de Saint-Arnaud really commenced. The soil of Africa was the rendezvous of all who sought to initiate themselves in the rude and difficult profession of war. Active, energetic, and intelligent, the Lieutenant obtained, in 1837, the grade of Captain in the foreign legion, in which he had served after his arrival in Africa. Every day witnessed some fresh combat. Already Captain Saint Arnaud, in a charge with the bayonet, had been grievously wounded. After the storming of Constantine he was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

In 1841, he was Major in the corps of Zouaves. These Zouaves, fantastic but terrible soldiers, are distinguished especially, by their boldness and their irresistible charge. Their new Major made himself soon remarked in the military operations of the year. Like the soldiers whom he commanded, he was full of the ardour of the battle-field.

On the 25th March, 1842, he was promoted to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel. Several reports of Marshal Bugeaud to the Minister of War pointed out to his notice the services rendered by this officer.

In 1844, he was raised to the grade of Colonel, and appointed to the command of the subdivision of Orléansville. It was at this time, that there appeared upon the scene in Africa a new chief, a new liberator, universally proclaimed invulnerable, and in whom the tribes placed the most blind and unlimited confidence.

At the voice of Bou-Maza the rising was general ; and three columns, commanded by Colonels Saint-Arnaud, Pelissier, and l'Admirault, were ordered to repulse the hostile bands. This terrible contest endured for nearly a year. Like a wild beast, he leaped from mountain to mountain, from ravine to ravine, finding on his path new soldiers and new resources ; but at length, hunted on all sides, and abandoned by his own followers, this intrepid Chief yielded his arms to Colonel Saint-Arnaud. The cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour was the recompense of this brilliant campaign.

On the 3rd of November, 1847, the Colonel was promoted to the grade of Major-General.

Appointed to the command of the subdivision of Mostaganem, he passed, in 1849, to that of the subdivision of Algiers.

From expedition to expedition, from combat upon combat, General Saint-Arnaud had traversed the whole of Algeria.

In 1851, he took command of the new operations directed against the Kabyles,—unsubdued tribes, who raised incessantly the standard of insurrection, and maintained, in their mountains, a state of perpetual warfare. It was for the General a glorious page of military life ; full of energy, of indefatigable activity, and of sudden resolutions. After a long series of sanguinary combats, the expeditionary column succeeded, at last, in striking terror to the heart of the insurgent tribes ; who, repulsed in twenty-six encounters, and seeing on all sides the ruins of their burning villages, submitted to our arms.

The success of this difficult and glorious expedition gained for its Chief the grade of General of Division ; and his place was acknowledged among the leaders who had rendered their names illustrious upon the soil of Africa.

The General possessed the military instinct in the highest degree. Fond of the unknown, partial to extremes, to sudden and bold resolutions, he never doubted either himself or others ; and he placed, with reason, among the foremost qualities of the soldier, energy of will sustained by energy of action.

Called to the direction of the Department of War on the 26th of October, 1851, and raised to the dignity of Marshal of France on the 2nd of December, 1852, he quitted the ministry in the month of March, 1854, to take the command-in chief of the French army, which was about to proceed to the East.

CHAPTER II.

VI.—ON the 10th of April, His Imperial Highness the Prince Napoleon, who had sought the honour of sharing the perils and the glory of the French army, quitted Paris.¹ The Ambassador of the Sublime Porte, Vely Pacha, had desired to accompany the prince to Toulon, the place of his embarkation.

¹ On the 25th of February, 1854, Prince Napoleon addressed to the Emperor the following letter :—

[*Translation.*]

“ SIRE,

“ AT the moment when war is about to occur, I come to pray your Majesty to permit me to take a part in the expedition which is preparing.

“ I ask no important command, no title which shall distinguish me ; the post which to me will appear the most honourable will be that which shall place me nearest the enemy.

“ The uniform, which I am so proud to wear, imposes upon me duties which I shall be happy to fulfil ; and it is my desire to earn the high grade which your affection and my own position have conferred upon me.

“ When the nation takes up arms, your Majesty will find, I trust, that my place is in the midst of its soldiers ; and I pray you to permit me to range myself among them, to sustain the rights and the honour of France.

“ Receive, Sire, the expression of all the sentiments of respectful attachment of your devoted cousin,

“ NAPOLEON.

“ Palais-Royal, 25th February.”

His Imperial Highness embarked on the 17th, in the *Rolland*, amidst unanimous acclamations, and arrived at Constantinople on the 1st of May, after having made stoppages at Malta, at Smyrna, and at Gallipoli. The Sultan had placed the palace of Fetigé-Serai at the disposition of the Prince, and came to visit him there; a distinguished mark of honour, which was in the highest degree astonishing to the Mussulman population.

It was the complete recognition of the new protective alliance, represented at Constantinople by a member of the Imperial family.

VII.—Meantime the *Berthollet*, bearing the Commander-in-chief, arrived on the 2nd of May at Malta, at eight o'clock in the morning, amid the acclamations of the English garrison, who welcomed the Marshal with prolonged cheering. The same day, at eleven o'clock in the evening, the ship put again to sea.

On the 7th, the Marshal touched at Gallipoli, where were assembled all the relays of troops.¹ Immediately on his arrival he passed them in re-

¹ The instructions of the Emperor to the Marshal, before his departure, said,—

“The peninsula of Gallipoli is chosen as the principal place of debarkation, because it must be, as a strategic point, the base of our operations; that is, the locality where we shall place our depôts, our ambulances, and our provisions; and whence we may with facility either advance or re-embark.”

view, and inspected with care the works of defence which were begun, and the establishment of camps outside of the town. He visited the bivouacs, consulted with the generals upon the dispositions made for the improvement of the harbour, and the sanitary regulation of the country about the encampments; and then turned his steps towards Constantinople. He wished to be able to judge, to appreciate, and to see with his own eyes, the real state of affairs.

The rumours in circulation of the rapid march of the Russians, and of their possible arrival at Adrianople, rendered him anxious and uneasy.

"I dread no reverse," he writes; "I fear only inevitable delays. I have faith in God and in my star."

At length, on Monday, May 8th, the Marshal reached the shores of the Bosphorus; and before doubling the Seraglio Point, the French corvette saluted the city of Constantine.

At six o'clock in the evening, the *Berthollet* cast anchor before Tophané. A few days later the two Generals-in-chief of the allied armies, with the Prince Napoleon and the Duke of Cambridge, were all assembled at Constantinople.¹

¹ Marshal Saint-Arnaud established himself with his Staff, at Yeni-keui, on the Bosphorus, facing Beikos, and near Therapia. The Sultan, so soon as the Marshal was installed, sent him six splendid horses, saddled and caparisoned.

VIII.—The ancient Ottoman city displayed a degree of life and of animation quite unaccustomed. Her nights, ordinarily so dark and silent, were lighted by torches, and disturbed by the noise of revelry. On all sides brilliant uniforms glistened in the sun, and sabres rang upon the pavements. But behind these revels, behind the honours rendered to guests and defenders, were agitated the gravest and most important questions. Conferences with the Ministers succeeded each other incessantly, for the enemy was on the march. They had quitted the Dobrudscha, reascended the Danube, and concentrated their forces for the attack on Silistria.

At any moment they may menace Omer Pacha in his lines. Days are precious, and every hour lost tells in the balance of events.

The Ottoman ministry comprehend the gravity of their position; they understand, above all, that they must, by every means in their power, assist the military operations which are in preparation, and that no obstacle whatever can or may come from them; but they have, in their very midst, terrible enemies to contend with; the vices of their internal administration, and the interminable delays which are their inevitable consequence.

The Marshal, with that activity, that thirst for action which devoured him, possessed himself of the situation. He demanded, and he obtained as

quickly. "The question," he writes at this time, "is, to know if the Porte can accomplish what she promises."

In face of events which might arise at any moment, it was essential, after having examined the question under all its aspects, to fix upon a base of operations, and set seriously and instantly to work.

It was decided, therefore, that an interview should take place at Varna, between the three Generals-in-chief—French, English, and Turkish; and that to them should be joined the Admirals Hamelin and Dundas, the Seraskier, and the Ministers of War and Marine of the Sultan.

IX.—Already the Commandant Henry, orderly officer of the Marshal, had departed for Schumla, charged to desire Omer Pacha to present himself at Varna.

Above all things the Turkish Generalissimo ardently desired to meet with the allied Generals. He knew, that from their presence, and from a resolution taken in common, would result a moral impression which would act upon the troops, at the same time that it would check the enemy in any of his audacious attempts.

The day of departure was the 18th; for the Marshal expected, on the 17th, Lieutenant-Colonel Dieu and Commandant Henry, who should by that

time have returned from Schumla. They could already give some useful information as to the Turkish army, and the position of Omer Pacha.

X.—On the 17th, these two officers arrived. “The Commandant Henry,” writes the Marshal, “has arrived from Schumla and Varna; he was enchanted with the reception which was given him by the Turkish Generalissimo. He found a man cordially disposed towards the French, and far from all idea of offering them any opposition. He awaits me, above all, he awaits the army, with the greatest impatience.”

Colonel Dieu and the Commandant Henry brought, besides, some other information, which might give to the two Generals, before their departure from Constantinople, an idea of the men and the things which they were about to see.

“In the Turkish army,” they said, “there is a Commander-in-chief and some soldiers,—of intermediate persons not one!

“Omer Pacha seldom makes use of a map; he receives no reports, and has but an imperfect idea of the ‘effective’ of his army; he never visits a hospital, nor a sick or wounded soldier.”

The orderly officer of Marshal Saint Arnaud had visited the hospitals by his orders. The inmates regarded him with surprise blended with admira-

tion ; and for a few wretched piastres, distributed in the name of France, the sick and wounded kissed his hands.¹

The Turkish Generalissimo had no settled plan ; his whole thought was to remain at Schumla, where his entrenched camp was defended by 45,000 men. He would not attack, but waited for the co-operation of his allies in any offensive movement.

He had no precise information about the enemy's army ; his whole estimate was this : " I believe the sanitary state of their army to be bad. If they pass one month in the Dobrudscha, it is for me a battle gained, for they will be decimated by sickness.

¹ *Extract of a letter from the Commandant Henry.*

Constantinople, 18th May.

" The Marshal departs this evening for Varna. I am just returned from Schumla. Omer Pacha received me with cordiality. His physiognomy is fine and *distinguée*. He does not appear to be at all afflicted with that pride which is often attributed to him, and is equally removed from the opposite sentiment. He knows his own value, and feels that his part would have ceased if we had not arrived. He avows it without weakness.

" I have gone over the lines of Schumla, the barracks and the hospitals. I have seen there soldiers badly dressed, badly shod. My heart has bled in the hospitals. What neglect ! rags for covering, walls for pillows ! And yet the brave fellows do not complain !

" What a sad and desolate country is this Bulgaria, which should have been the land of promise ! The Russian Cossacks harass these poor Bulgarians at four leagues from the road which I travelled. The Bachi-Bouzouks (Turkish Cossacks) burn their villages ; and these unhappy people fly to some unknown region, far from the war which gives them enemies in both of the contending parties. What a magnificent scene, notwithstanding ! What riches,—if they could or would but profit by them !"

The Russians, who are on the right bank of the Danube, do not make any movement in advance. Their left rests upon Kustendjé, and their right on the rear of Rassowa. Some Cossack scouts have ventured to within five leagues of Silistria. The apprehension of the landing of the French army at Varna holds the Russians in check."

Such is a sketch of the general position of affairs at that time; such, at least, as can be drawn from researches made upon the spot, and from the evidence which the envoys of the Marshal received, from the lips of the Turkish commander himself.

XI.—It is in thus following, step by step, the progress of this campaign, that it becomes possible to appreciate justly its various phases.

Before starting for Varna, where was about to be held the important conference of which we have already spoken, the Marshal thus sums up the situation:—

"If it were permitted to us to temporise and to form an alliance with the season, which cannot benefit the Russians, I should say, 'Do not let us hurry, but by all means let us remain inactive, and choose our time to strike a fatigued and enfeebled enemy;' but inaction is not possible in the political situation in which we are placed,—for the Turks are waiting, the Austrians are waiting, the Walla-

chians are waiting, all Europe is waiting; and to do nothing, would be to give rise to the worst suspicions.

“ It is for us to cut the Gordian knot. Diplomacy has exhausted its resources.” ¹

XII.—On the 18th, Marshal Saint-Arnaud, Lord Raglan, the Seraskier, and Riza Pacha embarked for Varna.

On the previous evening, the Marshal had persuaded the Seraskier to go as far as Varna. (For a long time it had not occurred, that a Seraskier should display such remarkable activity!) The Marshal, impatient to learn the real force of the Turkish army, and the degree of reliance which could be placed upon it, had resolved to proceed thither himself also.

Judging from the movements of the Russian army, it had become almost certain that it would undertake some important operation in that direction; and in such case Schumla would become a position of the greatest importance.

The Turkish Government was full of hope and confidence; but it was not thus with the two Generals-in-chief. Certainly the allied armies could from that moment bring their moral influence to aid the

¹ Letter from the Marshal to the Minister of War, 17th May, Yenikœi.

cause which they defended ; but could they, as yet, afford it substantial aid by their combined forces ?

XIII.—The French army was rapidly organised at Gallipoli. The Marshal had left the most pressing instructions on this point, and had written to the Emperor and the Minister of War, to accelerate the arrival of troops. He felt the necessity of being prepared, were it on the side of Varna or of Adrianople. “ Entreat the Minister of Marine to make a ‘ sublime effort,’ ” said he in his correspondence, “ to complete and augment my forces.”

The state of Greece caused him visible uneasiness,—not by its importance, but on account of the troops which were sent thither, and thus diverted from their more important purpose.

Thus, after the 15th of May, he writes to the minister:—“ I can appreciate the fresh embarrassments which are caused to all the Governments, by this Greece, which we ought to have left to fall into the Archipelago ; but it is important that Forey’s division should arrive speedily at Gallipoli, and that it should neither be retarded, nor diminished by one single man.”¹

¹ During the embarkment of the troops of the 4th Division for Gallipoli, an order from the Minister of War directed General Forey, commanding that division, to delay his departure for final instructions. The grave and just subjects of dissatisfaction which the attitude of the Greek government, and its evident agency in the disturbances of Thes-

“ The best means of encouraging good dispositions and discouraging the bad,” added he, “ is to

saly and Epirus, had given to France and England, forced the Government of the Emperor to direct an expedition towards the Piræus.

“ France and England ” (says a note inserted in the *Moniteur*) “ do not declare war against Greece. They would save the Hellenic Government from the disastrous influence to which it has yielded, and offer it one last chance of safety.”

A regiment of English marines, placed under the orders of the French General, formed part of this expedition.

According to his instructions, General Forey ordered the embarkment of his troops on the 11th and 12th of May. Malta having been designated as the place of rendezvous, each ship took its own course, and all arrived at Malta between the 15th and 20th of May.

It was there that the General acquainted his troops, by an order of the day, with the precise object of the expedition.

“ Soldiers,” said his proclamation, “ at the moment of our departure from Toulon, to rejoin our brethren-in-arms at Gallipoli, an order of the Emperor arrived to change, temporarily, our destination. It is to the Piræus that you are now going, to recal the Greek Government to a sense of its duty towards France, who has done so much for that country. In this mission—honourable for your division—you will show yourselves worthy sons of France,—brave soldiers if it becomes necessary,—and obedient to discipline under any circumstances. And after having given your support to the well-disposed Greeks, whom ambitious or deluded men, excited by foreign agents, would seduce to ruin, you will continue your route to the East, where your companions in arms await your coming.”

On the 25th, at five o'clock, P.M., the flotilla reached the Piræus, and all found place, under the direction of Admiral Le Barbier de Tinan.

General Forey was informed that King Otho had not yet come to any decision upon the subject of the formal demands, but that he would do so in the evening. Great excitement reigned at Court.

On the 26th, before daybreak, the English and French marines landed in boats armed with cannon, and took possession of the Lazaretto, of the powder-magazine, and of the principal avenues opening upon the quays ; and at the same time, the Admiral seized some small Greek vessels, suspected to be armed for a secret purpose. General Forey held two battalions ready for landing, while he himself selected the spot most suitable

show ourselves strong everywhere, everywhere ready, and disposed to act in every quarter."

XIV.—On the 19th, at nine o'clock in the morning, the *Berthollet* arrived at Varna, where the Turks had a garrison of 6,000 men.

The progress of events became rapid; there was no longer any doubt as to the intentions of the

for the encampment of his troops. The camp, having its right towards the fort of Mungchie, the left towards that of the Piræus, and the front turned in the direction of Athens, was placed upon a ground of which the higher part, toward the north, protected the troops against the north-west winds, which bring with them the miasma from the marshes of Athens.

The *ultimatum* addressed to the Greek Government, was the dismissal of the Ministry, the substitution of a Cabinet friendly to the allied Powers, and a formal declaration of complete neutrality.

The King signified his entire acceptance, after a conference which took place on board the flag-ship, between General Forey, Admiral Le Barbier de Tinan, and Messrs. Wyse and Forth-Rouen. It was agreed, that, in order to insure the fulfilment of the promises of the Court of Athens, a force of 3,000 men should remain at the Piræus, so as to occupy that point strongly. Colonel Breton took the command of this body. The object of the mission intrusted to General Forey being attained, by the return of the Greek Government to sentiments more worthy of itself, the General immediately gave orders that the troops, with the exception of the 3,000 men required for the occupation of the Piræus, should continue, on the 29th, their progress towards Gallipoli, where Marshal Saint-Arnaud awaited them with the utmost impatience. But the division did not arrive complete, as he had demanded it, to guard against the grave and pressing contingencies of the siege of Silistria.

Before embarking, General Forey left, as an adieu to those who remained, these words:—"In parting from you, I take with me, at least, as a consolation, the certainty that the corps of occupation will revive in this country, the recollections left here by the French army, in the campaign which gave liberty to Greece, and placed her in the rank of the nations of Europe."

hostile army. Omer Pacha himself brought the news to Varna, that the Russians were advancing rapidly, throwing bridges over the Danube, and concentrating themselves around Silistria, which, in all probability, would be invested within ten days.¹

The Turkish army found itself in face of the Russian army. It was necessary, without losing an instant, to resolve and to act. Silistria, however, had a garrison of 18,000 men, well commanded; and Omer Pacha answered for a long resistance.

In view of approaching events, the Generals decided to take their departure at 2 o'clock at night, to proceed to Schumla.²

In the morning there was a conference of five hours' duration. It was the first time that the three Commanders-in-Chief had met; the first time that the question of military operations had been

¹ On the 11th of May, the Russians, having quitted the Dobrudscha, and remounted the Danube, landed near to Silistria, and attacked that place. On the 16th, reinforced by a part of a new *corps d'armée* recently arrived, they had succeeded in establishing a bridge across the Danube, and in passing it, in considerable numbers, from the right bank.

² Although made acquainted with the intended conference at Varna, the French and English Admirals had not yet arrived. The fleet was detained before Sebastopol, by a fog so thick that all communication, by signal or otherwise, was impossible, except between the vessels nearest to the lines occupied by the Admirals. It was found necessary to wait, for fear of collisions. The fleet prepared itself to assemble at Balchick as soon as possible. The *Berthollet* and the *Caradoc* departed, on its arrival, to bring the two Admirals in all haste to Varna.

seriously agitated ; and the meeting had taken place, upon what might be called the field of battle.

Omer Pacha, who possesses a high degree of military intelligence, whatever may be (according to the appreciation of a few persons) the vanity of his character, recognized his want of strength, and the impossibility of his resisting the enemy. " To offer him battle, would be," said he, " to seek the entire destruction of my army ; for which a better fate is reserved."¹

¹ " Omer Pacha," wrote the Marshal, " merits neither all the good nor all the bad that has been said of him. He is a man the more remarkable and the more useful among the Turks, because they could not find another capable of replacing him. He is a true soldier. As a General, he has good and sound ideas, mingled with impossible projects and visionary political views. His mind, although firm and energetic, requires guidance, and does not hesitate to demand it."

OMER PACHA.

At the moment when the theatre of war first witnessed the appearance of this new personage—to whom events rapidly gave great importance, and who in his own person represents the Turkish army, as Marshal Saint-Arnaud and Lord Raglan represent the military forces of France and England—it is not uninteresting to sketch the principal features of the eventful life of Omer Pacha.

A warrior, in a country to which all military administration seems unknown, he reconstructed an army ; and however defective this army appeared to us, or might, in reality, be, it was that which bore the first shocks, and placed on record the first successes.

The physiognomy of the Turkish Generalissimo is cold, and almost sombre. His regard is harsh rather than penetrating, but firm and resolute. One seeks in vain to trace any impression upon that impassible countenance, to which a grey beard and embrowned lips give a manly and energetic character.

Such is the impression which we have personally experienced, in seeing Omer Pacha.

The curiosity of Marshal Saint-Arnaud to know the General-in-chief of

It was with these views that the Turkish Generalissimo had come to Varna. The attack on Silis-

the Turkish army—to study, and form a judgment upon this man, the object of opinions so diverse—was shared by every one.

Many praise him to excess; others deny him any military talent.

The character of Omer Pacha bears no resemblance to that of our Generals, which is formed upon the battle-field. It is with life itself that he has struggled, obstinately and resolutely: he has commanded the future. He has an *indomitable* WILL; that first, greatest, and rarest of qualities; and he has willed unceasingly, willed always, despite obstacles, misery, and suffering; and he has succeeded (as superior spirits always succeed) by the force and persistence of his ideas.

He is accused of self-sufficiency; of a sort of overweening confidence in himself; an imperturbable audacity of self-reliance. But, if Omer Pacha were to be deprived of this self-reliance, this bold dependence upon his personal convictions, he would be reduced to the level of a common man of vulgar capacity; which *he* certainly is not, and cannot be, who, starting so low, has risen so high.

He has given to Turkey an army, which he has reconstructed, organized, and disciplined.

Born at Valski, in the district of Ogulini, on the confines of Croatia, he was called *Michael Lattas*, and was a son of Pierre Lattas, a soldier in the Austrian service, who subsequently obtained the Lieutenancy of that little village. He was born in the Greek faith. Educated, at first, in the school of his own village, he entered, afterward, the superior institution of Thurni, near Carlstadt.

The youth was active, intelligent, and industrious, and attracted the notice of his superiors. Although his health was feeble, and his exterior almost mean, he had a strong passion for the military profession. It was with pain that his mother saw him enter as a cadet-volunteer in the regiment of Ogulini.

His beautiful handwriting, and his activity, soon drew upon him the attention of his chiefs; and he was speedily placed in the office of Bridges and Roads, where the Major-Director in command employed him sometimes as a copyist, sometimes as an assistant engineer.

A disagreeable occurrence decided his future. His father was accused of misconduct relative to his services, and condemned. Thenceforward the position of young Lattas in his regiment became unendurable. He left it, and wandered for a long time on the frontiers, without home, without resources;—living upon chance.

tria by the Muscovite troops rendered his position still more critical and difficult.

How did he leave his regiment? We must be pardoned for not saying. It is a point which has been left in obscurity—perhaps intentionally. What matter? In the life of men, as in the life of nations, there are pages obscure and incomplete.

Michael Lattas thus abandoned the country of his birth,—without support, without protection; having nothing but hope, that treasure, of which neither misery nor suffering can deprive a strong and resolute mind.

Where was he to go? He knew not! Unknown to all, in a country where difference of religion forms an insurmountable barrier, he was as lost. No door was open to him, no hand extended to offer him support.

His trifling resources were soon exhausted, and want came upon him. Perhaps he began to regret the humble position which he had exchanged for the hazards of an adventurous life.

At length, a Turkish merchant intrusted him with the education of his children; but he was obliged, in order to obtain this employment, to embrace Mahometanism. It is from this epoch that his name of 'Omer' takes date.

Did Michael Lattas really know what he abjured, in abjuring the Christian faith,—the religion of his mother—of his infancy? The friendless youth, wandering at hazard, had said to himself, "It is in Turkey that I shall accomplish my destiny; it is there my future awaits me." He destroyed the barrier between himself and the future. The renegade became the Generalissimo of the Turkish armies.

He entered Constantinople, for the first time, with the children to whom he was tutor.

We are forced, in this brief sketch, to record but summarily the different episodes of a life so full of adventures; and we carefully refrain from narrating all the fables which have been circulated respecting Omer Pasha.

We see him, shortly, in a military-school, where he is placed as a Professor,—thanks to the new patronage which he has had the skill to command; for, in all countries, and among every people, patronage is a rude and difficult conquest.

Turkey had begun to learn the painful fact of the imperious necessity for reconstructing her military system.

She sought resources out of the range of her ordinary means; and learning too late the inertness and indifference of her own administration, she welcomed the arms and talents of strangers. It is from this moment that the career of Omer Pacha really dates. Aide-de-camp of the old

XV.—The ardent and active nature of the Marshal, and his high position in the army, combined

Seraskier, Kosrew Pacha, who had conceived an affection for him, he could usefully employ the qualifications which he possessed—a sound education and an indefatigable activity. Sustained by such high protection, he espoused one of the richest heiresses of Constantinople; he was named Major, and under the immediate orders of the Polish General Chrzanowski (charged with the direction of military affairs at Constantinople), took an important part in the reorganization of the army. He was afterwards employed in topographical duties in Bulgaria and the Danubian provinces. It was thus, that, exploring the smallest paths—the slightest undulations of the ground, the ravines, the plains, the cliffs, and the water-courses,—he traversed, step by step, the country in which he was, long afterward, to lead the Turkish army as its Commander-in-chief.

Named successively to divers grades, he rendered eminent services to the Ottoman government in the troubles in Syria. Energetic in command, severe in discipline, bold and indefatigable, he stifled the attempts at revolt of the Old Turkish party, everywhere that he encountered them.

In 1848, he was called to figure on a wider stage. Political events brought him in contact with the European element. The revolutionary spirit spread on all sides like a torrent of fire. Two *corps d'armée* were sent into the Danubian provinces,—the one Russian, the other Turkish—to occupy simultaneously Moldavia and Wallachia. Omer Pacha had the command of the Turkish troops. Placed between the demands of Austria and of Russia, he knew how to fulfil, with rare moderation and prudence, his delicate mission.

In 1851, he marched against the Bosniacs; ferocious Mussulmen, who rejected all thought of reform. Already, revolt had made rapid progress. Omer Pacha, furnished with unlimited powers, suppressed it in a few months. This act of skilful strategy, showed what might, and what ought, to be expected from such a General.

In 1852, he was employed in the expedition against the Montenegrins.

At present we see him again in these Danubian provinces, which he has so often before traversed.

Entrenched in his camp at Schumla, he receives under his tent the commanders of the allied armies, and presents to them an army, incomplete as to its external appearance, ignorant, even, on certain points, but having a military *ensemble*, and manœuvring with coolness and precision.

"The soldiers are ill-dressed, ill-shod, and ill-armed," wrote Marshal

to dispose him to direct and prompt the grave debates which were about to commence. Thus, from the opening of the Conference, he took the lead; praying Omer Pacha to state clearly the situation of his army, his force, his resources, and the projects which he had formed to oppose the enemy, whose attacks were no longer a mere probability, but a *fait accompli*.

He also asked him to say what he had learned concerning the Russian army, its proximate force, and, above all, the intentions, which, from the movements of his army, he should attribute to General Paskiewitch.¹

The Turkish Generalissimo explained, with a good deal of intelligence and clearness, his position, and that of his army. His effective force, considerably scattered, amounted to about 104,000 men. The principal stations were—Silistria, 18,000 men; Schumla, 45,000; Keddlin and Kalafat, about 20,000; Varna, 6,000; and the rest dispersed here and there. These troops were well furnished with

Saint-Arnaud; "but they will fight well." They proved this at Oltenitza; they proved it again at Silistria.

Such is Omer Pacha. Such is the man to whom Turkey has confided the care of her future destinies. Such is the Turkish Commander-in-chief.

¹ The Marshal had asked Omer Pacha to explain himself in Italian, which he speaks more fluently than French. The Marshal translated to Lord Raglan, whilst an interpreter translated to the Seraskier and to Riza Pacha.

munitions of war, and suffered no want of provisions.

He regarded the position which he had taken at Schumla as very strong. He was certain of opposing an insurmountable barrier to the Russians; and even of beating them, if they should attack him. Omer Pacha knew the value and firmness of his soldiers behind entrenchments; and on that account, instead of giving battle to the enemy, he determined to await the arrival of the allied armies, for which he was most anxious.

As to the Russians, their projects had become apparent since Field-Marshal Paskiewitch had taken the command. Paskiewitch is old and infirm, and never mounts his horse; but he has great decision and energy of action, and is determined that a last ray of glory shall illumine the close of an illustrious life.

Without the least doubt, the enemy wished to possess himself of Silistria, to create a solid base for his operations. He concentrated his forces around the place, and threw bridges in every direction over the Danube; without taking into account the defiles which he must pass, to arrive at the town by the right bank, or foreseeing the imminent danger of an overflow of the river.

XVI.—“It cannot be doubted that in a very

short time," said Omer Pacha, raising his voice, and becoming animated, "they will have completely invested Silistria, the siege of which, they will push with vigour, to arrive promptly at a definitive result. At this moment they have but about 45,000 men before the place; but their army is numerous, and although it has suffered from sickness since the commencement of this campaign, it can easily and rapidly be increased to 130,000 men. Reinforcements are arriving from all sides; and in two months this figure could be raised to 200,000. In the Crimea they are executing important works; and have at Sebastopol, and in its environs (I have been told), 75,000 men. These are good troops. We thus see upon what we must depend."

[To arrive at the truth of the situation, it is evidently necessary to allow for a little exaggeration. Objects are often magnified by the gravity of events.]

After this explanation, made in a simple manner, in phrases broken, but quite intelligible, and often bearing the impress of great energy, Omer Pacha added with emphasis:—

"Silistria will infallibly be taken; I hope that it will hold out for six weeks, but it *can* be taken in fifteen days; and we may some morning be surprised by this news, and the announcement of the march of the Russians upon Schumla. However,

as I have told you, I have almost the certainty of beating the Russians, if they should attack me ; but is it possible that the French and English, who are upon Turkish territory at Gallipoli, within twenty days march of Varna (or twenty-four hours by sea), will leave me blockaded here, deprive themselves of the assistance of a fine army which can fight well, (I will answer for it,) and allow us to be crushed by the Russians, when, united, we might drive them to the other side of the Danube, and save Turkey ?”

These words, pronounced with an animation truly soldier-like, produced a profound impression upon those who were present.

What Omer Pacha had said was true. This energetic appeal, from the Chief of the Ottoman army, to France and England,—this reasoning, founded upon the actual logic of events,—greatly impressed Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan. The decision to be taken was important ; perhaps decisive. The two Generals examined calmly, therefore, the position of Turkey, and that of her army, almost wholly engaged in an unequal contest. They considered, on the other side, what should be the attitude of two nations who had come, before the eyes of the world, to bring her help ;—and the following is the result of their deliberations.

XVII.—A French Division will occupy a military position at about a league from Varna, and execute the field-works necessary to fortify themselves there.

An English Division will proceed to Dévena, which the Russians occupied in 1828, and where redouts and considerable works still exist.

Dévena is at seven hours' march, for troops coming from Varna. It is an unavoidable route; four roads, by which communication is easy, meet there.

XVIII.—The Marshal himself thus explains the motives, which (in the conference) induced the adoption of these measures.

“To elevate the moral condition of the Turkish army, by the presence of effective support, and, at the same time, produce the contrary effect on the Russians :—

“Oblige Marshal Paskiewitch to adopt a definitive course; to repass the Danube when he shall see the heads of the Anglo-French columns appear, or redouble his efforts to take Silistria :—

“Force the Austrians to declare themselves; for they could no longer object that the French were too far from the Danube and the Russians.”

“We shall retain the power of limiting our demonstrations,” adds the Marshal; “but I do not

conceal from myself the fact, that we shall no longer do so if the Russians advance. We have not come to Turkey to shut ourselves up in Varna or in Schumla.

“We should then see ourselves forced to rapidly throw all our forces between these two points; but we can never be in a better condition to offer battle to an enemy, who will place himself before fresh troops, between a large river and an intrenched camp. The whole question depends upon the forces which we can put in line by the side of the Turks, who will give us 60,000 men, good troops, and 200 pieces of cannon, good artillery. Lord Raglan writes to his Government to hasten the despatch of troops, and to ask news of them. I do the same.”

It will be seen that the Conference of Varna was the “first step.” The Anglo-French troops were about to march against the enemy; and it was, according to all expectation, upon the actual soil of Turkey that the meeting of the hostile armies would take place.

But the will of Heaven ordered it otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

XIX.—THE Generals-in-Chief started for Schumla on the following night. They stopped, for two hours, at Pravadi, to examine and estimate the importance of that little town, situated in the depths of a ravine, and commanded on all sides by the Lesser Balkans, which commence at that point.

The route which leads thither is superb, but poor and without culture. Cultivated ground is seen within only a very narrow circle, around the few villages which are visible; hamlets, hardly inhabited, and in which misery drags out a brutalized and inactive existence. The soil, however, is fertile; its mere aspect tells to those who regard it what riches lie beneath its surface.

In advancing towards Schumla all the habitations were found abandoned. The poor Bulgarians, placed between their dread of the Bashi-Bouzouks, whose undisciplined bands ravaged the country, and the terror inspired by the Russians, who surround Silis-

tria, had placed in haste upon their carts all that they possessed ; and had fled, with their families and their herds, into the most retired places. It was saddening to see this population, left without shelter, thus wandering at hazard. Women, children, animals, lying pell-mell, and ready to fly at the first signal ; regarding with eyes half-curious, half-alarmed, the carriage which bore towards the camp the three Commanders-in-chief.

These human guide-posts, scattered at intervals, marked out, so to speak, the road from Pravadi to Schumla.

XX.—There was another picture, a picture imposing and grave, which sensibly impressed the Marshal.

“ On all sides,” says he, “ one finds the trace of an intelligent military supervision. The works, the redouts, are well disposed ; the placing of the troops (who, under canvas, hold the order which they must have, in case of attack) is perfectly well chosen. In a word, this entrenched camp has but one fault, that of being a little too large ; but everything is comprised in it. The important works are furnished with heavy artillery, in very good order, and well served. (Two hundred and fifty pieces in the bastions and exterior redoubts.) This camp, with 45,000 good troops, commanded by a

determined man like Omer Pacha, can hold out for a long time against a strong army.”¹

Such is the first impression which Marshal Saint-Arnaud experienced, and in which his colleague, Lord Raglan, participated. This impression was good, and, under existing circumstances, its subject important ; for the enemy was knocking at the gates of Silistria, and Schumla might become a field of battle.

The principal aim of the Marshal was to examine carefully the Turkish troops, that in the approaching warlike operations he might know what real weight they could place in the balance ; and what might be believed, hoped, or feared of them. Omer Pacha was no less in haste to exhibit his soldiers ; for he had unlimited confidence in them.

Here, again, we cite textually the opinion of the Marshal :—

“The troops (whom I have examined with the greatest care) are ill-armed, ill-clothed, and, above all, ill-shod ; but their appearance is military. They manœuvre well, and with self-possession. The cavalry horses are, for the most part, small and insignificant in appearance ; but they are sound, and have a good deal of bottom. What is best is the artillery. The horses are strong, and the pieces well kept. The gunners manœuvre as well as our

¹ Despatch to his Excellency the Minister of War.

own. In the trials made before me, I was surprised by the justness of their aim.

“ Finally, there are at Schumla 45,000 men who will fight well anywhere ; but who, feeling themselves supported by the French and English, will show themselves brave and excellent soldiers.”¹

XXI.—The most defective point about this army was in the hospitals ; where the sick and wounded, ill-cared for and almost forgotten (as if they had been already dead), died for want of assistance ; having neither surgeons nor medicines.

The report of the orderly officer of the Marshal on this state of affairs was but too true ; and the latter could assure himself of this with his own eyes. It was a terrible thing to hear from all sides the stifled sighs and groans of suffering ; to see, lying pell-mell, with their pale faces and hollow cheeks, this mass of men, whose lives, half extinguished by sickness or wounds, seemed to have become a burthen to themselves. The recollection of our hospitals, so carefully directed, and of that constant preoccupation which watches, full of solicitude, at the bedside of the sick and wounded, gave to this neglect a something strange, which seemed to appertain to another civilization ; for, in

¹ The Marshal de Saint-Arnaud to his Excellency the Minister of War.

the army, that which gives confidence and courage to the soldier—that which sustains his moral energy against trials, sufferings, and privations—is the thought, that always, and in all places, he will have that care which heals the body, and comforts and fortifies the soul.

On this account, Omer Pacha saw this visit with regret.

“We are in want of many things!” said he, with a manner full of bitterness.

The Marshal stopped before the different groups, examined them with interest, distributed some money, and departed with an aching heart.

He wrote directly to the Minister of War,¹ requesting that a certain number of French surgeons might be sent into the Turkish hospitals, to organize the medical service, in which they were completely deficient.

XXII.—In the evening the Marshal was in his tent, when, at about nine o'clock, the Seraskier, Omer Pacha, and Ismail Pacha entered suddenly, with anxious countenances.

A courier had just brought them, in great haste, news, dated at Silistria, on Saturday, the 20th of May, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

“The Russians, to the number of 70,000 men,

¹ On the 19th May, 1854.

obstinately pressed the attack on the place; the bombardment continued day and night, without interruption; a part of the parapet on the side of the Danube was destroyed. The complete investment was imminent."

This was, to their minds, the loss of Silistria. The Seraskier, especially, regarded the future in the gloomiest light. He saw the town destroyed, Schumla taken, and, within two months, the Russians under the walls of Constantinople. Omer Pacha, more calm, undertook, whatever might be the events of the war, to hold the enemy in check for six months, at least.

Without sharing fully the terrible apprehensions of the Seraskier, nor the confidence of Omer Pacha in his troops, it could not be concealed that this state of things was exceedingly serious.

It was necessary to oppose a barrier to the torrent.

It was not merely a French and an English Division which ought to be sent to Varna; but, as rapidly as possible, all the disposable forces of both armies.

Lord Raglan, made acquainted with this new complication, participated fully in the opinion of the Marshal, as to the importance and necessity of the succours which must be transported to that point; and promised, on his side, to employ the whole of his resources. From the time that the Ottoman

Generals became acquainted with this decision, their despondency changed itself into a joy which they did not attempt to disguise, and which showed itself on their countenances with a strange rapidity.

XXIII.—The following are, briefly, the dispositions taken to guard against the first contingencies.

Omer Pacha was himself to proceed two days' march beyond Schumla, with 30,000 men and 120 pieces of cannon.

In concentrating the disposable forces of Widdin and of Sophia, the Turkish Generalissimo would assemble, in twenty days, 70,000 men and 180 pieces of cannon.

The same space of time would permit Lord Raglan to have 20,000 English in line; and Marshal St. Arnaud hoped to raise the number of his troops on this point to 35,000 men; especially, as he trusted he should receive the brigade from Gallipoli, and also the 4th division, commanded by General Forey, which had been retarded in its march by the political affairs of Greece.

This would form a total of 120,000 to 125,000 men, good troops, supported by 310 pieces of artillery.

With such an army they might with confidence await the Russians. The contest became nearly equal; as the hostile army, according to all expect-

ations and calculations, had not been able to assemble more than 150,000 men and 400 pieces of cannon.

It is easy to understand that the support of the allied armies reassured the Seraskier as to the future of Constantinople.

XXIV.—On the 22nd of May, at nine o'clock in the evening, the Marshal arrived at Varna. He repaired, immediately, on board the *Berthollet*, where Admiral Hamelin had already awaited him for a long time.

The result of the conference, which lasted for several hours, was, that the Admiral placed his whole fleet at the disposal of the Marshal for the transport of the troops, and their difficult disembarkment at Varna.

The Admiral, as we know, had returned from a cruise with the English vessels on the Crimean coast and before Sebastopol. The Marshal interrogated him, with eager curiosity, upon the result of his observations; for the Crimea was his favourite idea. As he himself says, "He wearied himself over his maps, and already, in his mind, looked for the vulnerable point." But it must not be inferred from this, that it was *his* will only, that had desired, that had demanded, that had dared, the expedition to the Crimea.

In following, step by step, the negotiations of Varna, and the chain of facts which succeeded them, it will be seen that the Crimea was, to some extent, the "favourite idea" of everybody. In France and England it was regarded as a bold and energetic undertaking, worthy of two great nations.

From the outset the Admiral apprehended immense difficulties, not to say impossibilities almost insurmountable, in the proposed landing in the Crimea.

"The Russians," he said to the Marshal, "have there from 70,000 to 80,000 men. All the ports are defended. On all the heights near to the sea telegraphs are established, with signals and posts of cavalry, who, directly on the discovery of a vessel, give notice, and carry the intelligence into the interior of Sebastopol and to Simpheropol. The Russians are determined to defend themselves to extremity; they will burn and devastate the country. They have 20,000 men at Anapa, ready to be thrown into the Crimea by the Sea of Azof. Disembarkment will be difficult everywhere."¹

But it was no longer the landing in the Crimea which was under consideration. It was the immediate and rapid landing at Varna; the endeavour, without a day's delay, to throw the head of the

¹ Letter of the Marshal to his Excellency the Minister of War, 22nd of May, on board the *Berthollet*, midnight.

army in front of the Russians, and display to them the allied flags.

The Marshal seemed to communicate to every one the activity which animated himself.

XXV.—He returned immediately to Constantinople.¹ Summoned to the Sultan, he assisted at a council presided over by his Highness, in which Redschid Pacha acted as interpreter.

The Marshal rendered an account of what he had seen at Varna and at Schumla. There were none of those vague observations—uncertain, irresolute, and timid—to which the Sultan has been so long habituated. The situation permits no equivocation. The language of the Marshal is rapid and trenchant; he explains briefly, but with that energetic clearness which appears in all his correspondence, the critical position of Silistria; which the Russian army enfolds, and every day grasps more tightly in its talons. He retraces the council of Schumla, the fatal news which came to trouble the spirit of the Turkish Generals, and the determination taken to proceed immediately to Varna, together with the

¹ By the orders of Admiral Hamelin, six steam-frigates were to tow the large vessels; six steam-frigates furnished by the Turkish government, were also to tow several transports; Admiral Bruat would give all the help of his squadron. "With these resources, they will have thrown 24,000 men into Varna, in two voyages. Lord Raglan has received the same assistance from Admiral Dundas."

prompt measures which had followed that determination.

The Marshal was all animation. He stated, with his usual self-possession, the military situation, the forces of the three armies, and the projects of the Generals-in-Chief. In listening, the uneasiness which had oppressed the Sultan was removed from his mind, and hope lighted up his countenance.

"I have great confidence," said he, "in France and in England; and I am convinced that, together, they will save Turkey."

XXVI.—Never, perhaps, had the head of the Turkish empire received so clear an insight into the actual condition of affairs; for never, probably, had he found, throughout the whole extent of his kingdom, a person who, strong in the importance of impending events, had dared thus to raise his voice, to impress upon the monarch the value in a determination once formed, of rapidity and energy of execution. It was a sudden awakening from the traditional torpor—an electric flash, which galvanized, for a moment, the Sultan and his Ministers.

Orders were immediately given that the resources of the empire should thenceforward be "always" at the disposal of the Marshal.

Once so well "under way," the Marshal did not stop at the advice already given; but insisted, that

without money war is impossible, and that it was imperative that a loan should be raised without delay.¹ That very night it was authorised by the Council.

All this was incredible. "Aged Turkey" was renewing her youth. The body "ready to crumble into dust," had taken a fresh hold upon life!

XXVII.—The following day, May 25th, the Marshal was to depart for Gallipoli, where he hoped to arrive by daybreak on the 26th.

Sure of the good intentions of the Turkish Government, he was far less so of the activity of its subordinates, and of the energy which they ought to infuse at Gallipoli into the execution of the orders which had been transmitted to them; he, therefore, entreated the Seraskier and the Capidan Pacha to repair to Gallipoli, to assure themselves that the steamers and the transports would be at their posts. They should be there on the 28th.

Already the Marshal had made himself acquainted with the exact dates fixed for everything.² On the

¹ Lord Raglan, summoned to the Council, did not attend. The day was the anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria, and Lord Raglan held a review of all his troops at Scutari. An aide-de-camp of the Marshal bore to him the result of the conference.

² He wrote at the same time to his brother, under date of May 25th :—"The embarkation of our troops is ordered. It will commence in three days. On the 2nd of June I shall have 12,000 men at Varna; on the 8th, 24,000; on the 18th, 40,000. The English follow the movement."

He wrote to the Minister of War :—"The Seraskier and the Capidan

very day of his departure for Gallipoli, excellent news arrived from Silistria. On the 20th and 21st two successive attacks of the Russians had been vigorously repulsed, and the enemy, in retiring, had suffered great loss. The courage of the Turks was re-aroused. They regained confidence in themselves, and bravely faced their dangerous duty.

This news was received with enthusiasm at Constantinople, and the Marshal said, as he set foot on board the *Berthollet*, "If Silistria can hold out until the 15th of June, the Russians will not take it at all."

XXVIII.—On the morning of the 26th of May he reached Gallipoli, as he had proposed. He did not lose an instant in ascertaining the exact condition of the army, its resources, and its necessities. He orders a review, he examines everything ;—and suddenly pauses in consternation. He had forgotten, that, for so distant an expedition, obstacles might arise ; difficulties beyond human power to overcome ; the difficulties of the navigation. Artillery,

Pacha will be at Gallipoli on the 28th. I shall show them my troops, and they can compare my manœuvres to their own.

"On the 29th the embarkation of the 1st Division will commence. On the 5th of June I shall be at Varna to superintend the landing, and on the 8th I shall return to Constantinople to receive the 3rd Division, show them to the Sultan, hasten the incorporation of the Turkish Division, and direct the embarkation. On the 20th of June my head-quarters will be at Varna. With the *Berthollet* I go thither in eleven hours."

engineering appliances, provisions, tents, horses, all had been embarked with the greatest celerity ; but the forethought of the Marshal had not taken into account the seas to be traversed and the contrary winds with which the sailing-vessels would be forced to contend !

Hope is often a bad logician.

The first moment of disenchantment was cruel. The plan so laboriously combined crumbled to nothing ; the standard of France could not yet be displayed ; the imperial eagles could not yet show their golden wings. This was not the fault of any individual, but the result of the precipitation with which it had been necessary to do everything.

There still remained at Gallipoli, only twenty-five or thirty pieces of artillery, with their horses and equipage complete ; and about five hundred horses, which had arrived at different times, and belonged to different regiments.

The infantry, lacking almost the whole of the 4th division, assembled only seventeen available battalions, which had not yet served, and whose diverse elements wanted cohesion.

All the rest (men and *matériel*), were detained at sea by the northerly winds.

The time yielded to the process of “ disenchantment ” was short. New plans were speedily formed.

“ In this situation,” writes the Marshal, “ to

transport to Varna, with the probability of having to lead them to battle, troops thus imperfectly prepared for action, would be to compromise, perhaps, the whole future of the campaign ;—a future upon which the result of the first conflict might exercise a decisive influence ; but, on the other hand, to abandon, with almost the whole of my forces, the base of operations, the common rendezvous of all the elements which ought to combine to complete my army, is to take from them the means of rapid organization ; it is giving far too much to chance.”

In the night and on the following morning, the Marshal despatched eleven steamers, French and Turkish, to tow the vessels which they might find between the Archipelago and Tenedos, and gather the numerous ships detained by the contrary winds.

The Marshal had hit upon the most difficult point of the expedition—the inevitable scattering of the transports.

While the men were embarked on board steamers, the provisions, *matériel*, and horses were placed on board sailing-vessels, from which the steamers towing them were frequently obliged to separate, on account of bad weather.

XXIX.—Under the existing circumstances, the plan adopted by the Turkish Ministers, the Marshal, and Lord Raglan, required to be modified ; for the

English army was no further advanced in its organization than our own.

As time passed, the arrivals continued, the army organized itself; and the commanders could almost, if not entirely, fulfil what they had promised, although the position was delicate and difficult. If, on the one hand, it was not easy to make the Turks understand the inaction of two great Powers who had come to their assistance,—on the other, Lord Raglan had made promises to his Government without foreseeing or suspecting that which had nevertheless now happened. He had written, and actually fixed dates; and “the Opposition” were already “making logic” with the almanac.

Discontent is a seed easy to germinate in the mind. It grows and spreads, without taking note of reason or obstacle.

It is so easy, and often so agreeable, to be discontented!

XXX.—On taking counsel from circumstances, this is what was decided.¹

¹ *The Marshal to the Minister of War.*

“Gallipoli, 26th May.

“WHILE I was giving all my care to complete the organization of the army, an English Division was sent to Varna, as had been arranged with Lord Raglan, and established itself on the heights before the place. The 1st Brigade of Canrobert’s Division, commanded by that officer himself, on whose prudence and good judgment I entirely rely, will also establish itself there.

To abstain from *all* demonstration at Varna, would be to forfeit all influence with the Turkish Government, and throw a demoralizing influence into the army of Omer Pacha, and among the defenders of Silistria; to whom it had been said, "Have confidence! the allied armies are coming. They will support you."

But in place of pushing forward the troops, it was decided to advance only certain well-organized **corps**, who should occupy the heights of Varna, at an hour's distance from the town, and protected by field-works. These troops were to be commanded by two skilful and prudent generals—Generals Canrobert and Sir George Brown.

If the besieged town, at the end of its forces and powers of defence, should fall before the attack of the Russians; if the enemy should advance; this

"The total of these forces—sufficient to give to the Turkish army that moral support of which it had need—will be considered as the advanced guard of those who must act in an approaching future, with the town of Varna for their base.

"In the interval, I shall gain time; I shall solidly organize my Divisions; I shall receive that of General Forey—the absence of which I have so much deplored—and I shall concentrate my cavalry at Adrianople, where it will be easily organized, and where considerable provisions are already made.

"The 3rd Division, which will take route to-morrow towards Constantinople, will be, eventually, directed towards Varna.

"I shall be able thus to unite, in front or in rear of that place, partly by the sea route and partly by that of the land, the whole army; and that in a satisfactory state of preparation, and without the liberty of its movements being compromised."

small portion of the allied army will not be under the necessity of fighting under unfavourable circumstances; but can take the course which events may render the most desirable.

The consequences of this plan, resolved upon from necessity, were easy to infer. By its means the engagements with the Turks were in a manner fulfilled; as they would see a division at Varna and another at Constantinople. The actual heads of columns would be shown to the Russians and the Austrians, and the allied standards would be displayed upon the theatre of war. The English, to satisfy their Government, occupied Devna, and held the extreme right of the position instead of the extreme left.¹

The exigencies of the present were thus met, and the original decision not abandoned; only movement in advance was not executed, in the proportions which the two Generals had intended that it should bear.

XXXI.—Already the bitterness which the Marshal had experienced, on first arriving at Gallipoli, had disappeared. The whirlwind of new events

¹ "As to Lord Raglan," writes the Marshal, "as he has the additional embarrassment of being pressed by his General Officers to do something, I shall act in a manner to cover him, in the eyes of his Government, by giving him, in writing, with farther information, the prudent and rational motives which cause me to modify my plan."

envelops and draws him on. On the 27th he ordered a review of the troops bivouacked around Gallipoli. The Seraskier, the principal officers of a division of English infantry encamped outside of the town, and all the officers of the Staff, surrounded the Marshal, who passed successively, at a slow pace, before the lines established in the order of their encampment, over an extent of four leagues.¹

The three divisions of infantry (almost complete) displayed the finest possible development. The martial attitude, full of energy and confidence, of these troops, placed so far from their own country, struck all beholders. On all countenances could be

¹ On the following day, the Marshal expressed his warmest thanks to the troops.

“ Their thoroughly military attitude,” says he, in his order of the day, “ testifies to their confidence in themselves, and to the beneficial influence which their experience of the bivouac has already exercised upon troops not before accustomed to it. The Commander-in-Chief has not seen, without emotion, those brave soldiers with whom he has already fought, and those whom he hopes soon to lead to battle, all penetrated alike with that sentiment of patriotism and honour which is the origin and the presage of the success of our arms. To insure this success, they will compete in ardour with the troops of the English army, whose military history exhibits, like our own, such glorious records; and with the Turkish army, rendered so worthy of our respect, by the invincible energy with which it defends, in an unequal contest, its firesides and its rights.

“ The discipline of the army is perfect. It will be maintained less, I am assured, by severe repression, than by the good-feeling of the soldiers themselves. They will remember, that everywhere, but especially in an allied country, already impoverished by war, discipline, whence arises respect for the property and persons of the inhabitants, is the best proof of what may be termed the honourable character of armies, as it also constitutes their strength in the day of combat.”

seen the impression produced by this noble and manly spectacle.

“I was overcome by joy and pride,” writes the Marshal; “I admired the soldiers whom it was my task to conduct to victory.”

The young recruits had already caught from their seniors of the African army their freedom of movement, and almost the bronzed hue of their countenances. In the bivouacs, the old soldiers, habituated to camps, became the teachers of their inexperienced comrades.

XXXII.—Everybody who has seen that infected spot called Gallipoli, its streets, dark, narrow, and encumbered with filth, must easily understand that all the diseases of the earth would assemble there, and spread amongst the putrid miasma which corrupts the air. The bulk of the troops, were, therefore, encamped at a distance from the town. Movement and noise have replaced the sepulchral silence of the Ottoman towns and the lethargic sleep of the inhabitants.¹ The works on the lines

¹ Workmen were employed every day to clear out the port and the dock, to construct landing-places and jetties, to level the streets and squares, to establish provisional hospitals, to construct barracks, and to dig ditches to render the town healthy.

All these works were done with surprising activity. The Turks were stupified, amazed; and asked themselves what demon it was that urged us on. They did not understand that it is the work of the arms which saves and fortifies the life of the body.

of Boulahir, pursued without cessation, presented already an important defence; a few weeks more, and the peninsula would be entirely shut in by the works;¹ but it is sad for an army to inhabit a country with an uncultivated soil, without resources, without produce of any kind, and in which, in order to merely exist, it is necessary to put forth unheard-of efforts, meeting with nought around but utter nothingness and want of everything.

The Marshal was dismayed; not for the present, but for the future, when the "army" would be submitted to the ordeals of laborious marches under a burning sun, and of many privations, the inevitable consequences of their momentary removal from the base of operations. Unquiet, preoccupied (as a sense of responsibility almost always renders Generals-in-chief), he multiplied his demands on the Minister of War; he would have liked to enchain the waves, and restrain the fatal breath of contrary winds; he would have wished to see numerous vessels throw at the same time upon the shore new divisions perfectly armed; for he had passed from the domains of theory into the domains of fact, and he felt himself thenceforward engaged in a struggle with stern realities.

¹ The camp of Boulahir is situated at 14 kilomètres north of the town; it derives its name from a village, which is not more than a quarter of an hour's distance from it, and commands, on one side, the entry into the Dardanelles, and, on the other, the Gulf of Enos. In front of this camp considerable fortifications have been erected.

“France and England,” he said, “will be driven by the mere course of events to the inevitable necessity of successively augmenting the two armies of the East.”¹

XXXIII.—Marshal de St. Arnaud was indeed engaged in a struggle with actual realities. His thoughts, constantly upon the stretch, became the mere echo of the cannon of Silistria.

Each day the position was ameliorated, the forces consolidated.

The English 1st division, about 6,000 strong, encamped at Scutari, (where Lord Raglan had established his head-quarters,) had departed for Varna.

On the 1st of June the first brigade of General Canrobert, of nearly equal force, with its artillery and baggage, embarked for the same destination, in a flotilla, composed of six French steam-frigates, two Egyptian frigates, and a corvette, towing forty merchant ships.

This detail, into which we do not enter without intention, shows what enormous efforts the marine must make, to transport, to even a small distance, in fine weather and upon a tranquil sea, one simple brigade of infantry with its accessories.²

¹ The Marshal to his Excellency the Minister of War, 28th of May, Gallipoli.

² To duly appreciate the new dispositions which were about to be made, it is, perhaps, not without importance to make this remark—that France and England, led far beyond their expectations, had augmented,

XXXIV.—So soon as the successive transports had landed at Varna the complement of four divisions, they were established as follows:—

The right at Varna and Bourgas; the centre at Karnabad and Aidos; the left towards Tamboli, and all watching the defiles of the mountains, and holding themselves ready to repulse the enemy the moment he should have passed them; or themselves to traverse those defiles, and upon the heights, or in front of Schumla, fight a battle, in which all the forces of the allied armies should be assembled under the conditions most favourable to action.

While the divisions of infantry were being concentrated near the outlets of the mountains, the cavalry regiments were marched towards Adrianople,

according to the events which occurred, and the exigencies of the situation, the effective force of the troops which they had sent to the East.

At the commencement they were to have entered on the campaign with 6,000 French, and half as many English. Such a small number of troops would not permit of covering Constantinople, and of having a *place d'armes* at Gallipoli. In proportion as the contingents were augmented, the plans of occupation would naturally be modified and enlarged. When the expeditionary corps was brought up to 30,000 French troops, it was thought that a division ought to be placed at Adrianople, and even at Rodosto; the troops not being able, without the greatest inconvenience, to be massed altogether at Constantinople or at Gallipoli. Finally, France having decided to transport more than 60,000 men to the East, and England to send 25,000, the circle of operations could not be thus restricted. It was no longer a question of awaiting the enemy; it was necessary to menace him in front of the Balkans, to arrest him in his course, and to oppose to him a barrier of bayonets.

where General Morris, commanding the cavalry, was to establish his head-quarters.

“My troops,” writes the Marshal, “will thus gain the experience and firmness which are always acquired from marches well performed; and this will be a useful preparation for soldiers, whom the constant habit of being transported by sea or by railways has caused to forget the use of their legs; and my movements will, perhaps, be more promptly accomplished, than if I had attempted to effect by sea the assemblage of all these elements.

“My order of battle once established, time will have elapsed; new political and military events will have occurred. I shall be able to act so much the better, upon the indications which will thus have been afforded me, that the dispositions which will have been made will not, in the least, have restricted my ulterior movements. A march in advance will bring me upon the actual theatre of war, and a march to the right will concentrate my forces towards the sea in a solid position, similar to that which I sustained at Gallipoli, but much nearer the scene of events. In the existing state of things I see nothing better to do, unless, perhaps, to shut myself up in a confined defensive position, at a distance from Gallipoli. This might have been possible with 15,000 men; but public opinion, the dignity of our country, and the honour of our flag,

would never permit it, on the part of a French army combined with an English army, and forming a total of at least 70,000 men, supported by a formidable fleet, and in presence of the desperate efforts made by the Turkish army in defence of their homes.”¹

¹ Despatch from the Marshal to his Excellency the Minister of War, Gallipoli, 30th May.

CHAPTER IV.

XXXV.—THE French Government could not but approve the reserve of the Marshal, and the wise prudence with which he had modified his first plan, on finding himself not in a position to execute it on a suitable scale.

“I do not at all regret your change of determination,” writes the Minister of War. “Prudence should direct all your acts—all your resolutions. Your troops are not yet habituated to marches or to fatigue; they are not yet breathed. Your services of provisions and other necessaries are not yet prepared, and you might even learn that Silistria had fallen into the hands of the enemy; in which case you would have to give battle, under circumstances entirely different from those by which you had sought to profit.”¹

The Minister added—

- “I approve entirely of your idea of making your soldiers march. Use the shoes, bronze the faces of

¹ Despatch of his Excellency the Minister of War to the Marshal, June 9th.

our worthy foot-soldiers ; all this will tell in the day of battle."

We follow, scrupulously, documents in hand, the first steps of the real organization of the army of the East.

If we have quitted the region of theory for that of facts, we are, nevertheless, not yet in that of the veritable movement of war ; but it has seemed to us curious and interesting, as bearing upon the succession of subsequent important events, to study, in careful detail, this first period of the war ; that is to say, the establishment and sojourn of our troops at Varna.

The new plans of the Marshal were certainly founded only upon hypotheses. In the struggle which was commencing all was, as yet, vague and mysterious. The projects of the enemy were not open to the daylight, and the result of the siege of Silistria might, at any moment, change the whole aspect of affairs. It was necessary, therefore, to guard against contingencies, and be guided by what might happen towards the Upper Danube.

XXXVI.—Nevertheless, Silistria offered a resistance that was far from being expected. The sight of the French and English flags, which had arrived at Varna, had produced a great effect on the minds of the besieged. The Russian attacks

were vigorously repulsed, and murderous combats, hand-to-hand, were fought upon the ramparts. The Turks resolved to sustain their old reputation of intrepid defenders of fortifications.¹

The news which the couriers brought were excellent. Through the influence of this intrepid resistance, the blockade was relaxed. Certainly Russia had not taken into account the expectation of being detained so long before Silistria. Moreover, the troops must evidently suffer on the Danube, and undergo serious losses by the maladies which are peculiar to that unhealthy country. As if Heaven had wished to serve as an auxiliary to the allied armies, the heat had assumed, for several days, a tropical intensity; and the pestilential emanations of these marshy regions enwrapped the enemy in their deadly folds.

XXXVII.—The Marshal returned to Yeni-Keui on the 3rd of June, in order to come to a definite

¹ Despatch of the Marshal to his Excellency the Minister of War, 4th of June, Yeni-Keui.

"On the morning of the 25th to the 26th of May, the Russians attacked anew the exterior works. They were repulsed with loss.

"On the morning of the 29th, at half-past one o'clock, they assailed, with masses of infantry, the works called Arab and Gulanti-Tabia. Under a very brisk fire, they succeeded in passing the moat, and a considerable number scaled the parapet, and penetrated by the embrasures into the interior of the works. But the garrison fought hand to hand with the assailants, and repulsed them in a disorder which the fire of artillery and musketry soon brought to a climax."

understanding with Lord Raglan, upon certain points, which the modifications of previous plans had left undecided.

The situation of the English General became, day-by-day, more difficult and more delicate, in the midst of the enthusiasm which surrounded him. Enthusiasm is so easy to those who do not themselves feel the pressure of the actual responsibility of events!

The English Ambassador, public sentiment, the exaggerated idea that was generally entertained of the actual position of the allied armies, as yet scarcely landed on the Ottoman soil, all contributed to urge him to the execution of his first plans; which consisted of transporting, as best might be, the whole of the troops to Varna, and then marching them towards Schumla, to assist Omer Pacha, and relieve the town of Silistria; if the circumstances which might arise, after the establishment of the troops on this line, should make it possible.¹

From the preoccupation of the Chief of the English army, it was easy to perceive how the external pressure acted upon him.

Nevertheless, although the bulk of his forces were

¹ "I admit," writes the Marshal to the Minister, "that it is to my personal advice that the adoption of this plan was due; but it has been modified by the evidence of the actual situation which I encountered at Gallipoli; and I have felt no hesitation in this respect."

at Scutari, although he had at his disposal a perfect fleet of mercantile transports, which were in constant attendance upon his movements, and although the whole of his force was scarcely the half of ours, the constitution of his army was far from being complete.

XXXVIII.—The Marshal had again gone to Varna, to see the troops of General Canrobert, the English division, and the depositories made at that point, with the object of insuring them an eventual base of operations.

In returning from Varna, he landed at Bourgas. That which he himself saw, joined to the report of the Commissioners whom he had sent thither, removed from his mind all idea of giving to that point the importance which he had originally been disposed to attribute to it.

The harbour, in fact, is far from being secure, and it is difficult of approach. The town is merely a large village, such as abound in that country ;—without resources, and deficient of water even for the inhabitants, who draw it from wells, where it is turbid, and often brackish. It was impossible, therefore, to think of fixing, in that place, a permanent centre of provision-supplies upon which the army could depend, except at the cost of having everything to create, and the water to bring from a

distance of two leagues. Varna remained, therefore, the only port where the resources indispensable to the army could be assembled;¹ and that, by maintaining a constant communication with the ships, which were thus, also, placed more under the control of the Commander-in-chief. Thenceforward Varna became, of necessity, the grand central point for the operations of the army toward the east and north-east; as Adrianople would become that of the operations towards the centre and west of the Balkans, if, in future, it should be thought desirable to direct any movement towards that quarter.

XXXIX.—Certainly, in France the impatience was great, the excitement universal; and the public eagerly waited to read the first bulletin of victory, to see the flag of France really in the field, and the treaty of alliance and protection consecrated by the

¹ "I shall visit, on my return," he writes, "the port of Bourgas, where a commission is about to prepare another victualling depôt. The importance of these two establishments, in view of ulterior operations upon the coast of the Black Sea, is very great.

"I shall have thus a depôt at Varna, and one at Bourgas, insuring my supplies of provisions, and my communications with the fleet; a central depôt at Adrianople, where I shall have accumulated considerable supplies of every kind; and, finally, a solid base of operations, well provided, and defended with formidable lines, at Gallipoli.

"This done, my security will be absolute. I shall have guarded against everything—even against a disaster on the field of battle, or an insurrection, in a country where the government is so feeble, and where Russia has the whole Greek population for auxiliaries."

blood of our soldiers. It began to be asked, "Why this inaction on the part of the commander-in-chief?" And during this time of supposed inaction, his movements were incessant; from Gallipoli to Constantinople, Constantinople to Varna, from Varna to Bourgas, assembling his legions and organising his army.

In France people conjectured, and reasoned, and drew ready inferences from suppositious facts; but on the spot, where one was in actual contact with events, every day developed some new circumstance, often enforcing the modification, and sometimes the total alteration, of plans carefully studied and deliberately adopted.¹ Despite incalculable difficulties of transport, the bulk of the troops were required to be at Varna at the beginning of July; and the whole army in condition to advance before the 15th.

¹ Although, on one hand, the Marshal wrote, "I am dying of anxiety to see Sebastopol, for I am persuaded that there is something to be done there," he did not yet regard it as a sudden and terrible blow to be struck; and he directly adds—"but long preparation will be necessary, an entire campaign, and all the resources of the English and French fleets combined."

And he declared, at the same time, to the Minister, "I wish to leave nothing to chance. Be well assured that we are prudent. I do not yield to the excitement which surrounds Lord Raglan and myself; but believe that I am adopting the true and sound policy in acting as I do. Perhaps I may not have fulfilled all that was expected of my little army by the citizens of Paris or London; but I have adhered to the rules of war—to rules which are rigidly imposed upon a body of 50,000 men, whose force and whose means cannot be easily renewed, and who operate at 600 leagues' distance from their own country, in the midst of difficulties, appreciable only when one is surrounded by them."

The 4th division was being organised, and was to follow by land, in the track of Bosquet's division, at the same time that the heads of departments, and the reserves of every kind, were to arrive, in order to constitute the permanent head-quarters.

The movements of the English army were to be in accordance with the foregoing.

"And to accomplish this," writes the Marshal, "we must display all the activity, and make all the efforts, of which a French army is capable,—always ready to supply by its industry any means that may be deficient. The English army will accomplish the same results under the same conditions; and we shall then act in concert, as circumstances may require. We have certainly weak points; but, taken as a whole, we shall exhibit a solidity due to the time which we have allowed ourselves, in spite of the impatience which would have urged us on."

Would Silistria have sustained, until that time, her heroic defence? For the Russians, far from attacking that place with the looseness and absence of method previously attributed to them, had proceeded, on the contrary, with the regularity and purpose that might be expected from troops well commanded. If we add to the works which they had constructed on all sides, as well on the left as the right bank of the Danube, those which they

were stated to have constructed after their invasion of the Dobrudscha, it will be evident that their apparent inaction, so variously explained, was really the cover to an incessant activity applied to works of importance. This opinion is founded upon the reports of an English officer attached to Omer Pacha, who had penetrated into Silistria, and borne a share in all the hardships of the siege.¹

XL.—It would require more space than it is possible to bestow, at this early period of our narrative, were we to retrace, in all their details, this series of new events which seemed each day to rise, as it were, from the very earth, to change the aspect of affairs, and cast a bold defiance in face of the most mature plans and most careful combinations. We must be content to sketch events upon the wing, and to indicate them as we pass on; like a traveller, who, in an obscure and devious pathway, places occasional landmarks upon the route he has traversed.

XLI.—The troops advance upon Varna separately.

While the 1st division arrives by sea from Gallipoli, and the 2nd, under the orders of General

¹ Captain Simons had just arrived at Constantinople. According to his statements, the forces assembled before Silistria might be estimated at 60,000 men; according to Lieut.-Colonel Dieu, at 72,000.

Bosquet, proceeds by way of the Balkans, the 3rd division is marched by land towards Constantinople, where the troops composing it are to be instantly embarked.

It was on the 28th of May, that the battalion of chasseurs, forming the advanced guard, assumed its march.¹ It was to follow, through a region often wild and barren, the route which coasts the shore of the sea of Marmora.

To Rodosto the march was difficult and painful. The advanced guard had been forced to make, with pickaxe and crowbar, a passage for the artillery amid the rocks. For the entire distance, parties in advance traced the route through passes and ravines.

Beyond Rodosto, however, these difficulties disappeared. There remained only the burning sun, which darted its scorching rays upon the head, and the dust, which rose in suffocating clouds beneath the tread of our infantry.

This division, commanded by Prince Napoleon, was impatiently expected at Constantinople. Its arrival produced a great and universal sensation.

"These soldiers," writes an eye-witness, "were superb to behold, with their swarthy faces, their embrowned hands, and their torn garments, soiled

¹ The division was to march in three columns; the advanced guard, the second brigade, the third brigade.

with the dust and mire of their long and rude march. The regulated splendours of the parade give no idea of the stern and manly beauty of the soldier in the field." The division established its encampment at Daoud Pacha, and their tents arose on all sides, in the valley which there descends to the sea.

The Marshal, who might almost be said to be ubiquitous,—at Gallipoli, at Varna, and at Constantinople, "uniting," as he himself says, "the fragments which came to him from all directions,"—presented the 3rd Division to the Sultan on the 17th of June, the eve of its embarkation for Varna.

XLII. — An immense crowd had assembled, thronging the roads, the shore, and the valley.

The weather was lovely. Not a cloud obscured the azure vault of heaven, and the sun, the magnificent sun of the East, shone in full splendour.

All the Turkish troops were under orders for this review.

At ten o'clock the French division quits its encampment, and takes up its march, to assume its place upon the plateau which overlooks the valley of Eyoub, facing the Golden Horn, where its arrival is awaited by the Ottoman troops.

The panorama is immense and superb. The view extends into the very interior of the town, and over the banks of the Golden Horn to the

Seraglio Point, and includes one part of the basin of Galata, with Pera, the Bosphorus, the sea with its Islands, Scutari and the mountains of Asia.

The Division is ranged in three lines, terraced, as it were, one above the other, on the gentle slope of the hill.¹

At noon, the Sultan appears, mounted upon a superb black horse, caparisoned with scarlet embroidered in arabesques of silver. He is followed by an immense cortege of Pachas and Ministers, with decorations sparkling in diamonds, and mounted upon horses blazing with purple and gold.

All the staff of the French and Turkish Divisions advance to meet the Sultan, who takes his course towards a green pavilion, surmounted by the imperial globe, which is erected some 500 yards in front of the army.

The fields, the valley, and the shore are covered with a compact crowd;—a sort of human herbage, whose heads wave and undulate beneath the glowing rays of the sun.

¹ The French and Ottoman troops were paraded in six lines, rising one above another upon the slope formed by the plateau in its descent towards the valley, and in front of the breach in the old Roman Wall. The regiment of Zouaves and the Marines were in the first line; the 20th and 22nd light in the second, and in the third the Spahis, the Artillery and the baggage. The three other lines were composed of Turkish troops. In the last, before the tents of the Ottoman camp, floated the red pennons of their lancers. The Chasseurs de Vincennes, the Engineers, and the gendarmerie, formed a square on the right.

The Sultan is soon in motion. Beside him are Marshal St. Arnaud and an English General. In the attendant cortège the uniforms of three armies are intermingled.

The pale and impassive countenance of the Sultan, from which the impress of youth is already effaced, and which has caught the air of premature age from the sombre cares of an empire unceasingly menaced,—that countenance, pale, dreamy, and abstracted, and which none of those around him had ever seen lightened by a smile, or animated by emotion,—appears to have received a sudden shock of the electricity of life, in view of this valiant and noble army, this living rampart, reared for the protection of Turkey.

He sees France, France the warlike, France the protectress; and for perhaps the first time a smile rests upon those pale lips, and his cheeks are flushed. He turns frequently towards the Marshal, and addresses him.

Prince Napoleon is on horseback at the head of his advanced-guard, to receive the Sultan. He takes his place, subsequently near His Highness.¹

¹ "Yeni-Keui, June 20th, 1854.—The Sultan held, on the 17th, a review of the 3rd Division," writes the Marshal. His Highness did two things, which will form an epoch in Turkey;—he twice galloped his horse, and he came to speak to my wife (*la Maréchale*) who was present, in a carriage, at the review."

The defiling of the troops presented the most magnificent spectacle that can be well imagined.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes advanced on the run ;—the Zouaves, with their martial countenances, their strange movements, and their African costume, struck with amazement the Turks, who gazed in a sort of stupefaction upon the moving lines of green turbans.

A squadron of Spahis,—the only French cavalry as yet at Constantinople,—closed the column of the 3rd Division. Afterward came, in good order, the Turkish troops, infantry, artillery, and cavalry.

XLIII.—The following day the embarkation commenced.

But the troops, wafted by the breath of War to the poetic realm of the Orient, to that country of fantastic traditions, were able to witness, in their brief visit, one of those Turkish festivals which people the Bosphorus with fairy lights. This festival, called the “night of the offering,” takes place on the twenty-seventh day of the Ramadan.

The mosque of Tophané was splendidly illuminated for the reception of the Sultan, who visited it in state to perform his devotions. The Bosphorus, the entrance of the Golden Horn, and the vessels decorated with flags, were inundated with floating light, in the midst of which the agile

caïques passed with their various lamps, like shooting-stars streaming across the tranquil waters of the Bosphorus.

It was a scene truly fairy-like ; and with it came to mingle the thunder of the cannon, which the echoes caught and repeated in the distance.

What strange contrasts human life offers, always and everywhere ! The cannon announce a festival at Constantinople :—the cannon utter the thunders of actual war at Silistria ! Beyond doubt, the prayers of the Sultan at the mosque speak to Heaven of the besieged city.

XLIV.—In his camp of Schumla, Omer Pacha feels the hostile force envelop him more and more closely, like a threatening flood. He fears that the allied armies will not arrive in time to save Silistria ; and is anxious to effect a diversion, which he would conduct beneath the walls of the town, with the purpose of throwing provisions into the interior of the place, and relieving a portion of the garrison ;—in short, of saving time. The allied armies should furnish, on his right, the moral support of the presence of a Division at Bazardjik.

The movement is about to be undertaken. It is a last effort in this unequal and desperate contest. But the energy of the attack is redoubled. Grape-shot and musket-bullets darken the air. The talons

of the bird of prey are tightening upon the victim. Death streams, from all quarters, upon the ramparts, at the foot of which officers and soldiers fall one-by-one to rise no more; and Omer Pacha acquaints General Canrobert, that in presence of considerable forces, freshly concentrated around Silistria, he no longer believes it possible to attempt the movement which he had in view, for revictualling the place, and relieving the hardships and labour of the siege.

For the heroic city all was said! It verged upon its final hour.

But suddenly the fire ceases;—Death withdraws the darkness of his overshadowing wings;—the enemy effects a retrograde movement, which he seems to have sought to disguise, on the previous day, by a redoubling of the violence of his attack!

The Russians had abandoned the siege of Silistria, and repassed the Danube, after destroying their batteries, their redouts, and their entrenched camp.

XLV.—Nevertheless, the French army arrived, full of ardour, of hope, and of confidence in themselves. The General-in-Chief reaches Varna on the 25th, and learns the news of the precipitate departure of the Russian army. For a second time, the favourable occasion has escaped him. It is too late!

“The Russians have cheated me, in making their

escape!" cried the Marshal, with an accent of profound bitterness, which he did not attempt to disguise. Is their movement a trick or a reality? Will they take the line of the Sereth or the Pruth? or are they about to concentrate their forces upon Bucharest?

The Generals assembled in council. Intelligent agents were despatched upon the track of the hostile army, while reconnaissances of cavalry were pushed even to the Danube.

What conjectures were *not* hazarded, in regard to their departure,—so sudden and so entirely unexpected!

Certainly, the Division of General Canrobert was in thorough perfection, in the camp of Franka; that of General Bosquet shut up the Balkans; and that of Prince Napoleon had landed at Varna;—but all this was at thirty leagues' distance from Silistria. The allies were not, therefore, immediately menacing to the Russians.

The Marshal was greatly depressed. He foresaw the lethargy which inaction would soon impose upon the troops at Varna. The value of a first battle, of a first victory, would be inestimable; and an opportunity of encountering the Russians under such favourable circumstances could not again present itself for a long time. The more he regarded the position in which he was placed by this unex-

pected turn of events, the greater his uneasiness. His health, which was sustained only by a perpetual fever of activity, was visibly and painfully affected.

"I cannot recover from the blow given me by this shameful retreat of the Russians," writes he. "I had them within reach ; I should infallibly have beaten them ;—driven them into the Danube. Now, we are plunged again into uncertainty. I am, as yet, ignorant where they are, what they are doing, or what they intend to do."

The whole army felt the effect of this disappointment,—this profound discouragement,—and were angry at a delay, of which they would not even seek to realise the imperious necessity.

The Turkish army alone enjoyed the intoxication of triumph ;—and they had reason to do so ; for there was a brilliant and glorious page to inscribe in the history of Turkey.

XLVI.—In impartially examining, however, the origin and causes of this abrupt retreat, it becomes apparent that it was prompted by political, rather than by military motives.¹

¹ The Marshal thus expresses himself, in a despatch addressed to the Minister of War :—

"June 29th, Varna.

"If we consider the importance and solidity of the dispositions made long since by the Russians to insure their occupation of the right bank,—dispositions to which they had sacrificed other advantages, which they might have secured, in the three months that have just elapsed ;—if

The first excitement, occasioned by the raising of the siege, once past, both affairs and feelings had resumed their ordinary course. The heroic episodes

we consider the vastness of the resources accumulated in Wallachia, Moldavia, and upon the whole right shore of the Danube, with a view to this same occupation ;—and finally, if we regard the weakening of moral influence which must, necessarily, affect the Russian army, in retreating from Silistria, on the very eve of effecting its capture ;—it becomes certain that this retreat is not the result merely of the resistance offered by the brave garrison of that place. On the very day previous to that on which the Russian army effected their retrograde movement,—(which they seem to have disguised by redoubling the fire of all their batteries,)—Omer Pacha had informed General Canrobert, that, in presence of the forces freshly concentrated around Silistria, he no longer considered himself able to effect the ‘diversion’ which he had projected. The arrival of the allied armies at Varna, and the demonstrations (respecting which Monsieur de Bruck has given me no information!) made by the Austrians,—are they sufficient to have caused the retreat of the Russians? They have, doubtless, contributed to this result ; but the enemy, accurately informed, day by day, of the progress of our concentrations, knew that he had grounds for expecting the surrender of Silistria before our arrival. His retreat upon the left bank was, also, assured, even to the mouth of the river ; and it is safe to say, that no military necessity whatever compelled him to retire so soon.

“We have, thus, been led to seek in political combinations the origin of the determination adopted by the Russian army ; and many have supposed that the Czar, overwhelmed by evidence of the difficulties accumulating around him, has resigned himself to the evacuation of the Principalities, in the expectation of leading Austria to interpose anew between the Western Powers and himself.”

In another despatch, the Marshal adds :—

“The Commandant De Villers, one of my orderly officers, has returned from Silistria, whither I had sent him to collect information, and learn the state of the fortifications.

“It is difficult to imagine stronger works,—works more extensive, or more perfect,—than those executed by the Russians on the right bank of the Danube, below Silistria.

“I am fully confirmed in my opinion, that the intention of the Generals was, to concentrate their forces on the right bank of the

of that memorable siege were recounted; and our people no longer sought in the Ottoman army for whatever was unpleasant, or disagreeable, or even poverty-stricken; they were regarded only as the defenders of Silistria.—Courage is a bond of union between soldiers of all nations—the rallying point of all noble hearts.

But, in war, past events are not long the subject of reflection. The present engrosses,—the future attracts, the soldier.¹

XLVII.—The troops arrived, and were assembled around Varna. Every day, vessels disembarked men, horses, materials. Camps were formed;—on all sides, tents arose, and, like enormous flocks scattered upon the heights, whitened the surrounding prospect.²

stream, and to give battle to the allied armies in front or rear of their fortifications. A sudden order, from St. Petersburg has, undoubtedly, determined their retreat."

¹ "The garrison of the fort of Arab-Tabia is a garrison of heroes," writes an officer. "This fort is a redout constructed of earth. Right and left the ground is broken into deep ravines, in such a manner that the Russians, however numerous they may be, are obliged to form a narrow front, while behind the works, the indefatigable Turkish soldiers await them night and day, although a perfect hail-storm of bullets, balls, and shells pours continually upon this redout, as well as upon the town."

² The 1st and 3rd Divisions were already complete. The 2nd could not be assembled at Varna before the 8th. Two days later, nearly the whole of the Artillery arrived, as also General Cassaignole's brigade of Cavalry, and the brigade of General d'Allonville, which preceded Bosquet's Division.

The Imperial Navy had, indeed, needed to combine all its resources, and to display that intelligent activity for which it is distinguished, in order to effect so rapid a landing of that portion of the troops which it was necessary to transport by sea. The Navy showed, on that occasion, of what it is capable, and gave a presage of the important services which it would, subsequently, be called upon to render to the nation.

The Marshal hastened, therefore, immediately upon his arrival at Varna, to proceed, formally, with all his Staff, to return thanks to Admirals Hamelin and Bruat for their prompt and efficient co-operation. This visit of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, cemented yet more strongly the union of the naval and land forces; and produced a marked impression upon the Allied fleets. All the vessels in the harbour were decorated with flags and streamers, and the warmest acclamations welcomed the Marshal, as he stepped on board the flagship. On the day previous, he had issued a general order, thanking the Imperial Navy in the name of the Army.¹

¹ "SOLDIERS,

Varna, July 1st, 1854.

"In order to approach the enemy, you have, within the last few days, put 100 leagues more between yourselves and France. Since you have left it, your energies have proved equal to the difficulties which they were required to overcome;—but you would hardly have thus overcome them, without the devoted co-operation afforded you by the Imperial Navy.

[“ The

XLVIII.—Almost at the very moment, when the concentration of troops at Varna had united the allied armies upon the actual theatre of war,—the Baltic expeditionary force set sail, and proceeded to lay in ashes the fortress of Bomarsund.

Although we desire to restrict this recital within the limits of the operations which led to, or have signalized, the Crimean Expedition, and do not propose to retrace all the different phases of the war, we cannot forbear to record the admirable proclamation of the Emperor to the expeditionary corps. It was in this same month,—so fertile in important events,—that was to be irrevocably determined the expedition to the Crimea;—that enterprise, bold even to audacity, which has astonished the world, and covered with glory the armies of the Allies. This proclamation expresses the sentiments of France, the views of the Emperor;—defence of the

“The Admirals, the officers, and the sailors, of our harbours and our fleets, have devoted themselves to the laborious task of transporting your columns across the sea. You have seen them undertake the most arduous labours, to effect the oft-repeated operations of embarkment and disembarkment; and we can declare, that they have contended for the honour of hastening the flight of our eagles.

“Witness of this loyal brotherhood of the two forces, I seize, with pleasure, the occasion thus offered me to render it homage; and I shall proceed, to-morrow, to present, formally, to Admirals Hamelin and Bruat, those thanks, in the expression of which I have wished to associate every one of you, and which will be addressed to the whole Imperial Navy.

“*The Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief the Army of the East,*
“A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD.”

right, protection of the feeble. On the 12th of July, when these words, so nobly expressive, were pronounced at Boulogne, they had an immensely extended bearing. They removed doubts,—put an end to conflicting suppositions,—and spoke a language firm and lofty;—worthy of the nation, worthy of the Sovereign.

This proclamation said:—

“SOLDIERS,

“Russia having forced us into war, France has armed 500,000 of her sons. England has put on foot considerable forces. At this moment, our fleets and our armies, united in the same cause, are about to command in the Baltic, as in the Black Sea. I have chosen you, as the first to bear our Eagles into the regions of the North. English vessels are about to transport you thither;—a fact without parallel in history, which proves the intimate alliance of two great nations, and the firm resolution of both their Governments not to hesitate at any sacrifice, in defending the right of the weakest, the liberty of Europe, and their national honour!

“Go, my children! Expectant Europe utters, openly or in secret, prayers for your triumph. Your country, proud of a struggle in which she menaces only the aggressor, also accompanies you with her ardent prayers; and I,—whom imperative duties,

as yet detain far from the scene of action,—I shall keep my eyes fixed upon you ; and soon, on again seeing you, I shall be able to say, ‘These are the worthy sons of the conquerors of Austerlitz, of Eylau, of Friedland, and of Moscow.’ Go then ! Heaven protects you !”

For both sides this was a gigantic step in the region of actual realities.

XLIX.—The most cordial understanding existed between the two armies. The Commanders-in-Chief of both were received, by both, with acclamations. Every time that the Marshal passed through the English ranks, the soldiers waved their arms, and uttered the loudest cheers.

The watch-words were “Union and Sympathy ;” and it seemed that to throw a thicker veil over the past, the two nations sought to draw more closely the bonds which united them.

“Lord Raglan and myself,” wrote the Marshal, “give the example ;”—and elsewhere, “I am upon such excellent terms of reciprocal confidence with him, that I am certain we shall agree on all questions affecting our mutual situation.”¹

¹ LORD RAGLAN.

Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief of the English army, is a living memento of the old and glorious wars of the Empire. One of the survivors of that generation now almost extinct, he still bears the sword. He has seen upon the field of battle those illustrious captains, who were

The English troops were magnificent in appearance. Their equipment is irreproachable, and they manoeuvre with rare precision, but with that im-

called Soult, Ney, Massena, and Junot. He has witnessed those grand military dramas, which leave in history echoes that reverberate eternally.

Aide-de-Camp of the Duke of Wellington, he made all the campaigns of the Peninsula, and took part in that memorable series of combats, of sieges, of attacks and retreats, which composed the wars of Spain and of Portugal.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterward Baron Raglan, the eighth son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, was born at Badminton, in 1788. He entered the service, at the age of sixteen, and was appointed Cornet in the 4th Light Dragoons, on the 9th of June 1804; and subsequently served in the 43rd Foot, and in the 1st, or Grenadier Guards.

Lieutenant on the 30th May 1805, he was promoted to the grade of Captain, May 5th, 1808. During the War of the Peninsula, he was attached to the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) in the quality of Military Secretary and Aide-de-Camp, and did not leave him until 1815.

General Arthur Wellesley conceived a great regard for the young Somerset, in whom he had recognized both solid and brilliant qualities;—a valorous intrepidity, a conscientious exactness in the discharge of his duties, and great rectitude of character and feeling. The future Duke of Wellington, therefore, took a pleasure in frequently having his young aide-de-camp near his person, and in initiating him, by familiar conversation, into a comprehension of the grand events passing beneath his eyes.

On the 29th of September 1810, he received his first wound at the battle of Busaco. The first wound of the soldier is the baptism of his military career.

In 1811 the young Lord brilliantly distinguished himself in two successive engagements, which took place on the 3rd and 5th of May at Fuentes-d'-Onoro. A dashing officer, ardent for the combat, he displayed already that manly courage, which subsequently won for him, from the lips of Marshal Saint-Arnaud, that imperishable eulogy—

“Lord Raglan est d'une valeur antique!”

Wherever the fluctuations of the war led the chief of the English army, Somerset followed his steps.

At the peace of 1814, he returned to London. He was then Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards. He was sent to Paris as Secretary to the Embassy; and remained as Minister Plenipotentiary from January 18th to the return of Napoleon from Elba. But the cry of war soon summoned

passibility,—calm, rational, and deliberate,—which is the characteristic of the nation, and prevails alike amid officers and soldiers.

The general effect is remarkable, on all points. The discipline is severe; the commands of the officers dry and haughty;—but they are never seen in anger.

What a strange contrast with the aspect of our

him anew. He made the campaign of Flanders; and on the 18th of June, 1815, at the battle of Waterloo, almost at the commencement of the day, a bullet shattered his arm. In the evening he was compelled to submit to amputation.

On the 28th of August 1815, he was named Colonel, and Knight of the Order of the Bath, in recompense of his distinguished services.

Peace was made, and he returned to Paris as Secretary of Embassy. He accompanied the Duke of Wellington to the Congresses of Vienna and Verona, and also upon the special mission of the Duke to St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the accession of the Emperor Nicholas to the throne.

In 1819 he was again appointed Secretary to the Duke of Wellington, who was then Master-General of the Ordnance, which situation he held till April 1827, when he was made Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, and continued in that position, through various changes, until September 30th, 1852.

Named successively Major-General on the 27th May 1825, and Lieutenant-General on the 28th of June 1838, he was in the month of September 1847, made Grand-Cross of the Order of the Bath, and at the death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852 was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance. In the month of October of the same year, he was raised to the Peerage, with the title of Baron Raglan, and summoned to the Privy Council.

Such is the past history of Lord Raglan. When war was declared against Russia, England remembered her old General, and gave him the command-in-chief of the army. Lord Raglan, the man of duty and self-devotion, remembered not that a command-in-chief is a glorious but cruel burden, for him upon whom is already laid the weight of years, spent in fields of fatigue and combat; and he accepted. It was with joy and pride that the English people saw depart for the Crimea, the friend, the companion of Wellington.

troops, with their proud and easy negligence, their martial air, and the energy, the impulse, which glow upon every countenance. Impatience and ardour run like a fever through the veins of our soldiers; and it is easy to conceive that, in the hour of combat, impulse may, at any moment, enable them to master a difficult situation. In the English army, on the contrary, impassibility appears to be a sacred duty;¹ and the officer who com-

¹ We read in a very interesting letter,—

“The English army is superb to behold; the uniforms are brilliant, the men magnificent. Their manœuvres are well executed, but slowly. They form fine and massive human walls, which march well on parade, and will march in exactly the same way in the day of battle;—neither more nor less.

“The utmost cordiality exists between the officers and soldiers of the two armies. The officers salute each other courteously, and the soldiers drink together, without ceremony, the cup of brotherhood. The music of the English regiments, by an act of graceful forethought, came to meet our troops on their arrival at Varna, playing the airs with which we sympathise the most, and to which our bands replied by the “God save the Queen;” and thus our columns entered the town.”

The English and French armies will march together to battle; and we have therefore thought, that it would not be without interest to read the following succinct *résumé* of the lives of the English Generals, to whom the more important commands are intrusted.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The First Division is commanded by the Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Her Majesty the Queen of England. The Duke is thirty-six years of age, and is considered an excellent soldier, and one of the most elegant horsemen to be seen in the English army,—so rich in aristocratic countenances and bearing. This Division is admirable. It includes three battalions of Grenadiers of the Guard, and three battalions of athletic Scotchmen.

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mands knows, in advance, what each of his soldiers can do. Not one fails him ; but not one surpasses,

SIR DE LACY EVANS.

The Second Division is under the command of Sir De Lacy Evans, one of the most distinguished general officers of England. Born in 1787, he is now in his 69th year. Entered as a volunteer in 1803, he went to India, where he brilliantly distinguished himself in different expeditions. Sir De Lacy Evans did not belong to the high aristocracy, and his advancement was therefore slow and laborious.

In Spain, as Lieutenant, he was, in 1812, on every battle-field. He fought there with the most brilliant courage. At Hermosa, although severely wounded, he remained on horseback to the end of the action. At the battle of Vittoria he led, with great energy, a charge of cavalry. Every one admired him, every one cited him ; but he obtained no advancement.

Sent to America, under the orders of General Ross, he was distinguished at the capture of Washington by his energy and boldness.

It was not, however, until his return to England, that Lieutenant De Lacy Evans was, at length, named Captain.

He was soon raised to the rank of Major, and made the Belgian campaign on the Staff of the Duke of Wellington. On his return, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel.

Raised successively to the grades of Colonel and General, we find in the record of his services—"Four wounds, seven horses killed under him, present at fifty battles or encounters." When the English army was summoned to the East, the command of a Division was confided to him.

SIR GEORGE BROWN.

The Light Division of the Army of the East is commanded by General Sir George Brown ; an excellent general officer, in whose judgment Lord Raglan has the greatest confidence. His gray hairs have given him wisdom and experience, without robbing him of his energy. Sir George Brown is sixty-six years of age. Like Lord Raglan, he took part in the Peninsular War, and formed his military education on the battle-field. He was at Vimiera, at Busaco, and at all the battles which signalized the campaign in Portugal.

In Spain he took a glorious part in the assault of Badajos, as well as in the sanguinary actions of Salamanca and Vittoria.

Devoted to duty and to discipline, Sir George Brown joins to these qualities a nature energetic, bold, and enterprising.

by any sudden inspiration, that which was expected from him.

England, it will be observed, sought to reunite the remaining fragments of her ancient sword. She called to new fields of combat the three old companions-in-arms—Lord Raglan, Sir De Lacy Evans, and Sir George Brown.

LORD LUCAN.

Lord Lucan, who commands the Cavalry, is fifty-four years of age. He entered the service as Cornet in 1816, and obtained the grade of Lieutenant-General in 1851.

The life of Lord Lucan offers a strange incident ; curious enough, in fact, to deserve recording. Summoned now to fight the Russians, and to defend the interests of Turkey, he served in 1828, as a volunteer, and with the sanction of his Government, in the *Russian* army *against* the Turks, and came to Varna and Schumla. In the campaign of 1829, he crossed the Balkans with General Diebitsch, who had given him the command of a division of cavalry. He acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the Russian General, and came to Adrianople, where was signed, between Russia and Turkey, the treaty of peace, which is broken by the present declaration of war.

It was the recollection of Lord Lucan's services during these two years which drew upon him the attention of his Government, and caused him to receive the command of the Cavalry Division.

CHAPTER V.

L.—IN consequence of the new plans adopted by the allied Generals, Varna became the principal base of our military operations. This town, one of the strong places of European Turkey, merits, therefore, that we should speak of it somewhat in detail.

Although recent events have developed its means of defence, it is but imperfectly fortified. On the land side, it is surrounded with an exterior wall, broken by embrasures multiplied to excess. Narrow and shallow ditches, and a few advanced works, defend the approach. On the side of the sea, extends a crenellated curtain, of about two feet and a half in thickness.¹

¹ Varna, 30 leagues South-East from Silistria, is situated on the coast of the Black Sea, at the mouth of the river of the same name, which falls into a large lake, the banks of which are marshy. Its harbour can accommodate a fleet. It is bounded on the one side by the Cape of Galata, and on the other, by Cape Hodrova or Sokhaulik. Open to the East and South-East winds, it is protected against winds from the North-West,—the most dangerous in the Black Sea. Its bottom is very good; the largest vessels can anchor there, in a depth from 8 to 15 fathoms.

It is the entrepôt of the commerce of Bulgaria and Wallachia with Constantinople.

LI.—All Turkish towns have a great similarity in their construction. Varna is not an exception to this general rule. A part of the houses are built of hewn stone; others are of wood, and entirely enveloped in verdure. The houses and trees live in close brotherhood. The latter interlace their branches with the wall, (which partly opens to give them passage,) and form, above the streets, roofs of moving network, through which shines an occasional ray of sun-light, or a glimpse of the blue sky. Nothing can be more charming, and at the same time more peculiar, than this species of bazaar in the open air, along the sides of which trees grow, and vines climb, throwing their long fantastic shadows upon walls and countenances. The population of Varna is strangely mixed. All costumes and all religions jostle each other there; nevertheless, the Bulgarian forms, so to speak, the principal element, and one sees him in his strange costume, driving through the streets, and across the fields, his arabas drawn by buffaloes. This is the active part of that country, where labour is so unknown to the 'Turks, that it is said to be prohibited by the Koran.

Varna is celebrated in history for the battle fought under its walls, on the 19th of November 1444, between Ladislas VI., King of Hungary and Poland, and Mourad II., King of the Ottomans.

On the 11th of October 1828, Varna fell into the power of the Russians; but they abandoned it in 1829, in consequence of the Treaty of Adrianople, signed on the 11th September.

It is easy to imagine the incessant movement, the agitation, the noise, into which the arrival of the allied armies had suddenly plunged this port. Three or four hundred workmen opened roads for the arrival of munitions, and enlarged the quays for the unloading of the heavier vessels; while the disembarked battalions traversed the town. Now was heard the heavy and measured sound of the tread of infantry; now the sonorous trampling of horses upon the pavement. The inhabitants witnessed, with their usual sombre indifference, all this movement, all this noise.¹

LII.—The valley, at the extremity of which the town is built, extends from East to West, bounded by the two spurs of the Balkans, the prolongation of which into the Black Sea forms the bay of Varna.

At the foot of the ramparts of the town lies the lake, and around the lake, rich green fields, in which the cattle graze at liberty.

¹ The Bulgarian population which had remained in the country, obedient to a blind fanaticism, which was stimulated by secret intrigues, refused to remain in our service, despite a payment of 3 francs per day, made for the most miserable ox-waggons. "We had succeeded," writes the Marshal, "in retaining eight hundred of them; punctually paid every evening, and oxen and driver fed. One hundred and fifty of these deserted in one night! Kept closely in sight, the Bulgarians break or burn their waggons, that they may not serve for the transport of our munitions."

A vast inclined plain, traversed by the undulations of the soil, extends towards the base of the mountains, which lift to more than 1000 feet in height, their abrupt acclivities, and their rocky cliffs.

It is on the upper part of the *plateau*, that the allied armies had established themselves.

The position is enclosed towards the South by the ramparts of the town, and to the North by the Balkans; while four small detached forts defend it, to the East and the West.

The tents appeared upon the summit of the occasional elevations, or were hidden by the irregularities of the ground. Some were erected in the orchards; others in the middle of vineyards; others again, in unequal groups, extended and dispersed along the cliffs. When the glowing sun of a beautiful day gilded with its rays this vast plateau, there could be seen, through a curtain of verdure, the sparkling of arms and the manœuvring of battalions; whilst drums, trumpets, and military music, awoke echo upon echo in the defiles of the mountains.

Around the tents, and as if blended with them, are smiling gardens, which descend from the base of the mountains to the cliffs on the borders of the sea. Ash, elm, and fig trees fix themselves to the broken ground; and their naked roots hang, mingled

with the wild vines, which support and entwine them.

LIII.—The Marshal continued with activity the concentration of his troops.

“In twelve days,” he writes under date of the 28th of June, “I shall be in a condition to advance.

“The 4th Division should have embarked yesterday or to-day, on board the fleet of Admiral Bruat.

“When organized, I shall march with these four divisions and their accessories, forming a total of about 50,000 men.

“The English army waits but for a few battalions which are still at Gallipoli, and the squadrons of cavalry, still at sea, to be complete. Our total will show 70,000 men.”

LIV.—Omer Pacha had just arrived at the French camp.

“We are the best friends in the world,” wrote the Marshal; “and to do him honour, I have ordered a grand review of the troops.

“To-morrow, I will show him 40,000 Frenchmen.”

It took place on the 5th of July.

Lord Raglan, Admiral Dundas, Admiral Lyons,

Admiral Hamelin, and the officers of the two fleets assisted at this review.

The long line of the three divisions, arrayed by battalions, extended the whole length of the plateau which commands the town. On the declivity of the mountain were displayed, in two lines, the artillery and cavalry, facing the sea and roadstead of Varna, covered with ships, gaily dressed with the united flags of France and England.

The Generalissimo Omer Pacha, in the splendid costume of a Pacha, observed this review with a care and attention that nothing escaped. He was silent, impassible; not a word passed his lips; but as the soldiers said,—“He looked us all in the eyes.”

In fact, for Omer Pacha it was more than a review, it was a study. For the first time, he had an opportunity of seeing, of admiring, that splendid French army, of which the past had told him so much, and which now came across the sea to protect Turkey.

LV.—From the opening of the campaign, Marshal St. Arnaud was tormented by the desire to organize the Turkish irregular cavalry, and to form into regiments for his own use the bands of Bachi-Bouzouks, who devastated the country, pillaging and burning the villages; more brigands

than soldiers ; before whom entire populations fled in terror.¹

General Yusuf,² independently of his brilliant

¹ The Marshal wrote to the Minister of War :—

“ Constantinople, 15th of May.

“The Turkish irregular cavalry is composed of men personally brave, but for the greater part poorly mounted, and above all, badly armed. The question is only of organizing them, disciplining them, above all of procuring them arms.

“The Turkish Government will give me the right to choose, from among the 14,000 irregulars they possess, 4,000 of the best mounted. I shall give them to General Yusuf.”

² GENERAL YUSUF.

General Yusuf, to whom Marshal Saint-Arnaud desired to confide the command of a light column which—indefatigable and menacing, should incessantly harass the enemy on all sides,—has earned by long and brilliant services, on all the battle-fields of Africa, the honour of being placed upon the list of officers of the French army.

His life has certain great points of resemblance to that of Omer Pasha. Like that of the Turkish Generalissimo it has been the sport of chance. The pages of his infant history are obscure and incomplete, even for himself.

Before his vigorous intrepidity, and his devotion to the French cause in Algeria, had drawn attention upon him, his name was, however, on every lip, and the most romantic and dramatic adventures were attributed to the young Arab. As in all histories coloured by imagination, there were in these both truth and falsehood.

“My early infancy,” General Yusuf has himself told us, “has left in my memory but confused traces. I was born in 1808. I remember having been at the Island of Elba ; and when I tax my memory, it seems to me that I recollect the Emperor. I was confided to a Polish lady, who was to take me to Leghorn, and from there to Florence to commence my education. The ship in which I had embarked, fell into the hands of the Algerine pirates, who then infested the shores of the Mediterranean. I was taken to Tunis, and heard no more of the persons with whom I had embarked. The Bey conceived a friendship for me, and I was carefully educated. I learned the Mahometan jurisprudence, military science, Arabic, Turkish, Spanish, and Italian. I was then fifteen or sixteen years old. I continued to enjoy the favour of the Bey ; and

services in Africa, was, by the very nature of his qualifications, the person upon whom expectation

at seventeen, I was decorated with the 'Grand Nicham,' which I now wear.

"An unforeseen event changed the course of my destiny. King Charles X. having decided to despatch an expedition to Algiers to avenge the outraged honour of France, sent M. D'Aubignos, to Tunis, to induce the Bey to be represented in the French army by some of his officers. The idea of taking part in an expedition, and assisting in combats, at once excited my chivalric imagination. I entreated the Bey to allow me to follow the French Envoy. A ferocious glance from my sovereign taught me that I had for ever incurred his displeasure.

"I had enemies, and persons who envied me. Who has not, when distinguished by favour? Some one found out the history of an amour, which was turned to my disadvantage. It was made a crime in the estimation of the Bey, and being known to be in disgrace, I was openly accused. I was condemned;—and evil would certainly have befallen me, if the Consul-General of France, M. de Lesseps, (whose memory I have ever cherished,) had not warned me of the danger with which I was threatened, and suggested my escape.

"I accepted with gratitude his proposal. The brig *Adonis* lay near the shore; a rendezvous was fixed at the ruins of Carthage, and at night-fall, taking with me only my valet, I repaired to the place agreed upon. Unfortunately, there was in that quarter a Turkish post. I was pursued, overtaken; forced to sustain an unequal combat, in which I was on the point of being overcome; when the two sons of M. de Lesseps, who were personally charged to protect my escape, came to my assistance. It is to their devotion and energy that I owe my liberty and my life.

"I reached Sidi-Ferruch. General Danrémont received me with kindness, and attached me to M. D'Aubignos in the capacity of Interpreter. The General soon employed me to organize a squadron of Mamelukes, of which a captain of artillery, M. Marey-Monge, took the command, and under whose orders I commenced service in the French cause, which I have since defended all my life."

Such is the narrative which we heard from the lips of General Yusuf himself.

In 1831, his brilliant courage gained him the grade of captain in the Algerian Chasseurs; a native troop, known also by the name of *Moorish Gendarmes*.

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would naturally rest; and at the request of the Marshal, he was summoned from his command in Africa.

Upon his arrival at Varna, the General was

Of an adventurous and enterprising character, Yusuf traversed, during the whole year, the Metidja, as a partizan, with his Algerian Chasseurs.

In 1832, he was sent upon a reconnaissance to Bone by the Duke of Rovigo. A battalion had been massacred. Captain Yusuf obtained accurate particulars, and was charged with the expedition, in company with Captain d'Armandy. After the capture of the citadel,—a feat of arms of surprising boldness,—Yusuf was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He was made Bey of Constantine in 1835, and appointed Major, and in 1837 Lieutenant-Colonel and Commandant of the Spahis of Oran. He followed General Lamoricière, in 1840, to Mascara, and brilliantly distinguished himself.

In 1842, he was made Colonel-Commandant of three regiments of Spahis, and permanent Inspector of the native cavalry.

Everywhere upon the soil of Algeria, so fertile in incessant combats, he was to be found, sword in hand. He took part in the brilliant affair of Smala, and was again remarked for his dashing intrepidity. At the battle of Isly, he fought with his accustomed bravery, and captured the camp of Abder-Raman. He soon after received the local rank of Major-General. He was, also, successively raised to the grade of Officer, and of Commander of the Legion of Honour.

General Yusuf never quitted Africa. It was, so to speak, his adopted country. It was there that he experienced the noble and manly excitement of war;—there he has passed his life, and there earned, by his courage, a second nationality. At length, on the 24th December 1851, he was placed upon the list of Officers of the French Army, and made Commandant of the Sub-Division of Medeah.

At the capture of Laghouat, by General Pelissier, in 1852, General Yusuf succeeded in drawing the Scherif outside of the walls, with a part of the defenders of the town, and had a desperate encounter with them. The decoration of Grand-Officer of the Legion of Honour was the reward of this brave feat of arms.

Marshal Saint-Arnaud, after his arrival in the East, wrote a pressing letter to the Minister of War, to ask for General Yusuf;—who was accordingly recalled from Algeria, to be placed under the orders of the Marshal.

charged with the organization of eight regiments of irregular Turkish cavalry, in the pay of France. These regiments, once formed, entered into the composition of a mixed column, of which the command was to be intrusted to him.

The duty of this column, which comprised a few French squadrons and battalions, was, to act by itself, directly active operations should have commenced; to harass the enemy, to annoy him in flank and rear, and to cut off his supplies.

General Yusuf knew the difficulties of organising these barbarous hordes, habituated to license and brigandage. He would have greatly preferred a light force, composed of heterogeneous elements, with which he might accomplish the same object, and render the same services; but he, nevertheless, addressed himself to the task with activity, and began the laborious duty of recruitment and internal organisation. "It is not," writes he, "without repugnance and remonstrance, that I accepted this duty from the Marshal. I have the same opinion of these men that is entertained by every one in France."

LVI.—But as success in an enterprise can be obtained only by acting with conviction, the General was soon persuaded that the Bachi-Bouzouks were not such banditti as they appeared, and

that brigandage, if it was an instinct with them, had been a necessity of circumstances.

Had they not quitted their country, and travelled 500 or 600 leagues to defend the rights of the Sultan? Thrown without pay, without provisions, without any means of subsistence whatever, upon the plains of the Danube, might they not be compared to those sudden torrents for which no channel exists, and whose furious waters spread at hazard, devastating fields, overthrowing habitations, and uprooting trees, upon their passage? These men, the refuse of nations, fragments of Asiatic feudalism, who required to be more strictly governed than others, had been left to themselves. Heaven and the poor Bulgarian inhabitants know what disorder, what pillage, and what ruin, followed their steps, and were the result of this neglect of control.

LVII.—The Marshal had a fixed plan. He constantly urged General Yusuf to hasten the formation of his regiments. He was full of confidence, perhaps of illusions.

“My Eastern Spahis,” (it was thus they were called,) writes he to the Minister, “are being organized under the skilful direction of General Yusuf. These men who, without pay and without provisions, were the terror of the country, are very docile in our hands; and the General will make them

Cossacks, as redoubtable, and perhaps more so, as scouts, than the true Cossacks of Marshal Paskevitch. I am assured, that the services to be expected from these irregulars will surpass my hopes."

Omer Pacha evidently did not regard with a favourable eye this organization of the Bachi-Bouzouks;¹ enrolled, so to speak, in the French army.

¹ We have in our hands some curious documents concerning the Bachi-Bouzouks. They have a strange and peculiar stamp, when it is remembered that they refer to these barbarous hordes, living by theft and pillage.

They ought, by their date, to have been placed a few pages later; but, it has seemed more convenient to give them here.

On the 25th of July, General Yusuf received the following letter from the Marshal Commanding in Chief:—

"VARNA.—My dear General, I send you herewith a copy of a letter, I have just received from Omer Pacha, on the subject of the Agha Bel-Khassim, who refuses to enter with his cavalry into the new formation of the Eastern Spahis. The motives assigned by the Agha Bel-Khassim are purely religious, and explain the return to Schumla of some of the bands of Bachi-Bouzouks sent to Varna.

"Omer Pacha annexes to his despatch, as a specimen of the declarations of this nature, the letter which he has received from the Dervish, Chief of the Zaptgies of Koniah. I transmit you a copy of it, so that you may yourself judge of the spirit which governs these people.

"I have no answer to give to Omer Pacha, who does not think that he has the power of forcing men, who have voluntarily come to serve their Sovereign, to enrol themselves under our colours. But, despite these disappointments, which it was necessary to expect, on the part of certain Moslem fanatics, there is no occasion, my dear General, to despair of the formation of the Eastern Spahis. Persevere in the efforts which you have till now made, and I am convinced that you will succeed in soon placing in line, the force upon which we have counted.

"*The Marshal Commanding in Chief,*

"A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD."

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He could not oppose it, but allowed his disapprobation to be seen on all occasions. The General often

Here is the letter of Omer Pacha:—

"Rutschuk, the 22nd of July, 1854.

"MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,

"AFTER having received your despatch of the 11th of July, I desired the Agha Bel-Khassim to join with his cavalry the new formation of the Eastern Spahis, of which your Excellency has commenced the organization at Varna. Contrary to all expectation, this Chieftain sends me, by letter, a negative answer to the propositions that were made him on this subject; propositions as honourable for himself, as advantageous for his troops. As the Agha Bel-Khassim enters this campaign as a volunteer, it is out of my power to give him a positive order to submit to an organization, which would be, as he says, 'contrary to the engagements made by him with his people.'

"At the present moment, I receive reports from Schumla, which inform me that a large number of Bachi-Bouzonks, recently sent to Varna, are returning in bodies to Schumla; declaring themselves unwilling to serve under a foreign flag. In regard to them, I hasten to say to you, Monsieur le Maréchal, that which I have just now said concerning the Agha Bel-Khassim. They are all volunteers; men who have come, at their own expense, to serve their Sovereign; who have the conviction of dying as martyrs in his service. It is otherwise, they say, if they serve for pay; all the religious merit is forfeited by mercenaries. I have the honour to transmit to your Excellency, herewith (translated), the letter of the Zaptgies of Koniah, which explains this feeling. I do not consider it in my power to employ coercive measures against these volunteers, before having received special instructions on the subject from my Government.

"OMER PACHA."

"To the Sirdar-Ekrem, Omer Pacha:—

"WE, cavalry Zaptgies of Koniah, of Kolassy, Jussufaa.

"You commanded us to come to Varna. We presented ourselves there, and have performed service with the French troops. The Commander of these troops wished us to quit the service of our country, and enrol ourselves in his ranks. Our soldiers do not consent to this. For this reason, the troop has departed for Schumla.

"I wished to dissuade the soldiers, and followed them to Jénibazar, with my advice. They answer me; 'We are ready to give our heads in

found therefore a secret opposition, and met with obstacles, amongst those chiefs even, from whom he had expected the most active co operation. Nevertheless, he displayed so much perseverance and activity, that he succeeded, in a little time, in placing in line six regiments, of a strength of three thousand horses.

LVIII.—After having abandoned Silistria, the Russian army had effected a large concentration at Calarasch, on the left side of the Danube. The general calculation made their total from 80,000 to 100,000 men.¹ Meanwhile, detachments of infantry and cavalry made demonstrations on the same bank, between Giurgevo and Turtukai, the object of which probably was, to make us believe in an efficient occupation of this part of the stream, while the bulk of the army, which was previously assembled there, effected its movement in retreat. There was nothing as yet in the march of the Austrian columns which wore any character of certainty.

The Marshal thought it a serious matter, in face of the hesitations of Austria, to launch the allied

a war of the Padischah against his enemies. If we die as soldiers of our Padischah, we die as martyrs, and have some merit before God; but in entering a foreign service, and serving for money, we die like mercenaries; thereby exposing, for ever, our families to shame.'

"(Signed) Dervish ALI, *Chief of the Zaptgics*."

¹ Letter of the Marshal to the Minister.—Varna, 4th of July.

armies, surrounded with material difficulties, across ravaged countries; thus abandoning the sea, their ships, and the natural base of the operations which they had come to undertake in Turkey.

The Danube once passed, no one could say where the necessities of this grand offensive movement would stop.

LIX.—General Bosquet had arrived at Varna, preceding his Division by three days.

Omer Pacha had also presented himself, on the invitation of the Marshal, to confer upon the most advisable dispositions to adopt in the existing situation.

It was decided that the armies should not make any decisive movement, until really clear views of the whole situation could be obtained; and particularly of the attitude of Austria, and the movements of her army in Wallachia.¹ Austria had then become, in reality and frankly, our ally; and it was necessary to convince that nation, of our firm determination never to abandon her in a contest with Russia. But the moment had not come; there was always the same vagueness, the same indecision.

¹ Provisionally, and awaiting events, the troops of Omer Pacha, were divided into three principal groups. One went to Rutschuk, the other to Silistria, and the third remained at Schumla.

LX.—In the interval, an Austrian Envoy arrived at the camp, by order of the Emperor of Austria, to place himself in communication with the Generals-in-Chief.

“This Envoy, who brings me,” writes the Marshal, “a letter from General Baron de Hess, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army, has declared to me, that he has not received any special instructions on the subject of the views of the Austrian General; and has limited himself to delivering the letter of the General, to which he was to take back my answer; which,—after having come to an understanding with Lord Raglan,—I have framed with a prudent reserve.” The object of this mission, directly announced to the Marshal by M. de Brück, appeared nevertheless to define, in a manner more decisive and more precise, the projects of Austria.¹ The latter, although disposed to enter into Little

¹ This is the extract from the despatch of Count Buol, which was communicated to the Marshal, by Baron de Brück, the Austrian Intendant:—

“The entry of the Austrian troops into the territory of Turkey, rendering it necessary to act in concert with the Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman army, as well as with those of the auxiliary troops, His Majesty the Emperor has resolved to send to the Bulgarian Head Quarters a superior officer, in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Kalick, to act in concert with General Omer Pacha, as also with the French and English Generals. You are charged, Monsieur le Baron, to convey to Marshal Saint-Arnaud and to Lord Raglan, the above-named intention of our august Master. They will recognize, in this measure, how much their desire to enter into relations with the Austrian army is shared by the Imperial Government.”

Wallachia, wished only to occupy the positions abandoned by the Russians, lest these last, by a return to the offensive, should attempt to retake them.

LXI.—It is, then, in the midst of all these difficulties, of all these obstacles, of all these conflicting contingencies, that we behold the appearance of the most terrible of all the complications—THE CHOLERA. It had declared itself at Gallipoli, and would not delay to knock at the gates of Varna. An implacable scourge, which would decimate those fine and noble troops, the admiration and pride of their Commander! Death would overtake them, when in inaction, and glide,—stealthy and inexorable,—into the midst of the crowded tents.

The lake which surrounds Varna, and the neighbouring marshes, began already to diffuse their feverish miasma.¹

The Asiatic pestilence had, as yet, launched only its first shafts. But Malta, the Piræus, and Gallipoli were attacked.

At Gallipoli the Hospitals were thronged, and

¹ “The heat is tropical,” writes an officer of the Marshal’s Staff; “the waters dry up, the fountains are exhausted, the occasional rivulets are empty. The sanitary condition is still generally good; but already sudden indisposition, and frequent nausea, indicate that the moment approaches, when the most terrible of struggles, a struggle without glory, is about to commence.”

graves silently multiplied around the Camp. The living of to-day were dead upon the morrow. That infected mass of houses, standing amid filth of every description, left by the indolence of the inhabitants to ferment in the corners of the streets and upon the thresholds of the houses, seemed like a defiance thrown to the epidemic.

In the army, around the camp, and in the bivouacs, the strictest sanitary measures were enforced ; but every assemblage of men bears within itself a germ of disease. Besides which, the troops who arrived from the south of France brought the cholera with them.¹

LXII.—It is a cruel position for a Commander-in-Chief to feel a mortal epidemic ready to fall upon his troops, while he is placed in a position of compulsory inaction. “I employ,” he writes to the Minister, “all the devotion, the intelligence, and the activity, which Heaven has given me, to conduct our affairs to a good termination.”

• The Marshal hoped, in fact, to be able to trans-

¹ One of the Aides-de-Camp of the Marshal, wrote as follows to the Minister of War:—

“The Marshal is persuaded that the cholera, which has appeared at Malta, at the Piræus, and at Gallipoli, has come with the successive arrivals of the 5th Division, embarked under the choleraic influence which prevailed at Avignon, Arles, and Marseilles, at the moment of their departure. The Marshal hopes that all new despatch of troops will have been suspended. Reinforcements at this moment would only form new food for the hospitals.”

port some bodies of troops in advance, and thus respond to the impatience of his army, which was sinking under the effect of idleness; for soldiers cannot be left inactive without danger. His mind laboured incessantly; the cord was strained, and vibrating at every touch. He watched, like an advanced sentinel; but his health failed visibly, under all those interior struggles, which he was forced to stifle beneath a calm exterior.¹

The great question at the bottom of all these difficulties, was the possibility of effecting a landing upon the shores of the Crimea.

In France, in England—at the Tuileries, at St. James's—in the cabinet of the Commander-in-Chief, at Varna,—everywhere the same idea:—to strike Russia a terrible blow, and cause her power to bleed from a deep wound.

On all sides, on the land, on the sea, reconnaissances are made; some are upon the Danube and

¹ "I seek," writes the Marshal, "day and night for a defect in the cuirass; I shall find it, and strike it. . . . A battle lost would be of little importance to the Russians, but a defeat would be disastrous for us. The chances are not equal.

"That which I find most difficult, is to restrain the ardour of my officers and soldiers; everybody is eager to advance; and I, who wish it more than any one, must not let it be seen, but must remain cold as if frozen."

And again:—

"I should be truly thankful to him who could tell me what judgment History will pass, a hundred years hence, upon the Commander-in-Chief, condemned to find his way in this obscure labyrinth."

at Silistria, others include the country between Varna, Schumla, the Dobrudscha, and Rutschuk. Steam frigates watch all the coast of Circassia; the sea is sounded, the land examined, hopes and obstacles are alike weighed; resources are completed, materials are gathered; and vessels are rapidly constructed at Constantinople, upon a new model, to transport artillery in complete readiness for fire.¹

LXIII.—Upon the left bank of the Danube, the Turks, after having crossed the stream at Rutschuk, had encountered the Russians, and, after a sanguinary combat at Giurgevo, had remained masters of the position; an action full of courage, but also of temerity, which however still further augmented the confidence of the Turkish troops, and added to the demoralization of the Russians.² Nevertheless

¹ *Despatch from the Marshal to the Minister.—Varna, 9th of July.*

“While occupying myself with the consideration of the eventual direction of our future operations upon the Danube, I do not neglect to study the means which will be required to transport the whole or a part of my forces to such point of the coast of the Black Sea, as may be chosen to be the scene of a vigorous operation, effected at a short distance from the shore. The steam frigate *Vauban* has been despatched to effect a careful examination of that coast, in which special officers, belonging to the two armies and to the fleet, also take part. On the other hand, I have assembled a commission (under my own presidency) of capable officers of the Army and Navy, in order to discuss the question of the transportation and landing of the troops.”

² On the 7th of July, the Imperial troops, under the command of Hassan-Hakki Pacha, had fought an engagement with the Russians.

[“About

wherever the latter had shown themselves, or had encamped at the right bank, the Bulgarians abandoned their villages to join them.

“About two o'clock in the morning,” says Omer Pacha in his report, “a strong column of attack was directed against the island of Kama, situated at the foot of Rutschuk, at the same time that, from the island of Moukan-oglou, another body marched upon Giurgevo. The Russians hastily brought from Giurgevo, and from the village of Slaposis, a large force of troops and artillery, and commenced the combat at Kama. The Ottomans, reinforced by a large detachment, and sustained by the fire of the fortress, received the enemy bravely. After ten hours and a half of severe fighting, the Russians yielded the ground. The Turks, without loss of time, began to fortify the island of Kama, while the enemy established posts in the rear, destroyed the bridges across the stream and upon the strait of Giurgevo, and finally set fire to the boats, as well as to several military establishments which existed in that town.”

CHAPTER VI.

LXIV.—THE Marshal, while preparing without delay his means of operation, awaited impatiently the moment when the adoption of a definite resolution by the two Governments should allow him to attempt a bold stroke upon the shores of the Crimea; a resolution which he was enabled to divine, from a despatch in cipher, in the following terms, which he received on the 1st of July.

“Admitting that the siege of Silistria be raised, return to the neighbourhood of Varna, and do not descend to the Danube. It is desired that the army may be always ready to be transported by the fleet.”

The letter of the Minister, dated the 4th of July, which confirmed this despatch, said :—“Despite the raising of the siege of Silistria, the importance of Varna remains the same; for it is by Varna that the fleet can give you its full concurrence; and it is at that place that you can most rapidly receive your reinforcements, and your supplies of provisions.”

The Minister concluded thus :—

“ Such is the view of the Government ; but it is to be understood, that these instructions are by no means absolute. You are in the midst of events ; it is therefore you who alone can definitively judge what the facts and events of each day may oblige you to do. I rely most entirely upon your prudence.”

LXV.—Lord Raglan received, almost at the same time, positive communications from London to the same effect. The situation of affairs tended to assume a more precise form. France and England understood how fatal was this inaction to the cause which they had undertaken to defend ; and they understood, above all, that it was indispensable to act vigorously upon some one point ; that the political and military influence of the allied armies depended entirely upon it ; and that it was necessary, in fact, as the Marshal had energetically stated, that “ the cannon should take part in the affair.”

This unity in the views of the two Cabinets,—the instructions of Lord Raglan, even more pressing than those of the Marshal,—the liberty of action accorded to the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, to seize the occasion which he might consider most favourable ;—all this formed a great step in advance.

“I have received your despatch, in cipher, of the 1st of July, which seems to assign another locality than Wallachia as the scene of War.” (So writes the Marshal to the Minister, under date of July 14th.) “I was myself very little inclined to blend my forces in Wallachia with those of the Austrians. Your despatch, if I have rightly interpreted it, and the communications to the same effect, which Lord Raglan received from London by yesterday’s courier, seemed to indicate that the two Governments are disposed to adopt new resolutions, and to prescribe their execution. I await orders, and do not conceive it my duty to discuss those resolutions. I have spoken of them before, in many of my earlier letters; but these orders, be they what they may, will render me happy, because they will give certainty to a situation, the vagueness and uncertainty of which surpass all measure, and form perhaps the most singular problem which was ever offered for solution in the history of war:—A problem which exhibits four armies perfectly independent of each other, and having a political purpose, which is, probably, not the same for all; so that it is not allowed to assume in advance, that one common line of military action would be possible.”

LXVI.—We have before mentioned, that the Commander-in-Chief of the English army had, for his

part, received positive instructions. They were as follows. We take them from an official document addressed to the Marshal by the Minister of War.

“To carefully avoid entering the Dobrudscha and pursuing the Russians beyond the Danube;—to reserve all the troops and all the resources to essay an expedition in the Crimea and lay siege to Sebastopol;—not to abandon this chief enterprise until after having acquired the rational conviction of an evident disproportion between the forces of those of the defence and those of the attack;—a disproportion which could not but increase, if the expedition should not be immediately undertaken. An Ottoman corps, commanded by French and English officers, will be charged to take possession of Perekop, and to close the Isthmus to the enemy; or to effect a diversion in Circassia by taking Anapa and Sukum-Kaleh—the only positions which Russia has retained upon that coast.”

It was evident that the English Government was very clear as to the Expedition to the Crimea, and upon the question of the siege of Sebastopol. The French Government was more reserved, and left more latitude to the Commander-in-Chief.

The Minister wrote again to the Marshal on the 14th of July:—“Lord Raglan will no doubt have communicated to you his instructions, and you will have ascertained, with him, if their execution was

possible. For myself, I have thought that the Government of the Emperor, before giving you instructions, should wait until the purpose of the Russians should be more clearly defined, and the co-operation of the Austrians be clearly shown ; and that we should be somewhat more decided in relation to the attitude which these two Powers are about to take towards each other."

Subsequently, another despatch says:—" Latterly, on the 7th of July, Austria, whose tardiness is distressing, requested that we should go into Wallachia, to support with our troops, the troops which she will send thither. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in consulting me, as to the answer to be given to Austria, acquainted me, that the English Government had formally forbidden Lord Raglan to descend to the Danube, or to endanger his army amid the deadly fevers of Moldavia. The English Government wished to direct his efforts in another direction."

It was by no means, therefore, (as has been said,) the daring persistence of the Marshal, and his personal desire to display to France a few glorious bulletins, which induced the Expedition to the Crimea ; against which were levelled, at the outset, recriminations, of which we will not here discuss either the importance or the value :—it was the will of both Governments.

It is important not to confound the determination with the execution;—two things which will be found to be essentially distinct.

LXVII.—After so much vagueness, so much uncertainty, so much irresolution, the latter part of July was to witness the adoption of some serious decision. In fact, it was necessary either to renounce all operations of war, or to accept the contingencies of an enterprise, which would distinctly mark the active co-operation of the allied armies in the war, and at length permit their united flags to be displayed under the cannon of the enemy.

It was impossible to remain longer in this impracticable and undefined position. But, up to the last moment, obstacles and trials were reserved for this gallant army, which, at a later period, was to give such a striking example of self-denial and courage.

The cholera was reaping its deadly harvest at the Piræus and at Gallipoli. It had already struck the Duke of Elchingen,¹ one of the most esteemed and

¹ "The death of the Duke of Elchingen," wrote the Minister of War, "has profoundly grieved me, on account of the loss which it inflicts upon the army."

This death was a great and severe blow, for the General had succeeded in gaining the esteem and sympathies of all. He was struck by the cholera, as by a thunderbolt. He had held a review, and had dismounted from his horse, when he felt the first symptoms; but even then, it was

most justly beloved Generals of the army. The Duke had succumbed suddenly, attacked by the terrible pestilence; and while his body reposed

no longer disease, it was death. A few hours afterward he expired; and that before his son, who had departed for Varna, could arrive, to see his father for the last time, and to bid him farewell. His last thought was for his country, regretting that Heaven had not allowed him to die on the battle-field, like a soldier. The career of General d'Elchingen had been short; the future was before him.

Born on the 22nd of April 1804, he was the second son of the hero of the Moskowa. Admitted into the Polytechnic School in 1822, he declined entering the French army, in order to avoid taking the oath of allegiance. He sought service in Sweden, where he was appointed Sub-lieutenant in a regiment of artillery, after having passed through all the grades, and undergone the several examinations. On the 11th of May 1826, he was appointed Lieutenant.

He returned to France at the moment of the revolution of July, and General Gérard took him as orderly officer. On the 20th of August 1830, a royal ordinance admitted him into the ranks of the French army, with the rank of captain of cavalry. He took part in the Belgian expedition, distinguished himself at the siege of Antwerp, and received the cross of the Legion of Honour, on the 9th of January 1833.

Appointed orderly officer to the Duke of Orleans, he accompanied the Prince in his expeditions in Africa, and took part in that of Mascara. It was in that rough campaign that he contracted the first germs of a disease which, ever afterwards, affected his health.

Appointed Major in the 1st regiment of Carbineers, and afterward in the 4th regiment of Cuirassiers, Commandant Ney wished again to accompany the Prince Royal in his expedition of the *Portes-de-Fer*.

"If your son goes to Africa, he is dead!" said, to his mother, a celebrated physician, M. Marjolin.

But Commandant Ney went, despite the tears of his mother, and even the remonstrances of the Prince. He had in his soul that noble enthusiasm which recognises nothing but duty, and knows how to perform it. His whole life gives proof of this.

In 1840, he became again orderly officer to the Prince Royal, and afterward Officer of the Legion of Honour. He brilliantly distinguished himself in the expedition of Médéah, and his name was cited in the order of the day, by Marshal Vallée, on the 27th of May 1840.

[Raised

beneath a foreign soil, a vessel, returning to France, carried his heart to his afflicted family.

LXVIII.—Three days afterwards, on the 17th

Raised to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1841, he was (after the death of the Duke of Orleans) attached to the person of the Comte de Paris.

To the military qualities which distinguished him, the Duke of Elchingen joined a rare and solid education. He spoke several languages, and gave himself up (beyond the limits of his military service), to profound studies. In consequence he was designated, in 1843, to make part of a Commission charged to examine the divers propositions relative to the organization of the instruction at the military School of Saint-Cyr. In the same year, he was a Member of the Jury of inspection of Studies, at the same School.

Colonel of the 7th regiment of dragoons, on the 14th of April 1844, he soon caused himself to be remarked as one of the most capable Field-officers; and attracted the attention of the Inspectors-General, who placed him in the first rank of those officers upon whom the future of the French army depended.

Relying upon the accurate judgment of Colonel d'Elchingen, and the results of his severe studies, the Minister of War frequently placed him upon Commissions in which his opinion had great weight.

He was promoted to the rank of General of Brigade in 1851, and received on the 15th of January 1852, the command of the subdivision of Calvados. He requested to be placed upon the unattached list, which was accorded him.

When the Eastern war summoned France to combat, the Duke of Elchingen eagerly demanded leave to join the expeditionary army, which our vessels were transporting to Turkey.

In the month of March 1854, he was appointed to the command of a brigade of cavalry, in the army of the East;—and four months afterward, at Gallipoli, he succumbed to the attack of the pestilence, which was three days later to strike down another General.

We have wished that these pages,—where are retraced the glories as well as the misfortunes of this memorable Expedition,—should be an echo of the unanimous sentiment of grief and regret, which was excited by the news of this unexpected and premature death.

of July, General Carbuccia,¹ commanding the Brigade of the Foreign Legion, also fell a victim to the epidemic. Thus, in the same month, fell two

¹ GENERAL CARBUCCIA.

General Carbuccia was scarcely forty-six years of age. He had all the qualities which distinguish the soldier.

Of an active, laborious, and intelligent spirit, he devoted himself, in Africa, to scientific labours and researches of genuine importance. But the man whom the army at present regrets is the General upon whom had been devolved the command of the Foreign Legion; a command difficult and harassing;—over soldiers, intrepid, but often hard to discipline; strange natures, requiring to be governed by moral force; men of all nations, and frequently vagrants, having no recommendation but their courage.

General Carbuccia had already commanded one of their regiments in Africa, and had made himself beloved by those men, who love few things, and fear nothing.

It is but a just homage to the soldier who dies at his post to narrate the divers military phases of his life.

Educated at the Military School of Saint-Cyr, it was on the 1st of October 1827, that the young Carbuccia, (born at Bastia, on the 14th of July 1808) issued thence as Sub-lieutenant in the 17th regiment of Infantry of the Line. In 1830 he went to Africa, and distinguished himself at the passage of the Teniah, and in the Expedition of Oran.

On the 16th of October 1832, he was made Lieutenant; and Captain, on the 9th of January 1834. He returned to France in May 1836.

In 1839, at his own request, he returned to Algiers, was wounded at the combat of the Block House of Ouled-el-Kebir, near Blidah, and received a second wound, in the following year, at El-Mazzaoni.

He was wounded a third time, at the fight of Ouled-el-Kalest, and mentioned in General Orders.

Raised to the grade of field-officer in 1841; and chevalier of the Legion of Honour on the 6th of August 1843; he was mentioned in General Orders on the 7th of March 1843, the 29th of June and the 22nd of November 1845, and the 7th of April 1846.

Lieutenant-Colonel in 1846, his bravery at the battle of Djelfa, earned for him yet again, on the 5th of March 1847, the honour of being mentioned in General Orders.

Promoted to the grade of Colonel, he took command of the 2nd regi-

Generals, young, ardent, full of hope in the future, and full of noble confidence in themselves.

The army of Gallipoli was afflicted by this double blow, which presaged, perhaps, still greater disasters.

On the 9th of July, the cholera declared itself in the hospitals of Varna, where it also was to effect cruel and terrible ravages.

The Marshal traversed the camp, visited the hospitals, and prescribed the most severe measures for isolating the troops which arrived from Gallipoli.

But the pestilence already increased daily in intensity. It enveloped the camp. It was still another voice which cried, "Hasten!"

LXIX.—Lord Raglan had communicated to the Marshal an explicit and pressing despatch which he had received from his Government; such, in a

ment of the Foreign Legion, and was also invested with the command of the Division of Batna.

In 1849, he directed, as Major of the Trenches, the first operations of the siege of Zaatcha, and was remarked for his intrepidity. Officer of the Legion of Honour on the 2nd of December 1850, he returned again to France, and was named General of Brigade on the 10th of May 1852.

Invested, on the 31st of May 1854, with the functions of chief of the Staff of the Army of the South, he was appointed, on the 11th of June, to the command of a brigade of the Army of the East. Scarcely a month had elapsed, when the army was called upon to mourn his loss.

word, that he considered it almost *as giving the order to attack Sebastopol*.¹

It was then resolved, that the Generals and Admirals should be assembled in grand council. From this conference,—rendered solemn by the grave questions which were to be brought forward, and at which the chiefs of the two armies presided,—was to go forth the irrevocable decision in favour of the Crimean Expedition. The attention of all Europe was fixed upon that little corner of earth, and upon that town, washed on one side by the waves of the Black Sea, and surrounded on the other, as with a protecting girdle, by the terraced camps, and the flags of the three nations.

LXX.—Accordingly, on the 18th of July, the two Generals-in-Chief, Admirals Dundas and Hamelin, Bruat and Lyons, assembled in Council. The instructions of the English Cabinet, as we have seen, urged Lord Raglan forward; those of the French Government, less imperative, and leaving to the General-in-Chief more liberty of action, only recognised the imperious necessity of *some* expedition, and said, “Act!”

In consequence of the despatches which they had received, and the pressure with which they were harassed by the London newspapers, the English

¹ Despatch from the Marshal, Varna, 19th July.

leaders faced the question boldly, and voted unanimously for the expedition.

“ The decisions which the Council assembled at my quarters have adopted,” writes the Marshal, in a despatch to the Minister of War, “ must be considered as definitive; and I devote all my activity and all my care to prepare for their execution.

“ I have not, by a great deal, ready, to hand,” says he, again, “ all the material means necessary to render certain the success of an enterprise, the preparation of which would have demanded entire months, under ordinary circumstances; but I have invoked the aid of the two Admirals, and I hope to combine, in available time, sufficient resources, to be able to act under favourable conditions.”

He wrote, on the other hand, to his brother :—

“ Yes! this will be, if you please, an audacious enterprise. Few will have been seen, more vigorous or more energetic; but is it possible to imagine, that, before an enemy who retires and defies you, two noble armies, and two splendid fleets, will remain inactive, to be devoured by fever?”

And he afterward adds, “ Now, my brother, I drop into the hollow of your ear, the fact, that about the 10th of August, we shall land in the Crimea.” In fact, the assembled council had decided that the two armies should undertake an

enterprise, and start, at length, from this state of fatal inaction.

LXXI.—“The cannon of France must be heard in 1854,” wrote the Marshal on the 27th of July; “but it is always imperative to extract some useful result from an enterprise which costs blood.

“The Austrians embarrass me much more than the Russians; they bind me, restrict me, and impede me. Austria, far from deciding, far from hastening herself, temporises and waits to see;—it is her policy. Prussia disquiets her.

“The Crimea, Sebastopol;—these were the aim of the projected expedition; for the instructions of the two Governments, as well as the interests of the war, interdicted the Danube to the Generals-in-Chief, and pointed them towards the Crimea,—that key to all the schemes of Russia, as Sebastopol is the arsenal of her maritime power in the Black Sea. Her ambitious imaginings watch there indefatigably, and hover around the entrance of the Bosphorus, while throwing longing glances upon the shores of Asia.¹

¹ Some details, drawn from various sources, and collected here, appear to us curious and interesting, at the moment when the Crimea is about to become the theatre of a memorable war. In making known the general aspect of the country, they once more attest the importance which the Russian Empire must attach to its preservation.

The great political and commercial value, which its geographical position assigns to the Crimea, must be obvious to every one. The

Subsequent events alone could modify the plan which had been proposed ; and in such case, (which

Danube brings it all the harvests of the West, and of central Europe ; by the Euxine, it is in communication with the richest provinces of the centre of Asia ; it touches at Constantinople by the Bosphorus ; the Dardanelles open for it the way to Greece, to Italy, to Egypt, and to all the ports of the Mediterranean. By the Sea of Azoff and the Isthmus of Perekop it is placed in immediate communication with the Northern regions of Europe and Asia ; and the produce of the Peninsula, like that which it draws by sea from Anatolia and other countries of the Levant, finds there a rapid and lucrative market.

The aspect of the Crimea is infinitely varied. There are valleys, now dark and intricate, between two high walls of rocks ; then again, on the contrary, spacious, flooded with sunlight, and traversed by large streams of water.

On the sides of the mountains are scattered innumerable Tartar villages. Like Italy it is the country of contrasts ; the present life is mixed at each instant with the ruins of the past. The Russian aristocracy has come, so to speak, to graft its pleasure-houses, its delightful villas, upon these old half-decayed towers, and amongst the stern and massive fragments of the constructions of a remote epoch.

Simpheropol is one of the most modern towns of the Crimea. *Baktchi-Seraï*, or the town of gardens, built in terraces on the acclivity of a mountain, is really the genuine type of the oriental city. A commercial town, to which subterranean canals bring distant waters, superb gardens arise within its walls ; while mosques, Armenian temples, and beautiful Greek churches, blend in elegant confusion.

Sebastopol is more an arsenal than a town. Constructed on the summit of a precipitous cliff, it overlooks the sea, and mirrors itself in its numerous and superb harbours, guarded unsleepingly by the cannon of its redoubtable forts. There are also *Theodosia*, the work of the Genoese ; *Perekop*, with its embattled walls ; and *Eupatoria*, surnamed "the City of Brewers ;" and we remember that the Crimea, from its ancient fertility, was formerly termed "the granary of Mithridates."

"By the succession of different nations who have, in turn, invaded or conquered the Crimea," writes a traveller, "each town is stamped with a character peculiar to itself,—a souvenir of the race and the epoch of its foundation. No town resembles its neighbour. Sometimes, within the same walls, two towns, one old and the other new, one Greek or Russian, and the other Turkish or Tartar, have been built so as absolutely to touch each other, and yet without blending.

contingency it was necessary to consider,) the preparations for this grand military operation were to be turned towards another, but less important object, the result of which was certain.

The Generals-in-Chief and the Admirals decided, therefore, that a Commission, composed of officers of both armies, should seek, in approaching nearer to the coast than had as yet been possible, to clear up certain points, still doubtful, as to the topography of the locality, and the possibility of a landing.

Instructions were given to reconnoitre, at about three leagues to the north and south of Sebastopol, the most favourable place for a landing of troops; at the same time ascertaining such dispositions as the enemy might have made to oppose it.

This Commission was composed, for the French army, of General Canrobert, Colonels Trochu and Lebœuf, and Major Sabatier of the Engineers. The English sent General Brown, with some field-officers of the Artillery and Engineers.

LXXII.—“ I am divided between two projects,” writes the Marshal, at the close of this grave conference; “ both impeded by the inaction of Austria, which leaves free the movements of Russia. The one is Sebastopol and the Crimea, which we must always finish by taking, and the possession of which will be even more agreeable to England than to France. But to land in the Crimea, and besiege

Sebastopol, is in itself a whole campaign. It is not a *coup de main*; it requires enormous resources and a certainty of success."

Afterward, considering the difficulties and obstacles, as he had done in the Conference before his colleagues, he adds:—

"Supposing us landed, (and a landing is almost always effected,) we should require, perhaps, more than a month's siege to capture Sebastopol, if well defended. During that time, succours arrive, and I have two or even three battles to fight.

"It is easy to say, 'Go and take Perekop and close the passage;' but troops must be marched to Perekop, where there is no landing, from want of water for large vessels. Besides, Perekop is deadly! Yet again, it would be necessary to fortify the position, and render it impregnable against the Russians. The works once finished, (and they would cost us men,) we would make the Turks defend them. That is the duty that Silistria has henceforward assigned them.

"Nevertheless, despite all difficulties, all obstacles, and the lack of means and of time, Sebastopol tempts me to such a degree, that I should not hesitate, should there be even an appearance of success; and I prepare myself accordingly. I await, this evening or to-morrow, the return of the special Commission, which I have sent to reconnoitre and

study, thoroughly, the possibility and the place of landing.”¹

Such were the opinions, it might almost be said, the apprehensions, of the General-in-Chief of the French army, when he calculated all his resources, weighed all the chances, and urged forward the preparations for this important expedition.

LXXIII.—“The other project,” writes the Marshal, on the same date, “has its merit. It offers good results, without danger of any mischance, beyond that of an absence of twenty days from Varna; an absence, nevertheless, during which the dangerous desire of Omer Pacha to advance, may create for us serious embarrassments.

“This project consists in precipitating ourselves upon Anapa and Sudjuk-Kaleh; which are defended by 20,000 Russians, whom we could surround and take. I attack Anapa and Sudjuk-Kaleh at the same time. Double landing to the North and South. I have reconnoitered the shore and the forts, and nothing would be more easy; especially with the large preparations made for Sebastopol, and which would serve my purpose.

“Moreover, that which renders the affair very important, in a political point of view, is that

¹ Letter from the Marshal to his Excellency the Minister of War.—27th July, Varna.

Schamyl's Lieutenant, Naïb-Pacha, is here at Varna, with fifty Circassian Chiefs ; and that he offers me, if I will make a descent into Circassia, with an army, to raise all the tribes, and to put at my disposition, 40,000 muskets to cut off the retreat of the Russians, and destroy them. It is very tempting !"¹

¹ On the 25th, there arrived at Varna, a deputation of Circassian chiefs, among whom was the brother-in-law of Schamyl,—his first Lieutenant.

They are magnificent soldiers, with superb and intelligent countenances, expressive of energy and courage.

It is easy to conjecture, the different discussions that took place ; and how these tribes and their Chief, founded great hopes upon us, for sustaining them in their war of independence. "Their ambition," they declared, "would be to see us amidst them."

"Their words are," as the Arabs say, "heavy with promises;" but that of which they take care *not* to speak, is the anarchy which reigns, between the different tribes, and those who lead them. Every one wishes to act independently, while concurring in the general purpose, and scarcely recognises the authority of a supreme chief.

The Marshal ordered, in their honour, a review of the regiments of cavalry encamped at Varna. Their admiration of the dash, precision, and unity of our manœuvres, was visible in their countenances.

Their costumes, their proud bearing, the robust energy of their appearance, also produced, among our soldiers, the greatest effect. One felt that this race of men is born for independence and combat. Their physiognomies have the rude and savage stamp of their mountains. They mount their barbed steeds with excessive dexterity, and use, to guide them, a thread so light, that one would suppose, every instant, that it was about to break beneath their touch.

They make war somewhat in the manner of barbarians. When Russian prisoners fall into their power, they offer them, at a ransom, to the Russian Generals ; and if the latter hesitate to pay the sum demanded, they pitilessly behead their captives ; saying that it is indispensable to have, from time to time, recourse to this expedient, in order to maintain the ransoms at a fair price.

LXXIV.—As no one is ignorant what weight the personal opinion of the Marshal bore in the balance of the decisions which were adopted, and of the events which occurred, an interest attaches to the language of that opinion ;—it is history, and *true* history ; which last is rare.

Although the decision of the Council was kept secret, every one knew the importance of the discussion, were it only from the duration of the conference, which lasted from three to four hours.

“ Important councils are being held,” wrote the officers, under date of the 19th ; “ the Admirals have passed the day here, and the word ‘ Crimea ’ is repeated in whispers.”

In camps, secrets are difficult to keep ; and there was a vague rumour pervading the army, of which impatience already made a reality. The ships had sailed, bearing the members of the Commission upon their difficult and dangerous duty of exploration ;—for it was resolved to act no longer in the dark, or be guided by uncertain and proximate information ; and upon the report of this Commission would depend the actual point of attack.

Its return was, therefore, expected with inexpressible impatience. At Baltchick, orders were given that news of the arrival of the ships should be instantly conveyed by signal to head-quarters.

The explorers returned on the 28th of July.

LXXV.—The Council assembles, immediately, under the presidency of Marshal Saint-Arnaud.

Generals Canrobert, Martimprey, Sir George Brown, and Admiral Lyons, were summoned.

The Commissioners render an account of their operations. Their report is clear, accurate, and concise.

The Commission approached so near the shore, that the Russian bullets reached their vessels. They studied, in its entirety, and in all its details, the configuration of the ground, within the limits assigned before their departure—three leagues to the North and South of Sebastopol.

Within those limits, Katcha was the point fixed upon, by an unanimous determination, as offering the greatest security, and the most favourable chances, for a landing.—(The Commission had only that question to decide.)¹

LXXVI.—Scarcely returned from his adventurous exploration, General Canrobert, whose activity is indefatigable, embarks on board the *Cacique* to rejoin his Division, and take the direction of the Expedition into the Dobrudscha.

¹ *Letter from the Marshal. Varna, July 29th.*

“All these eminent men have carefully viewed, carefully studied;—and all declare that the landing is possible without temerity; and must succeed, if the troops are vigorous, the measures well taken, and the resources sufficient.”

It is the 29th of July. At the moment when he is about to embark, every one seeks to read in his countenance that which has been decided before his departure. Questions are addressed to him on all sides ; but "*Alea jacta est !*" are the only words, which he drops in passing to those who interrogate him ;—and the vessel bears him towards his unfortunate Division, which he was to find so cruelly smitten by the pestilence.

CHAPTER VII.

LXXVII.—THIS armed reconnaissance in the Dobrudscha has given rise to terrible recriminations. Indeed, its results were sad and disastrous; instead of flying from the epidemic, the troops went to meet it; instead of robbing it of victims, they supplied it with fresh aliment.¹

The cholera began, as we have remarked, to effect terrible ravages in the army. The immense assemblage of men at one point, an insupportable heat, and horrible exhalations, proceeding from the filth with which the streets of Varna were filled in spite of the severest orders,—all gave rise to an apprehension, that this was only the prelude to a terrible and general epidemic.

“The Duke of Elchingen has been taken from us, in twelve hours,” wrote the Marshal, who as yet

¹ We have before us, all the documents relating to this expedition; the letters of the Marshal, the correspondence relative to these facts, and the journals of the several Divisions. We have also received information from General Yusuf and General Espinasse, who have been good enough, (with a kindness, of which we are very sensible) to enter greatly into detail on this subject.

was ignorant of the death of General Carbuccia ;
“ we must draw a warning from this terrible loss.”

LXXVIII.—English and French reconnaissances, had explored the Dobrudscha, and searched the whole country.

Colonel Desaint had returned, having traversed, from the sea to the Danube, all the territory situated between Kustendjé, Czernavada, and Kirsowa. The Colonel's report was very definite ; there were still in the Dobrudscha about 10,000 Russians, and thirty-five pieces of cannon.¹

The Marshal resolved, therefore, to make use, under these circumstances, of the “ Eastern Spahis,” and to effect a vigorous movement, in supporting the operations of this cavalry by the three Divisions, placed in échelons and ready to advance at the first signal.

Beyond the military purpose proposed by this incursion, which was intended to alarm the enemy by a diversion, the Marshal saw the advantage of displacing his troops, who were attacked by the epidemic ; of removing them from the pestilential influence, which decimated them ; of restoring their

¹ *Extract from a Letter of the Marshal to General Yusuf.*

“ These 10,000 men were divided between Matschin, Matihe, Toutcha, and Babadagh. The cavalry, composed of two regiments of hussars, and from one to two thousand Cossacks, lay around Babadagh, and for three leagues in front of it, in the direction of Kustendjé and of the lake.”

spirits, by withdrawing them from a state of fatal inaction, and of preparing them, by marches and fatigues, for subsequent operations.

LXXIX.—On the 19th of July, the Marshal summoned General Yusuf, who had just completed the organization of the “Eastern Spahis,” and had assembled a force of 3,000 horse.

He confided to the General the secret of the intended landing in the Crimea; which had been decided upon in the conference of the 18th.

“Before attempting this gigantic operation,” said the Marshal, “you must march, with your 3,000 men, against the Russians, who are on the right bank of the Danube, in the environs of Babadagh, at 45 leagues from Varna. You will be followed, in this diversion, by the three Divisions in succession; and you will find at Kustendjé the two battalions of Zouaves, commanded by Colonel Bourbaki, whom I have directed to obey such orders as you may have occasion to give him. You will so arrange as to return to Varna on the 4th, in order to embark, upon the 5th, for the Crimea.

The General, therefore, immediately commenced his preparations for departure, and on the 22nd he quitted Varna.¹

¹ The rapidity, with which this little body was forced to accomplish its march did not permit the establishment of any intermediate dépôt. They

LXXX.—The instructions of the Marshal were clear, and his orders precise.

“You are warned,” said he; “take your precautions; come to an understanding with Espinasse; strike your blow, rapidly and vigorously. We have no time to lose in the Dobrudscha, and greater deeds await us elsewhere. You will examine everything; and if there is anything to do, I am sure that you will do it.”¹

General Espinasse, commanding, *ad interim*, the 1st Division, during the absence of General Canrobert, who was reconnoitring on the coasts of the Crimea, had received similar instructions from the Marshal, ordering him to march with his Division,

were obliged to carry, in order to reach Kustendjé, four rations of biscuit, and three rations of corn for each horseman.

“I despatch by sea, towards Kustendjé,” writes the Marshal to General Yusuf, “the provisions and corn necessary to revictual your force, and carry you forward. The calculation is made (in biscuit and barley) for a force of 4,000 men and 4,000 horses, for twelve days;—which ought to suffice for the time of your march, and for your return.

“On the day-after-to-morrow, the 21st, the 1st Division will march, with a squadron of the 1st Hussars;—the 2nd Brigade will halt at Mangalia; the 1st Brigade will throw forward the 1st Regiment of Zouaves towards Kustendjé, where it will arrive on the 26th. The other three battalions of this 1st Brigade will proceed half-way from Mangalia to Kustendjé. You will be in a position to be supported by these troops; for, if necessary, the 1st Regiment of Zouaves will proceed two marches in advance, towards Sitiskoi, and the three other battalions will advance to Kustendjé.”

¹ Letter from the Marshal to General Yusuf. — Varna, 24th of July.

on the morning of the 21st, for Mangalia and Kustendjé.¹

The 2nd Division also marched on the 22nd, at four o'clock in the morning, with General Bosquet at its head. It was to reach Bajardjik in two days, establish itself there, and detach battalions on the roads towards Silistria, Rassowa, and Mangalia.

The 3rd Division, commanded by H.I.H. Prince Napoleon, quitted its bivouac on the 23rd.

The extreme limit of the march was Kustendjé, where the 1st Division was to encamp, ready to support the forces of General Yusuf, who was distant one or two days' march from that point.

LXXXI.—On the 23rd, the Marshal addressed

¹ Journal of the 1st Division.

On the 19th of July, the Marshal sent orders, by which the command of the Division was given to General Espinasse, and which prescribed its departure, on the morning of the 21st, for Mangalia and Kustendjé.

"The troops will take their ordinary provisions for fifteen days.

"On the 21st, at half-past four,—march."

Journal of the 2nd Division.

"On the 19th of July, at eight o'clock in the evening, the General received information that the Division would assume its march on the 22nd, to support, together with the 1st and 3rd Divisions, a movement of reconnaissance, of the Eastern Spahis, in the Dobrudscha. The Division must, in two days, be at Bajardjik, establish itself at that point, and detach battalions upon the roads towards Silistria, Rassowa, and Mangalia. These troops will carry four days' provisions in their knapsacks; corn for two days, upon their horses, and will be followed by three hundred and seventy arabas, loaded with ten days' supplies of every kind."

to General Espinasse, an extract from the report of Colonel Dessaint.

“The importance of this information,” said he, “respecting the force of the Russians in cavalry, in the Dobrudscha, will not escape you. I make the same communication to General Yusuf; and I acquaint him that his movement must preserve the character of a rapid reconnaissance, the best result of which would be, to attract the attention of the enemy, and make him apprehend a movement upon the line of retreat towards Wallachia. The capture of a few advanced posts would afford a success as satisfactory as possible. It is important to risk nothing, in the endeavour to do more. These are my final instructions. General Yusuf will reach Kustendjé on the 26th. The 1st Regiment of Zouaves, and their supplies, will reach there on the morning of the 25th. Cause the three other battalions of your 1st Brigade, to touch immediately upon this point, with the two batteries of artillery of the 1st Division, and advance your 2nd Brigade to Kustendjé, to be in a position to support Colonel Bourbaki, and if necessary General Yusuf; to whose requirements you will defer for that purpose.”¹

General Bosquet received, at the same time, orders to advance upon Mangalia and quit Bajardjik, where the 1st Division was to replace him.

¹ Letter from the Marshal to General Espinasse.—Varna, July 23rd.

LXXXII.—The letters of the Marshal to the two Generals followed each other rapidly. He seemed to fear that his instructions had not been well understood, that the Generals would either dare too much, or would not dare enough.

“Take your measures with care,” he reiterated, “you are warned of the possibility of meeting forces greater than you expect. The important thing is, to efficiently support Yusuf, that nothing may happen to him. I direct him to be ‘rapid, energetic, and prudent.’ Do not lose sight of the fact, that you cannot remain long in the Dobrudscha. You must only appear there, observe the enemy, endeavour to take a few posts, and, your presence once detected, retire and retrace your steps to the neighbourhood of Mangalia, where you will receive orders.

“Remember that we have more important things to do, very shortly. The three Divisions must be placed at intervals between Baltschick, Bajardjik, and the camp, by the 5th of August. Arrange accordingly, and say the same to General Yusuf.”¹

The letters addressed to General Yusuf, who had command of this expedition, were written in the same terms, and with the same urgency.

All was foreseen, except that which was to arrest these troops, impatient for combat,—the cholera;

¹ Letter from the Marshal to General Espinasse.—Varna, July 24th.

an enemy, fatal and irresistible, who hovers around every army.

Doubtless, the Marshal counted, on the one hand, upon the march, and upon the other, on the proximity of the sea to the bulk of the troops, for escaping the deadly effects of this pestilential climate; "where it suffices," says a traveller, "to break the surface of the ground, to cause the most pernicious fevers to issue thence."

LXXXIII — It is interesting to follow, across this country, the march of our army, which has marked with graves the traces of its rapid passage.¹

We will accompany the 1st Division;—that which started first, and suffered the most cruelly.

In the environs of Varna, forests extend for about ten leagues around; afterward, not a tree, not a ravine; at the utmost, and at long intervals, slight and marshy depressions of the earth, through which creep waters almost stagnant. The eye seeks the most distant horizon, and encounters nothing; not

¹ *Marches to Kustendjé.*

From Franka to Kapakli . . .	11 kilometres.
„ to Tchatal-Tchesme . . .	18 „
„ to Kavarna . . .	17 „
„ to Sattelmuch-Gol . . .	22 „
„ to Mangalia . . .	26 „
„ to Orgloukoï . . .	20 „
„ to Kustendjé . . .	27 „

[The kilometre is rather more than 1,000 yards.]

a single rivulet of living water enlivens this desolate region. Nothing but immense monotonous plains, covered with rank grass, thistles, and weeds of all descriptions. The grass and wild flowers reach to the belts of the soldiers, and their growth is often so compact as to retard the march of the men. Such is the only vegetation of these steppes, which extend illimitably, and in the midst of which rise at intervals the fragments of ancient mounds, —vestiges, almost effaced, of the life which formerly animated these regions,—to-day so silent and deserted.

After passing Kavarna, where the Division had established its bivouac on the third day, the villages, even more rare than before, were composed of a few miserable huts of rough stones, in which some Bulgarian families had sought refuge, who fled at our approach, taking with them, in their arms, and in their half-broken arabas, all that they possessed. The whole family gathers around the father, who dares scarcely turn his head, to look at "*the immense town*;"—that is to say, the French camp, which has suddenly arisen upon this plain, where, in the morning, his cattle had grazed at liberty.

LXXXIV.—On the 25th, the column arrived at Mangalia, after having traversed plains covered

with harvests, then again lands carpeted, as on the preceding days, with long grass, amidst which the column traced its broad pathway.

Mangalia is abandoned and in ruins. Among the fragments are seen a few houses, whose frightened inhabitants have fled towards the South; but the town has, so to speak, disappeared, beneath the brushwood, and brambles, which have overrun its deserted streets.

The troops bivouacked, on the right of the Eastern Spahis and the regiment of Turkish Lancers. It was there that General Yusuf, who had quitted Varna on the 22nd, encountered General Espinasse, and came to an understanding with him.

LXXXV.—The column quitted Mangalia on the 26th, at 4 o'clock P.M., and continued to traverse those endless plains, upon which the sun showered his scorching rays.

Around them lay ruins,—fragments of antique columns, and cemeteries, the white stones of which, scattered here and there, seemed like ghosts of the life which had passed away. Now, only enormous eagles and vultures wave their gigantic wings above the spot, or, perched in silence, remain motionless on the summits of the highest tumuli.

LXXXVI.—On the 27th, the troops, who were

not more than one day's march from Kustendjé, established their camp upon two small hills.

At the foot of these hills lies a marsh, and around this marsh fresh and limpid springs. The road which follows the sea-coast has everywhere the same aspect;—tufted grass, tombs, scattered houses, forming occasionally a miserable hamlet,—stagnant waters, and overgrown brushwood. Some herds of wild-horses, and some flocks of water-fowl, who rise screaming from the lakes, are the only beings who seem to prove that life is possible in these melancholy regions.

Farther on, here and there, villages burned and destroyed by the enemy. The places where houses once stood are marked by heaps of stones;—gardens, and roads alike disappear beneath a mass of wild vegetation; and the occasional wells are filled up, or infected by human bodies thrown into them, pell-mell with those of animals. The ravagers of this district were the Russians, and the wild hordes newly arrived from Asia.

On approaching the valley, in which is the Wall of Trajan, a violent storm suddenly broke out. The sky became dark, throwing over this desert scene a sudden night, illumined only by the flashes of the lightning; while the dark and heavy clouds suddenly opened, and melted into torrents.

At half-past three, the bivouac of Kustendjé was

reached, near the lake of Pallas; where the head of the column of Espinasse's Division had placed its camp, at about a league from the town.

Kustendjé, like all the Turkish towns of the Dobrudscha, is no longer anything but a mass of ruins;—recent ruins,—fragments still smoking, which the Cossacks have left behind them. Everything is overthrown, confused, ravaged, and destroyed.

LXXXVII.—On the same day that the Division formed its last encampment, the advanced guard of General Yusuf's little column found itself in face of the Russian cavalry; and an engagement of slight importance took place. The enemy then retired, leaving twenty dead. In this combat, Captain du Preuil, with thirty Bachi-Bazonks, was surrounded by a squadron of Russian Lancers; his horse was killed, and he himself received nine lance wounds; but his men fought with such desperation that they rescued him.

“It was the first time that I saw them under fire,” wrote General Yusuf, “and I was so pleased with them, that I resolved to advance the next day, and to attack the enemy vigorously.”

Knowing that considerable forces were scattered upon different points, he acquainted General Espinasse,—“that his advanced guard had some Cossacks before them; that three Russian regiments were in

the neighbourhood ; that he should march to meet them, with 1,200 Zouaves ; and that he prayed the General to come to him with his Division."

General Espinasse immediately advanced to join the column already engaged, and to be ready for all contingencies, if superior forces should be concentrated upon this point.

LXXXVIII.—On the following day, in fact, at Karnasani, to the North of Kustendjé, whilst General Yusuf essayed in vain to draw on his right some Cossack regulars, a serious combat took place, between them and two regiments of Bachi-Bazouks, commanded by two French officers. After a short struggle, hand-to-hand, the Cossacks retreated, but in good order ; yielding the ground but slowly. This time, again, the Bachi-Bazouks fought energetically, and it was with great difficulty that Commandant Magnan and Captain de Sérionne, prevented them from following the enemy, who fell back upon Babadagh.

The General had resolved, by a night march, to fall suddenly upon the body of troops assembled around Babadagh ;—but at the moment when (at six o'clock in the evening) the order for departure was given, 500 men lay stretched upon the earth, unable to rise !—THE CHOLERA had fallen, like a thunderbolt upon the Expeditionary column. At

eight o'clock, there were, already, 150 dead and 350 dying. It was a fearful scene, and calculated to disturb the stoutest heart. There was no longer question of fighting, or of seeking an enemy who constantly disappeared at their approach,—but solely of escaping from the pestilence.

LXXXIX.—The force of General Espinasse, who had advanced to Kergeluk, had been smitten, like that of General Yusuf. Dead and dying lay in masses beneath the tents. The enemy had not appeared, and yet corpses strewed the soil on every side. Graves were dug, the freshly-opened earth spread on every hand its pestilential emanations. Frequently, the hand which excavated the soil, was arrested before finishing its task, and he who grasped the spade, stretched himself silently, (never again to rise) upon the brink of the half-opened grave. Those who still lived, were placed upon horses, or carried in the arms of the soldiers. The very horses of the artillery were loaded with sick.

This fatal night was the night of the 30th of July.

On the following day, the two columns met; and the 1st Division saw the melancholy cortége of General Yusuf, as it passed to regain Kustendjé, bearing its sick upon the horses of its cavalry: a

sad and terrible spectacle ! Sickness had bowed the head of the boldest.

Being unable to afford mutual succour, it was necessary for the Generals to avoid all assemblages of men. The column passed without stopping, and continued its march towards Mangalia, leaving upon its path, as melancholy landmarks, lines of graves, which indicated the road.

XC.—The Division commanded by General Espinasse regained its bivouac at Pallas, where a battalion had been left with the knapsacks of the infantry, a section of the ambulances, and the baggage.

As it was impossible to transport all the sick at one time, two battalions remained to guard the ambulances.

The pestilence augmented its intensity, and every hour, every minute, added fresh numbers to the total of the dead.

On the 31st, the whole Division was assembled, and despatched its sick to Kustendjé, where the steamer *Pluto* was to embark them.

Until then, the Zouaves had suffered the most severely ; but all the various corps had been nevertheless smitten, indiscriminately. To stay was to die. The General decided, that on the following day, at half-past four in the morning, the troops

should move towards Varna,—but at ten o'clock on the same day, General Canrobert arrived on board the *Cacique*.

XCI.—From all quarters of the camp, decimated by the most terrible disease, acclamations were heard, arms were stretched towards him; the dying sought to raise themselves to see their General; for it always appears to the unfortunate, that every new occurrence must bring some amelioration of their sufferings; beside which, few Generals have been loved by their soldiers like General Canrobert.

What a distressing picture was presented to his eyes! On all sides, under the tents, were stretched the fever-stricken soldiers. From all quarters groans were heard, and death reaped his harvest indiscriminately among all ranks. It was thus that he found his Division; so proud, so martial; and which he had quitted full of animation, of life, and of glowing ardour.

He folded his hands, without uttering a word; and the officers who surrounded him could see the tears spring to his eyes. He then passed through the camp, speaking to some, encouraging others, arousing the sick by the hope of approaching battles, and soothing the parting moments of the dying.

XCII. The pestilence continued to rage. It augmented, it redoubled its blows. During the night and the morning, more than 800 sick were successively transported to Kustendjé, by all the horses and mules of the corps of artillery and its officers.

On the 1st of August, at a quarter-past six, the Division quitted the camp of Pallas, carrying with it the seeds of death.

On the 2nd of August, the epidemic had increased to such a degree of intensity,—the number of sick had become so great,—that the litters and the arabas were insufficient. The led-horses and mules of the Generals and of the officers were employed in this melancholy duty.

It was a strange thing, and difficult to explain; but provisions were wanting. General Canrobert had sent to Varna, by the ship which carried his sick, that provisions, of which he had such urgent need, should be sent to him at Mangalia.

XCIII. In the night, Captain Mancel¹ was de-

¹ General Yusuf himself, in a manuscript which he has communicated to us, gives the following account of the arrival of Captain Mancel.

"Captain Mancel, Aide-de-Camp of the General, marched all night in order to reach me, and to ask me to make all possible sacrifices, so as to send provisions and means of transport to the column.

"I was, I confess, overwhelmed by such news. How could we return, towards the pestilence which decimated us, with the Bachi-Bazouks, who were regarded, but a few days before, as untameable, and not to be

spatched to demand of General Yusuf, who was in advance, means of transport and of subsistence.

General Espinasse himself, attacked by the pestilence, remained behind with a regiment to guard the sick who had no means of transport. Each day, this most miserable scene became more cruel and more overwhelming ; but the courage of those whom sickness had not reached did not flag for an instant.

Captain Mancel had rejoined General Yusuf, and the latter immediately despatched a regiment of Turkish Lancers, with all that he could spare of provisions and means of transport ;—this regiment reached the Division one day before its arrival at Mangalia.

A squadron continued its route to recover the cholera patients left behind with General Espinasse ; but the greater part, not being able to be

habituated to our manners ? There was no time to lose. I assembled all the Bachi-Bazouks, I explained to them the miserable situation of the column which sacrificed its men, to save their religion and their country ; and to which it was necessary, at any cost, to carry provisions and means of transport. The response was clear and concise—"We will not carry them provisions upon our horses, but upon our shoulders." Fortunately provisions had just been landed at Mangalia ; six hundred horses were instantly loaded, and with the French officers at their head, (for they are to be found everywhere,) the Commandant Magnan, the Commandant Abdalai, of the 4th African Chasseurs, Captain Faure, my Aide-de-Camp, and Captain de Serionne,—all loaded their horses, and bridle in hand, marched six leagues on foot to rejoin the column."

transported on the horses, General Canrobert sent arabas to carry them.

XCIV.—The whole Division was at length assembled at Mangalia.¹ The Eastern Spahis continued their route upon Varna.

¹ Although the cholera continued to scourge without relaxation this splendid Division, which seemed, according to the melancholy language of an eyewitness, "to be melted under the hand of God," General Canrobert in order to raise and encourage their spirits, issued the following General Order, stamped with the most noble and manly sentiments.

"The pestilence, which, for the last ten days, has not ceased to press upon our ranks, has very nearly disappeared. Providence in sending it, wished to prove your courage and your resignation. Those virtues of the soldier have been, with you, beyond the reach of the evil with which it had pleased Heaven to afflict you. After the example of your fathers at Jaffa, you have shown, before the cholera, the same serene front which rendered the glorious victors of the Pyramids and of Mount Thabor still greater before the pestilence, than they had been before the enemy, and earned for them the admiration of history.

"I thank you, my comrades, for your devotion. I report it to your Commander-in-Chief, whose solicitude follows your course, and who, after having provided for your wants, has written to me: 'I give you much credit for the calm and order which have reigned among your troops, in the midst of difficult circumstances, and which have developed the true courage of those who command, and of those who obey.'

"Officers and soldiers! you have been,—as you will always be,—the chosen sons of France; firm before danger, under whatever form it presents itself; and ever ready to give to your country and to our Emperor an existence which belongs to them and which is in the hands of God.

"In a little time, we shall have gained healthy regions, where your health will be completely re-established; and after the regrets given to our companions who have fallen, there will nothing remain to us of these evil days, but the remembrance of the virtues which they have developed in you; virtues, which are the pride and consolation of your General, and are the sure guarantee of your approaching successes against the enemy.

"CANROBERT."

"*Bivouac of Mangalia, 7th of August.*"

"The ambulances," says the Journal of the Division, "are not sufficient, even with the auxiliaries, for the number of sick. To guard them, each corps sends a detachment, with an officer and two non-commissioned officers. The cholera patients are classed according to their respective regiments, placed under tents, and attended by their comrades, with the greatest devotion."

The vessels soon arrive; the cholera patients and the sick, to the number of nearly two thousand, are carried on board.¹

The healthy portion of the troops resume their march, from bivouac to bivouac, and rejoin their camp.

The 2nd and 3rd Divisions had returned to Varna, also attacked by the epidemic; but having suffered less than General Yusuf's column and the 1st Division.

XCV.—Such is the exact narrative, in all its parts and in its precise details, of this unfortunate Expedition, which made so many victims in the course of so few days.

Like all undertakings which result disastrously, it gave rise to terrible accusations against the

¹ On the 9th, from the bivouac of Tchabla, General Espinasse and Lieut.-Col. de Senneville, (Chief of General Canrobert's Staff,) both severely attacked, were obliged to be transported on board the *Vauban*.

leaders.—“ The fatigues of the troops,” writes one, “ and their forced marches in this unhealthy country, amidst overpowering heat, were the cause of the mortality which ravaged their ranks. There was a want of foresight, of discrimination, and of precaution.”

Alas! the strength and the precaution of man are alike powerless before the implacable pestilence, which God alone can control!

CHAPTER VIII.

XCVI.—WHILE the cholera scourged our troops with such severity in the plains of the Dobrudscha, it also continued and augmented its ravages at Varna.

Each day seemed to supply it with fresh food. Beside the hospitals, ambulances were constructed in the open air, on all sides; and yet the accommodation was inadequate to the constantly-increasing number of patients!

Before long, the vessels from Kustendjé and Mangalia landed the cholera patients of Canrobert's Division; over which it seemed as if the very breath of the pestilence had passed. They formed a melancholy procession, as they traversed the streets of Varna, on their way to crowd the ambulances,—already insufficient.

The Second and Third Divisions brought, likewise, their melancholy tribute. The fleet, also, is already smitten, and the cholera strews with sick and dying the decks of our ships. But the hope of

a speedy campaign sustains the spirits, and arouses the courage of our men.

It is in the midst of this scene of death, in the midst of this fearful contagion, that the preparations for the approaching Expedition are made. The Artillery exert themselves to embark their *matériel* on board the barges, of the new model, recently constructed at Constantinople; and the plans of the Commander-in-Chief are no longer a secret to any one:—The words “Crimea,” and “Sebastopol,” are on every tongue.

“I encourage every one,” writes the Marshal, with a feeling of profound despondency; “but my spirit is broken.

“See how we are situated! The will to act,—the means prepared,—and Heaven who chastises our pride, in sending a pestilence, against which human resistance is vain.”

XCVII.—Large hospital-tents were established on the heights of Franka, at the summits of the hills, where the fresher air would be a potent auxiliary against the epidemic. Reinforcements of surgeons and attendants arrive;—Sisters of Charity summoned from Constantinople brave Death, with that admirable courage which belongs alike to women and to angels. They watch, intrepid and indefatigable, at the bed-side of the sick; bringing

to all this suffering, the devotion of their hearts, and the consolation of their soothing words.

Before so much zeal, courage, and benevolence, the pestilence seemed to give way; the cases became less malignant and less frequent.

The disease was evidently on the decrease.

But Heaven, as if to prove the manly courage of this army, which was about to proceed to the scene of combat, seemed to spare it the endurance of no calamity.

XCVIII.—On the 10th of August, at 7 o'clock in the evening, fire broke out in the mercantile street of Varna.¹ It spread rapidly, devouring all the houses built of wood. Fed by the inflammable materials which it encountered,—spirits, oils, and liquors,—it soon assumed alarming proportions.

From the surrounding camps, a sudden light was seen to illumine the horizon, and wrap the town as with a mantle of flame. Battalions hastened from all quarters to the succour of the burning city, while, in the interior, the troops struggled hand-to-

¹ For a moment, this fire was attributed to some Greek plot, fomented by secret emissaries; but the most minute search and the strictest inquiry could discover nothing; and all tended to the belief—as was written by the Marshal—"that this deplorable catastrophe was the result of the imprudence of a shopkeeper, who having left a light near a barrel of alcohol, some drops of it took fire, and also set fire to the garments of the man himself, who, in his flight, spread the fire in all directions."

hand, and with desperate energy, with the flames which were rapidly approaching the powder magazines.

Generals and soldiers were confounded in this terrible struggle; while athwart the sinister light of the conflagration, the merchants might be seen, hurrying away and bearing with them their most precious commodities. It was a tumult of shouts and groans, overpowered at intervals by the noise of falling roofs, which, thundering down, shot forth torrents of smoke and fire, like the crater of a volcano.

The most fearful of disasters was imminent. The magazines were surrounded by the flames, and they contained the ammunition for the whole campaign—eight millions of cartridges! Large cloths, which the artillerymen kept constantly wet, were spread upon the roofs; for sparks, and even blazing brands, fell upon them, at every instant.

XCIX.—Meanwhile, troops arrive from the exterior camps; General Bosquet is at his post with them. The Marshal is upon the ground, with Generals Martimprey, Bizot, and Thierry; all, in fact, are there, encouraging, by voice and gesture, the workmen who are battering down the walls, and who, with invincible devotion, are contending against the fire.

Four times, the Marshal, despairing, overwhelmed by this fearful disaster, which threatened to bury the half of his army beneath the ruins of the burning town, was on the point of ordering a retreat.

“But Heaven inspired me,” writes he. “I resisted, I struggled; I had sent my adieux to every one, and I waited.”

Thought can hardly realise the results which might have been caused by the threatened catastrophe. It would have been the ruin, the annihilation, of everything! The chief of the army, the brave officers of whom our country is so proud, and who have learned, from so many years of battle and of rude experience, to command others—would all have been engulfed in that abyss of fire. But, amidst the light of the spreading and menacing flames, they appeared calm and undisturbed; they directed the labour, checked disorder, and quieted alarm.

C.—There was one moment of terrible anxiety. It was that, in which the workmen, who were undermining, with axes, a house almost in contact with our powder-magazine, were overtaken by the fire. If they fled, all was lost! But the officers, also, had the axe in hand, and attacked the walls with desperate intrepidity. At length, a loud noise

is heard, the workmen hastily withdraw, the building poises itself for an instant, and then thunders to the ground.

From that moment, the danger was no longer imminent. The magazines were rescued, and the fire under control. It was 5 o'clock in the morning; ten hours had passed of incessant struggle; ten hours of almost certain death.

A seventh-part of Varna no longer existed.

On the following day, in the part of the town which had been burned, the fire still continued. For five days the ruins smouldered; and the flames, which had been considered as extinguished, reappeared at intervals, amid the shattered masses.

CI.—During that fearful night, a part of the English army, with its officers, had struggled side-by-side with our own, displaying equal courage, equal energy, and equal self-devotion.

Their losses were greater than ours. Four of their large storehouses were entirely destroyed. On our side, we had lost several regimental dépôts, and some stores of no great importance.

CII.—It is a page of history little known, but nevertheless singularly fertile in events, in episodes, and in truly dramatic incidents—that of this sojourn at Varna, during which the gigantic expedition to

the Crimea was determined and prepared, despite obstacles, difficulties, want of resources, the cholera, the dangers of an advanced season, and apprehensions of every kind.

We shall endeavour to follow, step by step, its difficult and involved path.

CIII.—But before proceeding further with our narrative, it is important to say a few words,—the last,—respecting the “Eastern Spahis.”

General Yusuf had returned to Varna, some five or six days, at most, when desertions commenced in the corps of Bachi-Bazouks. One-hundred-and-ten Spahis, had quitted the camp, with their arms, during the night of the 11th to the 12th of August. Every night, every day, the disappearance of some of these men was discovered ; men who had entered, with repugnance, the service of the *Giaours* of France ; and who, doubtless, subjected to a severe discipline, already regretted the loss of their wild independence, and their life of pillage.

As this desertion *en masse* was of a nature to seriously compromise the organization of the Eastern Spahis, and was also on the increase ; and as, on the other hand, the Marshal, by reason of the difficulties of transport, had abandoned the idea of making use of them in the projected expedition ; General Yusuf thought it his duty to ask from the

Commander-in-Chief the dissolution of this corps; which was accordingly authorised, by an order dated the 15th of August, 1854.¹

Moreover France and England were shocked,—and with good reason,—at the spectacle, at once odious and corrupting, of the devastations, committed by these wandering hordes of Bachi-Bazouks; in face of an army, which the chances of war might perhaps expose to privations without number; and had asked their dismissal from the Sultan.

It was not without great difficulty, nor without severe repressive measures against an obstinate resistance, that this result could be attained.

The Bachi-Bazouks, did not understand how, having come from so great a distance to defend (as they said) the rights of the Sultan, they could be thus dismissed; and when they were spoken with, on the subject of the devastation which they spread around their pathway, they responded, “But we must live!”

About fifteen hundred of them were incorporated with the regular army; but the greater number were disarmed, and their arms restored to them,

¹ *Letter from General Yusuf to the Marshal.*

“*Varna, 13th August, 1854.*”

“The men, in a body, demand to quit our service and return to their own country. I have sounded, on this point, their desires,—which are obvious;—and we must expect, very shortly, to see them all desert our colours.”

only on the day of their departure, together with a small sum for the expenses of their journey.¹

CIV.—But time moved on in its relentless course ; for the hand of God neither accelerates nor retards its movements for our joys or sorrows. If the cholera sensibly diminished at Varna, it redoubled its intensity in the fleet ; some vessels had lost the tenth part of their crew. The Admirals, in alarm, asked themselves, if it would not be madness, in such a situation, to undertake an expedition so adventurous.

Doubt already weighed on all spirits. The Commander-in-Chief of the French army remained almost alone, in his unshaken resolution.

It is, therefore, that he seems from that moment,

¹ At the time of the disbanding and dismissal of the Bachi-Bazouks, some sad scenes occurred in the interior of Bulgaria, where they endeavoured to resist ; refusing either to join the regular forces or to surrender their arms. Near Giurgevo, there occurred some sanguinary episodes, and some Egyptian battalions were forced to take arms against the Albanians, to compel them to submission. It was by force alone, and after an unsuccessful resistance, that they were overpowered, and conducted to the right bank of the Danube. The Asiatic Bachi-Bazouks, encamped in the islands of the Danube, offered no resistance. The paid volunteers and the principal chiefs were excepted from the measure.

Thenceforward, tranquillity and repose were restored to those unhappy regions, which had been devastated, at once, by disease and by pillage. The inhabitants, who had fled, and were wandering at hazard about the mountains and plains, reappeared, gradually, in their wasted villages, and established themselves, in miserable huts, beside the ruins of their former habitations.

to have personified in himself this campaign. He assumed, in fact, the whole responsibility of it, by his resolute energy of action, which rejected all counsels, dictated by a prudence, wise, perhaps, but which came too late.

CV.—Our allies, who,—urged by the pressure of public opinion and by the instructions of their Cabinet, had demanded, rather than accepted, the Expedition to the Crimea,—now hesitated, in face of the adverse circumstances which accumulated daily, and before the difficulties created by events unforeseen and beyond all expectation. If their leaders did not make an open and strong opposition to the projects agreed upon, they did not conceal their apprehensions.

Discouragement began to be felt in the masses. Its seeds are as fruitful as those of enthusiasm. Such is human nature.

“Many hesitate,” wrote the Marshal, “or are already opposed to the Expedition.” This phrase was, it must be acknowledged, the expression of the general sentiment; in face of our forces, weakened by the cholera, and undermined by fever; in face of the so-much-dreaded storms of the Black Sea; in presence, above all, of the fleets, also smitten by the cholera, and of our siege material still incomplete.

CVI.—The Admirals assembled at Baltchick on the 19th, to consult as to the gravity of the situation.

Admirals Dundas and Hamelin pronounced against the Expedition, under the existing circumstances. The Marshal, a few days afterwards, assembled a council of war. Again, the possibility of the Expedition, retarded by fatal occurrences, was brought under consideration.

If, on the one hand, there were against it unfavourable chances and opposing contingencies, almost certain to arise; on the other, was it not necessary to consider, the position in which this inaction was about to place the two armies?—Facts which cross the sea are often diminished on reaching the opposite shore. France, England, Europe, were waiting attentively. Would they understand the gravity of the situation of the troops at Varna? Finally, the two armies, ravaged by the epidemic, could not be aroused but by a grand and daring enterprise.

The Marshal took the lead in the discussion:—
“ We must no longer think of obstacles, but conquer them; it is a great responsibility; be it so: we must know how to rise above it. No more doubt, no more indecision. Time presses; our resolution of to-day must be irrevocable.”

He spoke with impulse, with energy, and with

that persuasive language which was natural to him.

That which passed in this council was singular. Fascinated by that eloquence of conviction which exhibited alike, and with frankness, the favourable and the unfavourable side of the Expedition, the most undecided, the most hostile, voted affirmatively. And, as had happened on the 17th of July, it was unanimously decided, that the preparations for the movement should continue with activity, and that the embarkation of the troops should take place towards the end of the month.¹

¹ As soon as the council was assembled, the Marshal,—with that prominence, which he derived from his elevated position and the clearness of his resolutions,—took the lead. We have the following details, from one of the persons who was present at the council.

After having drawn a faithful outline of the melancholy situation of the two armies, smitten by the cholera, inactive, useless to the cause they came to defend, perishing far from the enemy, without glory and without profit;—after having referred to the battles which Turkey had already fought, and the imperious necessity of, at length, assuming an offensive attitude, worthy alike of France, England, and the cause which they defended;—he examined anew, and calmly, the difficulties, the obstacles, and the unfavourable chances, which would render the triumph more glorious, and would make of this enterprise an act of audacious energy, which should astonish the whole world. “Judge, examine,” he said; “raise yourselves to the level of circumstances; remember that the whole of Europe regards you, and decide: but be assured, irresolution is no longer permitted. A decision once taken, it will no longer be possible to look back, or to retrace our steps. If you decide in the affirmative, nothing must again arrest our progress.”

The discussion then commenced; it was animated; there were several opinions in opposition to the Expedition to the Crimea. Among those, who entertained them, must be ranked Admiral Dundas, who up to the last day was opposed to the enterprise, and tried to prevent it by all the

CVII.—On the day following this important conference, the Marshal convoked the Generals at his quarters.

“It has been resolved in council,” said he to them, “that an Expedition to the Crimea shall be undertaken. The troops will embark at the close of this month. I know that among you opinions are divided on the subject of this campaign; therefore, I have not summoned you to ask your advice, but to make you acquainted with the object of the operation, the plan which has been adopted, and the results which I anticipate. I cannot do better, in order to place the whole matter before you, than read to you the despatch which I have just written in regard to it.”

means in his power; and Admiral Hamelin, who hesitated before the immense responsibility of such a campaign, the chances of which were far from being certain. But Lord Raglan, Admiral Lyons, and Admiral Bruat pronounced affirmatively.

The conference was long and animated; and the Marshal took, from the beginning, in directing and in controlling the discussion, the position which became the Commander-in-Chief of the French army. At length, they were summoned to vote.

The first was Lord Raglan: “Yes,” said he.—Admiral Dundas, influenced by Lord Raglan, voted also in the affirmative; but certainly against his convictions. The other votes were all in the same sense. Those, who, at the commencement of the conference, had hesitated, were drawn on with the current, unconsciously to themselves.

The Marshal voted last; and when his turn came, he rose and said:—“Messieurs, it is then agreed, and *irrevocably decided*; the Expedition will take place! Let us now unite all our efforts; that we may lose neither a day, nor an hour, nor a minute.”

Colonel Trochu then took the register of correspondence, and read this long despatch, which related, in their different details and in their progressive march, the events, which we have described with care, from the commencement of this narrative. It is not without advantage, however, to retrace here their principal features.

CVIII.—“The allied armies had hardly landed at Gallipoli,” wrote the Marshal, “when the heroic defence of Silistria prolonged the struggle upon the Danube, instead of transporting it to the centre of the Ottoman empire. The Commanders-in-Chief thought that they would have time to arrive upon the theatre of war and to save, perhaps, the besieged town ; or at least to give assistance to the Turkish army, which the Russian forces threatened to crush. The imminence of the peril demanded this decision, as also the duty of the two nations, who had united their flags to protect the integrity of the Ottoman empire. The courage of the defence, and the arrival of the allied armies, caused the Russians to raise the siege of Silistria.

“To have pursued the enemy in a country devastated and infected with pestilential maladies, would have been certain disaster.

“To render possible a campaign beyond the Danube and upon the Pruth, would have required

the real and active co-operation of Austria ; whose perpetual indecisions had caused innumerable difficulties to the Commanders-in-Chief.

“ Was inaction possible to the two armies encamped at Varna ? Such inaction, might it not, must it not, add discouragement to the other trials, which were perhaps reserved for them, so far from their country ? Neither military honour nor political interest permitted it. It was necessary to force the enemy to fear us. The Crimea was before us as a gage. To strike Russia in the Crimea, to reach her even in Sebastopol, would be to wound her to the heart.

“ In presence of these facts, the Commanders-in-Chief of the two armies and the Admirals of the two fleets, after having discussed the chances, favourable or otherwise, resolved to undertake the Expedition to the Crimea.

“ Since that time, the most fatal calamities seem to have united to oppose themselves to our enterprise. A terrible pestilence has fallen upon us, and cast death into our ranks ; fire has destroyed a part of our supplies and those of our allies ; the already-advanced season menaces us ; but the force of unconquerable will and energy of mind will triumph over all these obstacles. Preparations are being made ; towards the end of the month, the troops will embark ; and, with the aid of Heaven,

they will soon land in the Crimea, on the very soil of Russia.

“Certainly our resources are not perhaps so complete as could have been desired; we have not a very numerous army; but the courage and impulsiveness of our troops will increase their numbers tenfold. Nothing is impossible to soldiers like ours, and to the fraternal union of the two nations.”

CIX.—Such was, in substance, the letter of the Marshal. It conveyed, in reality, nothing new to the Generals present; who were all informed of the decision taken, and the Expedition projected; but it gave an official and irrevocable character to private and familiar conversations.

“You will receive,” added the Marshal, “orders for embarkation and for landing, as well as the necessary instructions. We shall therefore soon be in the Crimea. France, the Emperor, and your Commander-in-Chief count upon you.”

From that time a new impulse was given to the labours of that arduous task, the embarkation of the material and provisions, and the preparation of the indispensable accessories of a siege.

A large portion of the siege-train had arrived, and the Minister of War wrote to the Marshal:—

“Like you, I think, Marshal, that, the more

prompt and rapid the landing of your troops, the more certain the success. It is, therefore, that I send to you all the steamers, which the Minister of Marine, by a 'sublime effort,' has succeeded in assembling at Toulon. . You cannot have too many of them. It is by the transport of an immensity of men and material, made at the same moment from Varna to the Crimea, that France and England will show the power of their resources and the irresistible strength of their alliance, not only in the present struggle, but in all others which the future may probably have in reserve."

CHAPTER IX.

CX.—ALL indecision is overcome, all obstacles surmounted; the day of departure is fixed, and France and England are about to confide their destinies to the waves of the sea.

The health of the Marshal, visibly affected by his incessant struggles against pestilence and fire,—against hostile wills and opposing counsels,—seems now to assume a fresh vitality.

He feels the heavy responsibility which lies upon him;¹ and entreats Heaven to accord him, for but a few days, the strength of his earlier years.

¹ The Marshal did not disguise from himself the difficulties and perils of the Expedition to the Crimea. He weighed all its chances;—and he wrote:—

“Is not all this very heavy, for a poor man who is struggling with his own sufferings, and who overpowers them by other struggles, nobler and more important; and who strikes his head, without injuring it, against numberless obstacles, which human prudence can neither foresee nor prevent? Such is the life which is made for me, and the part which is assigned to me! Sad thought! which, however, effects no change in my resolution, my firmness, my ardour, or even in my confidence; for I have faith in the God of France and in my soldiers;—but who shall prove to you, that I do not indulge in illusions, and that I look at all this with a deliberate eye?—‘Do thy duty, happen what may.’

“By a last advantage of my condition, my countenance betrays nothing of my sufferings, and towards the world I play a part; my energy does the rest.”

If his inmost thoughts find room for apprehensions, if he fears the uncertainties against which he has for two months struggled hand-to-hand, he hides it from every one, and bears about the camp a calm and smiling countenance, upon which all seem to read a presage of victory.

What matter those hazards of the sea, which a tempest may create;—what matter the elements unchained;—what matter enemies to combat, were they a hundred times more numerous than both armies combined!—He is in haste to fly this detested spot, empoisoned by a deadly epidemic! Better that the soldiers die beneath the cannon than devoured by the pestilence. He mourns those brave men, those daring soldiers, who sleep by hundreds beneath this foreign soil; he feels that in this daily inaction, in this inglorious struggle with Death, discouragement may reach the boldest heart. Thousands of men have already disappeared, at Gallipoli, at the Piræus, at Varna, and in the Dobrudscha; and the standard of France has not yet been displayed before the enemy.

That which hastened this daring expedition, that was to give so much glory to our arms; that which caused the counsels of prudence to be opposed and rejected; that which gave courage to dare everything, to attempt everything—was that the army was being destroyed at Varna;—that it

was imperative, at all hazards, to go forward, and to confide in the destiny of France, and the protection of Heaven.

They advanced,—they believed,—they dared! The Alma, Inkermann, the Bridge of Traktir, and Sebastopol have shown it!—"The future" always belongs to the cause of right.

CXI.—On the 25th of August, the Marshal, in his General Orders, announces to the Army, the Expedition to the Crimea:—

"The hour has come to fight and to conquer"—says he. "Generals, Colonels of regiments, Officers of all arms! You will inspire your soldiers with the confidence with which my heart is filled. Soon we shall, together, salute the three united flags, floating upon the ramparts of Sebastopol, with our national cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*"

On the 28th, appears the order of Admiral Hamelin, concerning the embarkation and landing of the troops.¹

¹ ADMIRAL HAMELIN.

Admiral Hamelin, Commander-in-Chief of the French fleet in the Black Sea, has earned, by long and eminent services, the elevated post to which the confidence of the Emperor has called him.

At this moment, when he holds in his hands the destiny of the army, it is not without interest to narrate the past history of him upon whom all eyes are fixed.

The life of the sailor resembles in nothing that of the soldier. It has nothing of that movement, that agitation, that impulse of the field of

Already the Navy has rendered eminent and glorious services to the common cause. It is about to acquire additional reputation, and to cover, as

battle, that joyous and animated existence of the bivouac; but austere vigilance, which slumbers neither day or night; and severe, inflexible command. Perpetual struggles with the elements, dangerous and protracted excursions into remote seas, obscure devotedness, courage at all hours, self-denial at every instant;—such is the career of the sailor.

In order, therefore, to retrace the professional life of one of those men, who have adopted the sea as their country, it would be necessary to sail with him amidst tempests, and show what the invincible courage of the will, the calm and rational performance of duty, can accomplish.

Admiral Hamelin had two pieces of good fortune, on commencing his career:—The first was to have, for a protector and guide, his uncle, Admiral Hamelin, a rough and vigorous sailor, who early engraved on the heart of his pupil the path which he should follow;—the second was to have placed his foot, for the first time, on board a ship, amid the noise of war, and the roar of cannon, and to have been present, while still a child, at one of those mighty dramas which leave ineffaceable recollections.

Embarked for the first time, in 1806, at the age of ten years, on board the *Venus*, which his uncle commanded, he served in 1810 his naval apprenticeship in that splendid battle of *Grand-Port*, so gloriously inscribed upon the annals of the navy, where Admiral Duperré defended the island of the Reunion against the English.

The frigate *Venus* played there a terrible and superb part. Engaged alone, against two English frigates and two sloops of war, she sustained a desperate struggle. Staggering, shattered, and overwhelmed, she did not cease to fire with all her guns; at length, when ripped up by balls, she was no more than a misshapen wreck, which was about to be engulfed, Commander Hamelin saved his crew, and left to the enemy a carcass, which the latter was forced to abandon to the sea. It was under the auspices of this memorable struggle, that the young Ferdinand-Alphonse Hamelin made his début in his career.

Midshipman in 1812; lieutenant in 1813; he was attached as adjutant to Vice-Admiral Hamelin, who sailed with the fleet of l'Escout in 1814, and took part in those last battles of our Navy.

In 1823, he went with the cruisers sent to Cadiz, and destined to second the operations of the army on land.

[In

with a floating city, this sea, which Russia seems to have made a mere lake of her empire.

The camp is filled with a movement, an agitation,

In 1827 he displayed great energy, and an indefatigable activity, against the Algerian pirates, who infested the Mediterranean; and thus rendered a signal service to the town of Marseilles. The city gave him a vote of thanks.

He embarked as Commander, on board the frigate *Favorite*, for an expedition in the Southern Seas. There he encountered tempests; he saw his crew decimated by the yellow fever; was himself attacked by the epidemic; and showed, in the midst of all these dangers, calamities and struggles, an undisturbed self-possession, a cool and unshaken courage—qualities the most essential in the life of a sailor.

The cause of the expedition to Algiers is well known. After just demands had been repulsed with arrogance, a flag of truce was treacherously fired upon in the harbour by the African batteries.

Captain Hamelin, fearing that he should not make part of the expedition, wrote to the officer who commanded it, a letter, which terminated thus:—

“I have been several months on land: I find this a great deal for an officer who is not yet thirty-three years of age.

“I therefore ask of you the command of a vessel making part of the expedition; a gunboat even. I know that such is not a command suited to my rank; but it matters little to me, provided I go under fire.”

The answer to this letter was the command of the sloop of war the *Acteon*; and the name of Captain Hamelin was cited in many reports.

Raised to the grade of Post-Captain in 1836, he held different commands up to 1842, when he obtained the rank of Vice-Admiral. In 1844 he was at the head of the French squadron sent into Oceania. On his return, he was named member of the Council of the Polytechnic School, and Inspector-General at Toulon and at Rochefort. In 1849, a member of the council of the Admiralty, we find him Maritime Prefect of Toulon.

In the month of July 1853, Vice-Admiral Hamelin was called to the Command-in-Chief of the French squadron in the Mediterranean, then at Besika.

On the 17th of October, the English and French combined fleets passed the Dardanelles, and on the 14th of November, they were in the Bosphorus.

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and a tumult of joy, impossible to describe. The Generals inspect their Divisions, give their orders, and utter in passing, to the assembled troops, those ardent words which excite their enthusiasm.

CXII.—The proclamation of the Emperor to the Army of the East arrives. It is received with acclamations a thousand times repeated. For it was at the moment when the army was about to embark, and when that daring enterprise, of which we write, was at length about to be accomplished, that the voice of their Sovereign cried to them from the shores of France, “Confide in your Commander-in-Chief and in me ;—I watch over you.”

“Soldiers and sailors of the Army of the East !” said the Emperor, “you have not yet fought, but you have already attained a brilliant success. Your presence, and that of the English troops, have sufficed to force the enemy to recross the Danube ;

In the month of April 1854, at the same time that a French *corps-d-armée* entered Gallipoli, the fleets presented themselves before Odessa.

We have related, at the commencement of this narrative, the details of the bombardment of that port.

Admiral Hamelin is about to identify his name with one of the most daring maritime operations which has ever been attempted. His orders of embarkation and of disembarkation are models of clearness and of foresight of all kinds, and will be executed as they have been conceived ; and under his command, the Imperial Navy will throw an entire army, in a few hours, upon the soil of Russia. It will form a noble page of history, of which Admiral Hamelin may well be proud.

while the Russian ships remain in disgraceful safety in their harbours.

“You have not yet fought, but already you have contended bravely with Death. A pestilence, fearful, though temporary, has not checked your ardour.

“France, and the Sovereign whom she has chosen, cannot behold, without profound emotion, and without making every effort for your assistance, so much energy and so much self-devotion.

“The First Consul said, in 1799, in a proclamation to his Army,—‘The *first* quality of a soldier is constancy in supporting fatigues and privations;—valour is but the second.’ That ‘first quality’ you already display;—the second, who shall deny you? Our enemies, therefore, scattered from Finland to the Caucasus, seek, with anxiety, to learn upon what point France and England will strike their blows;—blows which they foresee will be decisive;—for right, justice, and warlike inspiration are all upon our side.

“Already, Bomarsund and 2,000 prisoners have fallen into our power. Soldiers! you will follow the example of the Army of Egypt. The conquerors of the Pyramids and of Mount Tabor had, like you, to contend with veteran soldiers and with disease; but, despite the efforts of three armies, they returned with honour to their country.

“Soldiers! confide in your Commander-in-Chief

and in me. I watch over you; and I hope, with the aid of Heaven, soon to witness the diminution of your sufferings, and the augmentation of your Glory.—Soldiers! *à revoir!*

“NAPOLEON.”

CXIII.—On the 31st of August the embarkation was to commence; but the wind, which blew with violence, would have dashed to pieces, against the ships, the barges laden with troops; and the preparations were delayed till the evening.

On the 1st of September, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Divisions were embarked, and assembled in the harbour of Baltchick.

The Turkish fleet, ready to sail, also cast anchor there.

The embarkation, regulated in all its details by a general order-of-the-day, was made with order and precision. Every body of troops had a locality, indicated in advance, where it was awaited by boats and barges constructed at Constantinople.

The Marshal, himself, embarked on the 2nd on board the *Berthollet*, which was to transport him to Baltchick. There he was to go on board the flag-ship, the *Ville de Paris*, in which he was to make the voyage.

At six o'clock he arrived in the harbour of Baltchick.

CXIV.—The English fleet had not been able to

quit Varna; the state of the sea having rendered impossible the embarkation of the horses.

On the 3rd it was waited for in vain. On the 4th Admiral Dundas arrives at Baltchick.

On the morning of the 5th, after receiving a letter from the English Admiral, Admiral Hamelin made signal to the sailing vessels to make-sail.¹ The steamers and the towing-vessels remain in the bay, awaiting the English fleet.²

¹ The Turkish and French fleets left Baltchick in the following order :—To the Eastward, the Turkish fleet, composed of eight vessels ;—in the centre the squadron of Admiral Bruat ;—to the Westward, (on the left,) the squadron of Admiral Hamelin.

² We have had communicated to us, the autograph Journal, which was kept by the Commander-in-Chief himself, during the Crimean Expedition, and of which he speaks, in his published correspondence. This Journal, commenced on the 2nd of September, was brought to a close on the 25th of the same month by his death. Its last lines are written by a hand trembling and benumbed by suffering. No document can offer, at the same time, more of interest and of authenticity.

JOURNAL OF THE CRIMEAN EXPEDITION ; KEPT BY MARSHAL DE SAINT ARNAUD.

“ 5th Sept. In consequence of a letter from Admiral Dundas, announcing that he is about to follow us, the fleet makes sail at 4 o'clock in the morning. In the course of the day, Admiral Dundas writes that he is not yet ready.

“ The French fleet, without its convoy, slowly continues its progress. At eleven o'clock at night, another letter from Admiral Dundas ;—who writes that the transports just arrived have not sufficient water, and that he hopes to set sail, finally, the following morning.

“ 6th. The English fleet does not appear at all. At noon, I write to Lord Raglan, to explain to him the inconvenience, and I send the *Caton*. The fleet tacks, in order to wait for the English.

“ 7th. Same situation. The wind becomes favourable, and the fleet pursues its way.

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On the following day, the steamers should, together with the fleet of our allies, join the bulk of our fleet; but the sea is rough, the wind violent, and the English Admiral adjourns the departure until the morning of the 7th.

The French ships have sailed, formed in two columns. The English fleet, at length, quits the harbour of Baltchick. The general rendezvous is at the "Isle of Serpents."

CXV.—"It was only on the 8th," writes Admiral Hamelin, "that I was joined by the English squadron and the two convoys, all arriving in tow of steamers." In fact, from the morning, the look-outs had announced a great number of steamers in the South-East. It was the allied fleet and our last convoys, which appeared upon the horizon. The three fleets joined company during the day. This immense forest of masts could be seen, waving with the movement of the waters, while the breeze bore with it the murmur of 60,000 men, crowded upon the decks of the ships. The same day, a conference was held on board the *Ville de Paris*.

"At noon, Admiral Hamelin sends the *Primauguet*, with a letter for Admiral Dundas. At three o'clock the *Caton* returns. It is only this morning, September 7th, that Admiral Dundas has decided to set sail; and this tardy determination was not taken, until after a warm discussion with Admiral Lyons, who wished to set sail yesterday. The weather is superb.

Admiral Dundas, Admiral Bruat, and Colonel Steel were present; but the sea was so terribly rough, that Lord Raglan could not reach the ship, on account of the arm which he had lost.¹ The object of this conference was to determine, with accuracy, in the double point of view, (naval and military,) the place where the landing should take place; for it had been ascertained that the Russians occupied and defended Katcha, where it had been originally intended to disembark. The Marshal, a prey to terrible sufferings, was obliged to leave the sitting. Opinions were divided; and it was resolved that the opinion of Lord Raglan should be taken—by which the Marshal declared that he would be governed.

Admiral Hamelin and Colonel Trochu went, therefore, on board the *Caradoc*, where they were joined by Admiral Lyons.

Under the existing circumstances, it was impossible to arrive at any precise decision, without having explored the coast afresh, and ascertained the preparations for defence, which the enemy might have made.

The voices were unanimous, that a Commission, composed of Military and Naval Officers, should

¹ Alluding to the great activity, and power of limb, (and of *all* the limbs,) required in getting on board a boat from a ship's side, (or *vice versa*,) in rough weather. A feat, in fact, of the difficulty of which, landmen have little idea.

examine the shore of the Crimea, from Cape Chersonesus to Eupatoria. Upon the report of this Commission would be founded the decision of the grand and important question of the place of disembarkation.¹

CXVI.—At six o'clock, the *Primauguet* sailed, with the members of the former Commission;—that is to say, General Canrobert, Colonel Trochu, and Colonel Lebœuf;—to whom were joined Admiral Bruat, Generals Thiry, Bizot, and Martimprey, and General Rose.

This steam-corvette sailed in company with the *Caradoc*, on board of which were the English Generals, Lord Raglan, Burgoyne, and Brown. Rear-Admiral Lyons was on board the *Agamemnon*. The *Samson* accompanied the Expedition, to protect its progress, and cover the operations of the exploring officers.

Meantime, the health of the Marshal grew worse and worse. The moral strength of the soldier and

¹ JOURNAL OF MARSHAL SAINT-ARNAUD.

“At half-past five, they returned on board the *Ville de Paris*. After a long discussion, it was decided that nothing at all should be decided, until after a fresh examination of Eupatoria, of the Katcha, and of the proposed landing-places.

“At six o'clock, the members of the Commission started. I had the poignant regret of being unable to accompany them. My deplorable health keeps me fastened to my bed of pain.”

his energetic will were forced to bend before the violence of the disease.

It was with deep regret that he had seen these vessels sail, without being able to accompany them, bearing the Commander of the English Army upon such an important voyage of inspection of the coast.¹ Severe attacks succeeded each other, without cessation, scarcely leaving to the patient a few occasional minutes of calm and repose;—during which his unquiet and anxious mind would instantly occupy itself with the affairs of his command.

Directly the illness is suspended, bent over his charts, he studies and matures his projects. Above all, he awaits the news of what has been decided.²

¹ *Letter from the Marshal. On board the Ville de Paris.*

“10th Sept. Since the 6th I have not left my bed. My sufferings have become more frequent and more severe.

“I am off Cape Tarkcen, at 10 leagues’ distance and in a calm. All the English fleet and the convoys are anchored more to the North. I manœuvre to join them, and to await the four steamers, which have been sent to reconnoitre the shore and the Russian positions.”

* * * * *

“What a struggle! what weakness! what disorder in the principle of life!” writes he to his brother. “Add to all this, my preoccupation, my anxieties, the thought of leaving without direction, without a chief, an army on the eve of a landing. * * * * And I, to die of fever, in face of the enemy!”

² JOURNAL OF MARSHAL SAINT-ARNAUD.

“10th. The weather is magnificent. At 8 o’clock in the morning, Admiral Dundas sent a steamer to inform me of his position, and that of all the convoy. They are anchored about 20 miles North-West of Cape Tarkcen. The French fleet manœuvres in a manner to join the convoy and the English fleet, in the neighbourhood of the same Cape, where a

On the 11th, the Commissioners returned.

“All that they report is very reassuring,” wrote the Marshal: “the Russians await us at the Katcha and at the Alma; but they have not made very great preparations for defence. They have camps, and troops, upon these two points, but, nevertheless, nothing very formidable.”

The four vessels sent to explore had made land at the peninsula of Chersonesus, where they discovered a numerous camp of Russians. After having coasted, slowly and at short distances, along the whole shore, in order to obtain an exact account of the different hostile positions, they were able to assure themselves that nothing was changed in the previous condition of the port of Sebastopol and the Russian vessels. But the principal positions, upon the rivers of the Katcha and the Alma, were guarded by camps newly established, and by artillery. They estimated at about 30,000 men the troops encamped on all that part of the coast.

The four vessels continued to ascend the coast, from Alma to Eupatoria, and discovered, about midway on the shore which separates those two points, a spot very favourable for the landing of troops.

rendezvous has also been given to the four vessels, which have gone to reconnoitre the Gulf of Kalamita. We can hardly have news from the Commission before to-morrow, the 11th.”

The Exploring-Officers coasted the bay of Eupatoria, and recognised the necessity of occupying that town, which might serve as a base of operations for the allied armies and fleets; "and in which," says the report of Admiral Hamelin to the Minister of Marine, "the large and well-closed lazaretto might, at once, serve as a lodgment for the troops when landed."

Lord Raglan immediately assembled, on board his vessel, the Officers composing the Commission;—for the hours were numbered, and decisions required to be as rapidly taken, as resolutely executed.

CXVIII.—The following is what was decided; saving always the approbation of the Marshal and that of the two Admirals-in-Chief:—

To land upon the intermediate shore, between the Katcha and the Alma, at a place called "Old-Fort;"—

To occupy Eupatoria the same day;—

To march to the South, the right of the Army resting on the sea, and under the protection of the vessels, which were to follow the coast, to support the Army with their Artillery, and insure its supplies.¹

¹ REPORT OF VICE-ADMIRAL HAMELIN.

Ville de Paris, at Sea, Sept. 12th, 1854.

"The following resolutions have been adopted:—

"1st. That, the landing, in place of being effected under the fire of the enemy, in the Bays of Katcha and the Alma, should take place upon the

The Commission submitted to the Marshal and to the Admirals, the results of their labour, and the decision which they had adopted in common. Despite the presence of the Russians on the Katcha and the Alma, despite the troops assembled there, the opinion of the Marshal remains favourable to a landing in full force at the Katcha. In his estimation, it is time and a march saved. The Russian forces could not be great enough, on that point, to offer any serious obstacle to a landing;—but this opinion was combated;—especially by Lord Raglan and the English Admirals.¹ “The English,” writes the Marshal, “did not think it possible.”

The Commissioners have been upon the spot; have explored; have seen; have weighed and estimated all contingencies;—and have designated Old-

intermediate shore, between those rivers and Eupatoria, at the point marked upon the map, “Old-Fort.” (Parallel of 45° of latitude.)

“2nd. That the occupation of Eupatoria should take place on the same day, with the aid of 2,000 Turks, a French battalion, and an English battalion;—with two Turkish vessels, and one French ship. This town has no sort of defence. It does not appear certain, that it has even a garrison.

“3rd. That, three or four days after the landing, the army should march towards the South, its right resting upon the sea, and upon a squadron of fifteen vessels or steam frigates, which will follow along the coast, to protect the army by its artillery, and assure its supplies.”

¹ In fact, Lord Raglan insisted, with infinite pertinacity, that the troops should land at Old-Fort, and not at the Katcha. Nothing could shake him in this conviction, nor modify his opinion.

At the moment of departure, the instructions of the Marshal to General Canrobert had been to insist, to the last extremity, for the Katcha.

Fort as the most favourable point. The Marshal yields. It is at Old-Fort that the troops will land.¹

It was at this moment, more than ever, that might be repeated the words of Cæsar—*Alea jacta est*;—suggestive of a profound thought, that marks the boundary between that which belongs to man, and that which rests in the hand of Providence.

CXIX.—The fleets and convoys, covering a space of seven leagues, sail together towards Old-Fort, from which they are but a few miles distant.

Every minute which elapsed, brought nearer the eventful and decisive moment, when these assembled ships should throw a whole army upon the shore of the Crimea;—when the struggle, the veritable struggle, should finally begin.²

¹ JOURNAL OF MARSHAL DE SAINT-ARNAUD.

“11th. At one o'clock, the General Officers, who had been absent reconnoitring, returned. They had discovered a landing-place, between Eupatoria and the Alma, which offered many advantages. The Russians were prepared at Alma, at the Katcha, and at Belbeck;—but they were not so at Old-Fort. By means of false attacks on several points, the landing would be easiest at that place. I should have preferred a landing in force at the Katcha, nearer to Sebastopol. I dread the five leagues which must be traversed before reaching the water. * * * * Nevertheless, I yield. * * * * We shall land at Old-Fort.”

² On the 12th of September, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the *Primauguet* threw on board the *Caffarelli*, a letter, containing written instructions for the Commander and for General Forey. The following is the text of that letter:—

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The Marshal shakes off his depression. He counts the days, the nights, the hours. The attacks of disease, conquered by this supreme effort, are feebler and less frequent; but he feels, only too well, that human energy and strength have limits which cannot be passed; and his greatest, his most constant anxiety, is to know who is the General, in whose hands he will have to place the command of the Army, if his own powers should fail. He thinks of this at every moment;—he speaks of it unceasingly; and on the 12th, when the forces were pressing all sail towards the place of debarkation, he wrote to the Minister of War:—

“I would fain hope that Providence will permit me to fulfil to the end the task which I have undertaken; and that I may be able to conduct to

“The landing of the expeditionary force being required to take place, near the centre of Kalamita Bay, at a point known by the parallel of 45° —the following modifications are made in the order 336, relative to the landing of the troops.

“The frigates and corvettes, bearing the troops of the 4th Division, (the *Descartes* and the *Primauguet* excepted,) will hold themselves in readiness to proceed with the English vessels, and cast anchor off the River Katcha,—either before or after the anchoring of the fleet, according to the signal, which will be made to them,—to effect a false attack, and a pretended landing in that bay. The Commander of those vessels, must, therefore, in the afternoon, and especially during the night, make every preparation for this landing; throw rockets, fire signal guns, &c., &c. The ships will then take their departure, so as to rejoin the fleet by daylight.

“The Bay of Eupatoria will be the refuge to which the fleet will proceed to cast anchor, in case of stress of weather.

Sebastopol, the army, with which I shall to-morrow land upon the shores of the Crimea. But I feel that it will be a final effort ; and I beg you to request the Emperor to be pleased to designate my successor.”¹

CXX.—By order of the Marshal, who was greatly attached to General Canrobert, and had great confidence in his judgment, the latter had sailed with him on board the *Ville de Paris*.

¹ We cite the entire letter of the Marshal to the Minister of War :—

“On board the Ship ‘*Ville de Paris*,’
Sept. 12th, 1854.

“Monsieur le Maréchal,

“My situation, as regards health, has become serious. Until this day, I have opposed to the malady, by which I am attacked, all the energy of which I am capable ; and I have for a long time hoped, that I was sufficiently habituated to suffering to be able to exercise my command, without revealing to others the violence of the attacks which I am compelled to bear.

“But this struggle has exhausted my powers. I have had the pain of discovering, latterly, and above all during this passage, (in the course of which I found myself on the point of succumbing,) that the moment was approaching when my courage would no longer suffice to support the heavy burden of a command, which requires a vigour that I have lost, and which I hardly dare hope to recover.

“My conscience renders it my duty to acquaint you with my condition. I would fain hope that Providence will permit me to fulfil to the end the task which I have undertaken ; and that I may be able to conduct to Sebastopol, the army, with which I shall to-morrow land upon the shores of the Crimea. But I feel that it will be a final effort ; and I beg you to request the Emperor to be pleased to designate my successor.

“Be pleased to accept, &c., &c.

“The Marshal Commanding-in-Chief,
A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD.”

Ever since his departure for the East, on the 12th of March 1854, the General had been the bearer of a confidential letter from Marshal Vailant, Minister of War, which said—

“By order of the Emperor, you will take the Command-in-Chief of the Army of the East, if any contingency of war, or of sickness, should prevent Marshal de Saint-Arnaud from retaining that command.”

The General had kept this communication secret; for the letter was not to be produced, unless the specified occasion should arise.¹

They were in view of the Crimean coast, which had been signaled on the morning of the 12th. The Marshal had written to the Minister of War in the manner above stated;—but in view of the severity of his illness, (which no remedy could subdue,) and fearing that the reply of the Minister would not arrive until too late, he prepared to summon, by letter, General Morris, the oldest officer (in official seniority) of the Eastern Army. It was then that General Canrobert thought it his duty to spare the Marshal a needless proceeding, and at the same time to relieve an anxiety, which

¹ Very often, the Marshal, with a sort of presentiment, had sounded General Canrobert on this subject; but the latter, faithful to his instructions, and at the same time to preserve, in all its independence, his character of General of Division, had not allowed the Marshal to suspect anything of the letter which was in his possession.

preyed upon his strength as much as disease itself.¹

He, therefore, entered the chamber of the Marshal.

“ Marshal,” said he to him, “ you are very anxious to know who will be your successor, in case your health should not permit you to retain the Command-in-Chief. Under present circumstances, it is my duty to acquaint you with the decision of the Emperor:—that successor, is myself.”

And the General handed to the Marshal the letter of which he was the bearer.

The satisfaction of the Marshal was great and unaffected. He extended both hands to the General, and exclaimed, “ How much I thank you, my dear Canrobert, and what a cruel anxiety have you removed from my mind !”

CXXI.—The shore of the Crimea was displayed, like an immense bank of reddish sand. A chain of high mountains defined the distant horizon, with irregular lines.

It is difficult to portray the profound impression produced upon every one, when, for the first time,

¹ In the Journal kept by the Marshal, after his departure from Varna, there are only these words, on this subject :—

“ 13th. (Letter, private and confidential. Canrobert.)”

the shores of the Crimea appeared on the verge of the horizon.¹

¹ THE CRIMEA.

It will not be without interest, as completing the *ensemble* of this work, to say a few words respecting the Crimea; and to give, as succinctly as possible, the past history of a country thus destined to be the theatre of vast military operations. The Crimea, by its almost central position in the Black Sea, commands at once the shores of Asia, the mouths of the Danube, and the entrance to Constantinople from the Bosphorus.

It would be tedious to enumerate here, the different nations, who, in turn, have invaded this country since the seventh century before Jesus Christ;—the epoch when the Milesians made their first appearance upon the shores of the Euxine.

The prosperity which attended them, in this rich country, soon attracted abundant emigration. The Heracleans directed their steps towards the Eastern part; and driving out the savage inhabitants (and establishing themselves in the little peninsula known in our days by the name of the Old Chersonesus), laid the first foundations of the celebrated republic of Cherson, which existed, according to the historians, during more than 1,500 years.

Passing centuries saw ravage and destruction constantly pressing upon this unhappy country. The republic of Kherson,—which, during the earlier invasions of the barbarians, had owed the preservation of its independence to its retired and scarcely accessible position,—was forced to bow the head before the fearful tempest of the Huns, who came from the depths of Asia, to hurl upon the Asiatic shore of the Strait their ferocious war-cry. In all the countries where these barbarous hordes, descending from the dark forests of the North, or the boundless plains of the interior of Asia, planted their deadly footsteps, they left behind them ruin and desolation.

It was about the year 1226 of our Era, that the Mongol-Tartars appeared, whose victorious bands have left their traces in Russia, Poland, and Hungary. But it was not devastation which they brought with them; and the Tauris began to rise again from its ruins.

Soon, the Genoese, an intelligent, active, and adventurous people, whose galleys coasted all shores to plant the foundations of future commerce, exercised dominion over this country, and erected in 1280, the celebrated *Kaffa*, which definitively assured to them the empire of the Black Sea.

During more than three centuries, the Genoese colonies opened, from

All regards were turned with eager curiosity towards that land, upon which was to resound the shock of armies, in a future so near, and yet so

all sides, marvellous sources of grandeur and prosperity. Everywhere they scattered the seeds of a rapid and industrious commerce, and gathered the productions of every quarter of the world.

But, in 1543, the standard of Mahomet put a limit to this increase of every day and every year, and severed the relations between the Mediterranean and the Crimea. The division of parties, created by this discouragement, soon raised its head, and began afresh to rend this country, lately so rich, so flourishing, and so peaceful. Profiting by these divisions, the Turks rendered themselves successively masters of the points occupied by the Genoese. (1473.)

After the abandonment of the Genoese colonies, the great lines of communication were broken. But, little by little, the Khans, tributaries of the Porte, draw from the mere fertility of the soil abundant resources. Valleys and shores are soon covered with villages. The yellow harvests shine in the plains, and numberless cattle graze here and there upon the broad steppes. The development of commerce and industry had effected a sort of social revolution in the Mussulman manners.

In 1736, the first invasion of the Russians came to violently shake the political existence of this country. Field-Marshal Munich, at the head of 100,000 men, forced the island of Perekop, and spread devastation to the very foot of the Tauric mountains. The peace of Belgrade apparently arrested this invasion; but not so in fact. The influence of Russia was to press upon this country, until the moment when she should reduce it to actual servitude. It was a work clandestine and laborious; scattering discord, undermining the vital forces, and day by day verging insensibly toward the end predestined by Russia.

This system of trespass and aggression, hidden beneath the guise of a protectorate, resulted in the surrender of the entire Crimea into the hands of Catherine II., in 1783; but that ambitious Sovereign obtained only a country distracted by sanguinary discords; exhausted by the emigration of its inhabitants; and destroyed in its commerce and its prosperity by discouragement and neglect. Entire villages disappeared; deserted between to-day and to-morrow, without its being possible to find any traces of their inhabitants. Some sought refuge in Turkey,—others in the mountains of the Caucasus.

"The Peninsula," writes an esteemed author, (Xavier Hommaire de

unknown. The cholera, the fatigues of the journey, the miseries of life,—all were forgotten; thought had now but one object; all hearts beat with one sole hope, and an enthusiastic acclamation burst at the same moment from every lip, uniting in one simultaneous shout the names of France and of the Emperor.

A fresh breeze from the north-west filled the sails.

As they advanced, the nature of the shore, which is low, permitted the view to penetrate to a great distance inland; and the silent and pacific aspect

Hell,) "covered with permanent establishments, and the centre of the Tartar power and civilization, had naturally shared their more important calamities, and beheld a renewal of the scenes of carnage and desolation, which had formerly characterized the invasions of the Asiatic tribes. It lost at least nine-tenths of its population. Its towns were pillaged and laid waste, its fields devastated. In the space of a few months, this country, again so flourishing under the last Khan, presented nothing to the observer but a vast theatre of oppression, of misery, and of destruction."

About seventy years have elapsed since then; and the Russian domination,—a domination without struggle and without revolt,—has remained powerless to raise this region from the depression into which it was plunged by the events of the preceding century. We speak of powers really vital and productive; for, on every side, rise mansions, brilliant and luxurious habitations;—riches side by side with misery. Harvests and vineyards are scattered upon the smiling slopes of the shore. The soil is rich, the rays of the sun fructify its depths; the green meadows of the interior of the Crimea are refreshed by abundant waters, and the trees bend beneath the weight of their fruits. But commerce, that real life of every country which wishes to exist, has been unable to recover itself; and the decimated population of the Tartars vegetates miserably amidst this profound peace,—profitless for them, despite the vast concessions made to the Russians, and the rich plantations which rise in such abundance in every direction.

of the country confirmed the hopes of a fortunate landing.

A gust of wind arising in the night had thrown the allied fleets somewhat into confusion, by retarding the progress of a few of the groups of convoys. A place of rendezvous had become necessary, and they anchored at the opening of the Bay of Eupatoria, to give time to the steamers to assemble the vessels which had remained behind.

CXXII.—There are magical pictures, which the pen is powerless to portray; such was that presented on that evening by the fleet anchored before Eupatoria. It seemed some vast fantastic city, which had sprung from the bosom of the waves. The sun had set; the air was pure; the sea smooth as a mirror. The numerous signals and flags of the vessels could still be distinguished, and the camp fires, faint amid the dying rays of the twilight, began to shine in all directions. On the horizon, the town of Eupatoria was buried in deep shade, while the mills which crown the surrounding heights stood sharply defined against the still luminous blue of the heavens.

It had been decided that General Yusuf should land with 3,000 men, take possession of this place, occupy it, and thus cut off the Russian communications between Simpheropol and Sebastopol.

CXXIII.—Colonel Trochu and Colonel Steel landed with a flag of truce and a few men to summon the town to surrender. They found it evacuated; there only remained a Russian Major and a few hundred sick or convalescent soldiers, whom the great reputation of the lake of Eupatoria for salubrity had drawn thither.¹

The town attempted no defence, and the Tartar population received the French with great demonstrations of sympathy.²

Under the circumstances which then presented themselves, it was judged desirable that Eupatoria

¹ Eupatoria is situated at the bottom of the bay of Kalamita. The site of the town is upon a plain slightly inclined towards the sea. It abounds in pretty houses of one story, constructed of stone. It has a powder-magazine on the north, protected by a lightning-conductor; three or four mosques, as many churches or chapels, and fifty mills to the eastward. Such is the aspect presented by Eupatoria. The country is handsome and rich, environed by a country fertile in grain, fruit-trees, and gardens.

The banks of the lake of Eupatoria enjoy a great reputation; and every year numerous sick come there to seek for health.

² JOURNAL OF THE MARSHAL.

“13th. Directly they have anchored at Eupatoria, I shall go to confer with Lord Raglan.

“At half-past two, conference with Lord Raglan.

“Plans decided for Eupatoria and the landing of to-morrow morning. Trochu and Steel go with a flag of truce, and with three steam frigates to summon Eupatoria to surrender. This town will be occupied by 3,000 men; an English battalion, a French battalion of marines, and two Turkish battalions, under the orders of General Yusuf, who will have the command of Eupatoria.

“At the first summons, Eupatoria surrendered in the most off-hand manner. The Russian Commandant answered—‘We have all surrendered; do what you please.’”

should not be occupied, in order that all the forces might be left free, for the expedition upon Sebastopol. A vessel was left there with a few companies of Marines.

CXXIV.—“I hope,” wrote Admiral Hamelin, under date of the 13th, “if the weather is good, that we can, to-morrow morning, proceed towards the appointed place to effect our landing.”

The wish of the Admiral was realised; Heaven protected us.

The whole of the 13th was therefore employed in bringing up the vessels which had fallen back, and in carrying the last orders which were to assure the prompt and rapid execution of the landing of the army.

Night had scarcely come, when General Canrobert, accompanied by General Martimprey, the Chief of the General Staff, left for a last reconnaissance; in order to indicate in an exact manner to the two steamers, the *Primauguet* and the *Mouette*, the place which the line of our fleet was to occupy, and to ascertain if the enemy had taken any new positions upon the shore.

The night is calm and beautiful; the stars shine luminously in the heavens, whilst a slight breeze scarcely makes itself felt.

During this solemn night, officers and soldiers are all aroused—silent and attentive.

Soon, the two vessels which had been to reconnoitre are seen to return at full speed to the midst of the lines.

CXXV.—At half-past two in the morning, two rockets, which are to indicate to Admiral Dundas that the order has been given to the French fleet to make sail, are fired from the Flag-ship.

The English Admiral answers this signal. The order is immediately transmitted, by signal, to the whole fleet; and soon, vessels and steam frigates, the one towed by the other, advance, in the order which has been designated, towards the place of landing.

The Flag-ship, towed by the *Napoleon*, has taken the lead of the convoy; three vessels, the *Ajaccio*, the *Berthollet*, and the *Dauphin*, hold themselves in readiness to carry, to all points of the line, the orders of the Admiral. Three other vessels have gone before: these are the *Primauguet*, the *Caton*, and the *Mouette*; they have the duty of placing, at short intervals, buoys of different colours, to indicate the anchorage of the three columns.

By the side of our fleet, is ranged the long line of the English convoy.

It was a magnificent spectacle, when the first rays of day ascended the horizon, to contemplate this fleet,—the most splendid which had ever crossed the seas,—proceeding in silence towards the place

of landing. There are long files of ships of all sizes, extending illimitably over the waters of the sea. All are filled with soldiers, whose bayonets shine in the first rays of the dawn. It is a town, floating and animated, which transports a human exodus from one shore to the other.

The coast is before us ; the beach, silent and deserted, appears to await these thousands of beings, to receive from them life, movement, and tumult. Officers, soldiers, and sailors, all have their eyes fixed upon the shore.

CXXVI.—At seven o'clock in the morning Admiral Hamelin gives the order by signal, "*to anchor according to the plan fixed.*"

The fleet is anchored in three lines.

The first, composed of the vessels of war, transports the 1st Division of the army. On board the vessels of the second line is the 2nd Division, and the 3rd Division on board the last ; for the 4th Division, in company with English vessels under the command of Admiral Dundas, is gone to effect a pretended landing upon the Katcha, in order to occupy the enemy, and to keep him on the alert in several places at the same time.

Three square flags, each of a different colour, are given to the three Divisions.

The 1st Division, red flag.—2nd Division, white flag.—3rd Division, blue flag.

Three similar flags are to be planted on the shore, at the places designated by the Generals of each Division; and towards these rallying places, the boats bearing the troops are to direct their course.

In the order for the landing all has been said, all has been indicated, all has been foreseen; the chances of attack, as well as those of the sea. It is difficult to understand how the two hundred and fifty vessels, of which the combined fleets were composed, could, without confusion, without damage, without accident, have executed a manœuvre, which their crowded condition rendered complicated and difficult.

On this occasion, the French Navy accomplished all that could be expected from it. Feeling the importance of this grand operation, all contended in ardour, activity, and devotion.

At ten minutes past seven, the Flag-ship anchors at the post assigned, in front of the shore; the rest of the fleet (stopping, with mathematical precision, at the places which they are to occupy) follow this movement. The boats are immediately dropped into the water; the barges, which, since the previous evening, have been towed astern by each vessel, are now brought alongside.¹ For the

¹ Four barges, for the field artillery, had been constructed at Constantinople. Each barge could carry two pieces with their fore-carriages. These pieces are not harnessed; nor are they hooked to the fore-

commencement of the landing, nothing is wanting but the order of the Admiral.

All eyes are fixed upon the vessel, the *Ville de Paris*, which is to give the signal.

CXXVII.—Already the look-outs, placed at the mast-heads, explore the land with eager gaze, and seek to discover traces of the enemy. But nothing is to be seen; no movement of troops shows itself on the land side. Evidently, either the Russians, deceived by the false landing near the Katcha, do not expect us in this quarter, or it is not their intention to oppose our landing.

Nevertheless the Admiral neglects no precaution. The boats of the four three-deckers,—boats armed and provided with congreve-rockets,—are sent towards the shore, directly the anchor has touched the bottom. Two of these boats are posted at the northern angle of the beach, and the two others at the southern angle.

Almost at the same moment, a frigate and two

carriage, but packed up with it. One piece, with its accompaniments, is placed at the front, and another at the stern of the barge. In the centre are placed the 12 horses, with the attendants and drivers to the number of 18 men. The barges are towed by rowing-boats. From the moment when the barge touches the shore, 10 or 15 minutes suffice to place the guns in condition for firing, according to the experiments made at Varna in smooth water.

The English, instead of barges, make use of two boats lashed together, across which they place a platform which receives the pieces.

steam tenders, with the *Descartes* the *Primauguet*, and the *Caton*, take the same direction, with orders to bring their broadsides to bear upon the shore, at as short a distance from it as their draught of water will permit, in such a manner as to sweep with their guns the cliffs towards the south;—the point where the enemy might present themselves. The fire of these vessels, crossing with that of the boats, would pour obliquely upon any artillery, which the enemy might seek to oppose to our movements.

Soon afterward, the signal so impatiently awaited appears at the mast-head of the Flag-ship. A cry of joy is heard on every side, and all hearts beat high with excitement.

It is ten minutes past 8 o'clock.

CXXVIII.—A boat from the *Ville de Paris*, bearing General Canrobert and Rear-Admiral Bouet-Willaumez, proceeds rapidly towards the beach; the sailors bend to their oars; the boat flies like a bird. Captain Anne-Duportal, designated as Commandant of the landing-place, takes his station there, in his turn.

At half-past eight, the French flag floats upon the soil of the Crimea, planted by the hands of General Canrobert, who has just leaped upon the shore.

Forty-two years before, day for day,—on the

14th of September, 1812,—“ the Grand Army,” commanded by the Emperor Napoleon, entered Moscow.¹

CXXIX.—Almost immediately, the *guidons* were seen to rise upon the spots where the Divisions were to form; and, as if in answer to this signal, boats and barges of every description covered the sea and advanced towards the beach. The principal boat of each group bore upon its bow the flag of the Division which it led to the shore. There was not a single moment of confusion, of doubt, or of disorder. All that vast crowd blends, and seems for an instant confounded;—then each takes its direction. The *Ajaccio*, the *Dauphin*, and the *Mouette* serve as towing-vessels.

It is difficult for the eye to follow the complicated movement, which develops itself at once upon every point, and covers the shore at the same instant with our landed soldiers.

The Marshal, standing on the poop of the Flag-ship, follows, with a proud and watchful glance, the manœuvres which are in progress;—his strength has returned with the hour of combat.

The detachment of infantry from the *Ville de*

¹ “Dear Brother,” writes the Marshal to M. de Saint-Arnaud, “on the 14th of September 1812, the Grand Army entered Moscow; on the 14th of September 1854, the French army landed in the Crimea, and trod the soil of Russia.”

Paris, and that of the rocket-party and marine artillery, have taken position on the cliff toward the south.

It is 20 minutes past nine ;—all the troops arrive *en masse*.

As they land, they form.

Cries of “*Vive l'Empereur !*” resound on every side, thrilling this brave assemblage, who burn with ardour to encounter the enemy, and give to the eagles of France a new baptism of glory and of fire.

The whole of the 1st Division has reached the shore. The 1st Brigade bears toward the right, upon the heights, and occupies them ; the 2nd Brigade marches to the left, and takes its position to the left of the first,—joining itself to the 2nd Division.

The latter, led by General Bosquet, takes its position on the spot designated for its bivouac. The 3rd Division, under the orders of Prince Napoleon, lands, and takes its place. The chief guards, smaller posts, and supporting posts, are at once established on all sides.

It is noon.

At ten o'clock, the English troops had also touched land. General Sir George Brown landed first, with a detachment of riflemen. A certain confusion, caused by a change in the original

plans, had retarded for a time the landing of the troops.¹

The grand operation of the landing is, however, accomplished.² The enemy can no longer prevent it.³

The cannon of the vessels charged to effect a diversion are heard, and they are soon seen approaching.

CXXX.—At two o'clock, the Marshal, accompanied by his Staff, quits the Flag-ship and lands

¹ "We saw," reports a distinguished English writer, "an officer escorted by a small number of Cossacks, advance on horseback to the verge of the shore. He alighted, seated himself on the beach, and, taking out his tablets, made some notes upon the movements of the Allies. This officer was within cannon-shot.

² The discharging of the steam-frigates continues. The complement of the Artillery, the horses of the various Staffs, and those of a squadron of Spahis, are landed. The sailing ships, of the convoy which quitted the anchorage of Eupatoria, join the fleet in great numbers.

³ '*L'Invalide Russe*,' the official journal of St. Petersburg, thus announces the landing of the Allied Armies in the Crimea:—"The Aide-de-Camp General, Prince Menschikoff, commanding the troops in the Crimea, has brought to the knowledge of His Majesty the Emperor, that on the 1st (12th) of this month, a numerous Anglo-French fleet showed itself in view of Eupatoria; and that, afterward, a considerable body of infantry, with some cavalry, effected a descent between Eupatoria and the village of Kaptougai. At the approach of the enemy, all the inhabitants evacuated the city, as well as all the surrounding villages.

"Prince Menschikoff, recognizing the impossibility of attacking the enemy, upon a flat beach, commanded by the fire of the fleet, concentrated the major part of his forces in an advantageous position, where he made his dispositions for receiving his assailants. He adds, in conclusion, that the troops under his orders, burning with zeal and devotion for the throne and the country, await with impatience the moment for attacking the enemy."

upon the beach ; he mounts his horse directly, and passes along the whole line formed by the troops.

No pen can describe the enthusiasm of these first hours. At the sight of the Commander-in-Chief, acclamations and hurrahs burst from all sides, and the echoes of the Crimea bear to the Russian army these exciting shouts of impatience and pride. The shakos of the officers, the arms of the soldiers, are waved in the air ; the countenance of the Marshal is radiant, and his eyes are moistened with tears, as with thankful heart he salutes the flag of France.

“ Our situation is good,” writes he on the same day to the Minister of War ; “ and the future presents itself with some first guarantees of success which appear substantial. The troops are full of confidence. The passage and the landing were certainly two of the most formidable undertakings, presented by an enterprise which is almost without precedent ; regard being had to the distance, to the season, and to the numberless uncertainties which surrounded it. I imagine that the enemy, who allows such a storm to gather at a few leagues’ distance, without doing anything to dissipate it at the outset, is in a dangerous situation ;—the smallest inconvenience of which is, that of appearing powerless in the eyes of the population.”

In the evening, an order of the day was read to the soldiers, which terminated with these words :—

“Soldiers, at this moment, when you plant your colours upon the soil of the Crimea, you are the hope of France; in a few days you will be its pride.”¹

The 4th Division joins the fleet during the night.

CXXXI.—The small squadron, employed to make a diversion, was composed of five French steam frigates or corvettes, carrying the 4th Division, and of three English frigates. On the heights of

¹ All the orders of the day of the Marshal are especially remarkable for inspiration and manly energy; we cite this one, entire:—

GENERAL ORDER.

“14th of September 1854, during the landing upon the shore of the Crimea.

“Soldiers!

“You have sought the enemy for five months; he is at length before you, and we are about to show him our eagles. Prepare yourselves to submit to the fatigues and privations of a campaign which will be severe, but short, and which will raise before Europe the reputation of the Army of the East to the level of the highest military glories of history.

“You will not permit, that the soldiers of the allied armies, your companions in arms, should surpass you in vigour and in firmness before the enemy; or in constancy in the trials which await you.

“You will remember, that we do not make war upon the peaceable inhabitants of the Crimea, whose dispositions are favourable to us, and who, reassured by our excellent discipline, by the respect which we shall show for their religion, their manners, and their persons, will not delay in joining us.

“Soldiers! at this moment, when you plant your colours upon the soil of the Crimea, you are the hope of France; in a few days you will be its pride.

“*Vive l'Empereur!*

“The Marshal Commanding-in-Chief,
A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD.”

the Alma, a small river at five leagues to the south of the point chosen for the landing, the squadron discovered a camp of about 6,000 or 7,000 Russians, on mid-shore to the south of the river, at a distance (judged approximatively) of four kilomètres. This camp had two posts in advance; one beyond the Alma, and the other more in the rear, upon the opposite side. Some Cossacks observed, from the bank, the movements of the squadron.

The three English frigates sent a few shells in its direction. The *Caffarelli* opened her fire. The Russians did not answer. It was at this moment half-past nine.

Boats filled with soldiers were immediately lowered into the water, to imitate a landing, under the protection of the guns of the *Caffarelli* and the *Coligny*, which continued to throw shells. The boats approached within 100 mètres of the bank,¹ and remained there a little time.

The post most advanced, within range of the heavy artillery of the steamers, struck its tents. The troops formed, and took the direction of the large camp.

At half-past twelve, the squadron continued its course towards the south; it arrived opposite the mouth of the Katcha, where the look-outs perceived but two posts of Cossacks, of little importance. It

¹ Journal of the 4th Division.

advanced again in the direction of the gulf of Sebastopol, then steered towards the north, to rejoin the fleet, which was to have effected the landing of the troops.

At the close of day, the weather was thick, and the sea became so rough, that orders were given to suspend the landing of the artillery and horses, which would have been dangerous.¹ During the whole night, the wind continued and the rain fell with violence.

There remained on board only the 4th Division and the Turkish Division.

On the morning of the 15th, the sea, although less rough, was nevertheless very much disturbed near the shore. At seven o'clock, the 4th Division commenced its landing, which was not performed without very great difficulty and real danger. The boat which carried General Forey and his Staff was capsized in passing the breakers; several officers fell into the sea, but happily no one perished. A few horses gained the beach only by swimming. The boats could not reach the shore, and the landing,

¹ Journal written upon the deck of the *Ville de Paris* by Lieutenant Garnault :—

“When the order to suspend the landing was signaled, the fleet had already landed the three divisions, completely furnished with provisions for four days, and their baggage and horses; the companies of engineers and all their tools; the horses of the Spahis, and the horses of the Marshal, and the Staff.”

the suspension of which was required by prudence, was continued a few hours later.

At length the whole Division has landed, and marches towards its camp, which is constructed in two lines, in a direction bearing obliquely toward the shore; the right in advance of the Headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. The three other Divisions of the French army form a curve extending towards the east; the 1st Division to the south, resting its right on the sea. The English army has its left to the north, resting also upon the shore.

All around the camp there are only vast plains; large naked steppes, without trees, and without vegetation of any kind; only brackish water is to be found, and to obtain that which is drinkable, it is necessary to go about seven kilomètres to the eastward. A small lake is separated from the sea only by a narrow road, and there is on no part of the beach any vestige of the "Old-Fort" indicated by the English marine charts.

CXXXII.—The Expedition has commenced. The flags of the three allied nations are at length displayed before the enemy.

During the recital of this first period, we have abstained from expressing any opinion;—adhering strictly to our character of chronicler.

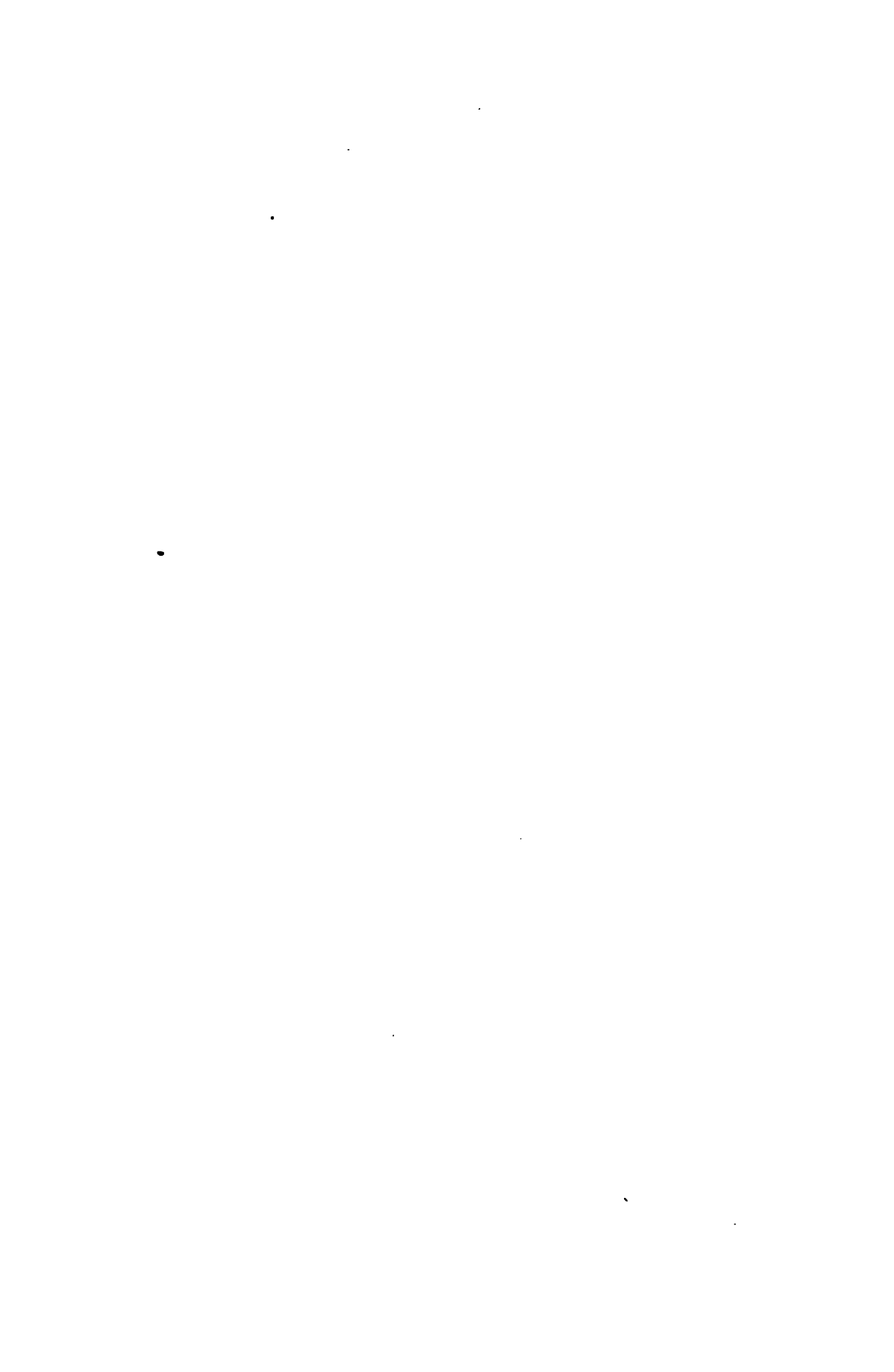
Our sole aim has been to throw light upon the sojourn of our army at Gallipoli and at Varna, and to follow its course until its landing upon the soil of the Crimea.

This portion of the narrative was the least known, the most diversely reported; blamed by some, approved by others; while no one, perhaps, was accurately informed of the real details of those facts and necessities of the situation, which had arisen at every step, in the form of obstacles or delays.

We have written this history conscientiously; with rigorous exactitude and impartiality.

Now, we are about to march towards war, to the sound of the cannon; we are now about to commence the recital of that grand epic, whose first page is written upon the banks of the Alma, the last amid the ruins of Sebastopol.

BOOK SECOND.



BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

I.—THE French and English combined fleets have, in one landing, thrown more than 60,000 combatants into the Crimea.¹

The Marshal hoped to quit Old-Fort on the 17th of September.

¹ According to the official accounts, the Allied Army was composed of 61,200 men; divided as follows:—

The French Army,

Infantry	24,800	}	27,800 men, and 72 guns.
Artillery	2,200		
Engineers	800		

The Turkish Army,

Infantry 6,000 6,000 men.

The English Army (according to the statements of the General Staff),

Infantry	23,600	}	27,600 men, and 65 guns.
Artillery	2,000		
Cavalry	1,200		
Engineers	800		

Total 61,400 men; 137 guns.

The success of the enterprise would especially depend upon rapidity of movement, and the consequent prevention of too large a concentration of hostile forces upon any one point.

The troops are hardly landed, when reports arrive from all sides ; and some prisoners, who have just been taken, give valuable information, as do also the Tartars, who seem greatly delighted.¹

According to their statements, there are not more than 50,000 to 60,000 men, in the Crimea ; and

¹ The first body of cavalry landed in the Crimea was a detachment of Spahis. Lieutenant de Molène started instantly upon a reconnaissance, with the 70 horsemen of which it was composed, in order to scour the neighbourhood of the landing-place, and give warning of the approach of the enemy, if the occasion should arise. On the following day, the Marshal, being informed that, at a few kilomètres from our advanced posts, there was a Russian functionary, and a small post of infantry, sent Colonel Trochu to give orders to M. de Molène to endeavour to capture the functionary, whose papers might contain useful information ; and to make prisoners of the infantry who had been mentioned to him. The Lieutenant instantly caused his men to mount, and, guided by a Tartar clothed in the uniform of the Spahis, traversed a path practicable in only one place, surrounded the village, and falling suddenly upon the post, captured, almost without resistance the soldiers,—astounded and stupified by the extraordinary costume of our African horsemen. The functionary, who was ready to fly, in a carriage already harnessed, was also made prisoner, and the Russian infantry, placed in carts drawn by Tartar horses, arrived at the French Camp, escorted by the Spahis.

The English, on seeing this little troop returning from its successful excursion, received them with cheers. These were the first prisoners, the first arms, captured from the enemy ;—and when the Marshal returned to his tent, he found at the entrance, two piles of Russian muskets.

This little episode, although unimportant amid the great events which were to be developed but a few days later, caused, nevertheless, no slight sensation, because of its unexpected occurrence, and because Providence seemed to have taken our first steps under its guidance.

these somewhat scattered, and occupied in concentrating themselves.

But, on the 17th, the English are not ready to begin the march;—an enormous quantity of *impedimenta* retard their operations indefinitely. The departure is therefore postponed, perforce, until the following day. The two armies are to put themselves in motion at eleven o'clock the next morning.

“I shall sleep at Bulganak,” writes the Marshal; on the morrow (the 19th), I shall be fresh and well;—I shall have examined the Russian positions, and be in a condition to force the passage of the Alma, and even to drive the enemy as far as the Katcha, if I have the time.

During the day, the *Primauguet*, having on board Generals Canrobert, Thiery, and Bizot, proceeds to reconnoitre, afresh, the shore near the Alma and the Katcha, in order to be certain whether any new dispositions have been made by the enemy, or if he has received any reinforcements. The ardour and enthusiasm of the troops,—their eagerness for combat,—and that evident protection of Heaven, which had permitted, in the uncertain month of September, a landing so fortunate and so beyond expectation successful,—all augmented the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief.

On the 18th, fresh delay caused by the English.

Come what may, the Marshal is resolved to march on the following day.¹

II.—On the morning of the 19th, the order for departure is given.

According to all probability, there is little prospect of, as yet, encountering the enemy, and the day will pass without combat.

The First Division (head of a column of the French Army) marches by battalion, in column by peleton, with the artillery in the centre.

The Second Division protects the right flank ;—each of the two Brigades marches in column, by division.

The Third Division protects the left flank.

The Fourth Division, and the Turks, are designated to form the rear-guard.

The French Army represents an immense lozenge, at the salient angle of which is placed the 1st Division ;—at the lateral angles, the 2nd and 3rd,—and in the rear the 4th Division, preceded by the Turkish contingent. The baggage is in the centre. The English Army covers on the left this order of march, which is supported on the right by the fleet.²

¹ *Letter from the Marshal.—The Crimea, Sept. 18, 1854.*

“I have just written to Lord Raglan, that I could wait no longer ; and that I have given my orders for departure, for to-morrow morning, at 7 o'clock. Nothing shall delay me longer.”

² The two Armies did not rejoin each other, until the 4th Division of the French had already pitched their tents.

It is a splendid sight! The Army and the Fleet advance almost in line.

The country forms a vast undulating plain, without trees and without water. The weather is superb; the sky is cloudless, and the sun scorchingly bright.

The enemy do not offer to dispute with us the passage of the Bulganak.

At one o'clock the head of the column reaches the heights which command the valley of the Alma. The Russian Army is established on the heights upon the left bank. Their lines are plainly visible, and it is possible, even, to count the squadrons of their cavalry.

The 1st Division establishes its bivouac in the centre of the position, between the 2nd Division, on its right, and the 3rd Division, on its left.

The place where the Army is encamped, consists of a series of ridges, in the direction of the heights of the Alma, and parallel to their summits;—and without any precipitous places, (*escarpements*,) either in front or rear.

III.—During the day, Prince Menschikoff,¹ who

¹ It has seemed to us, that the following biographical notice, of the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army in the Crimea, would not be read without interest.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

Prince Menschikoff is one of the highest personages in Russia. He is a great-grandson of the celebrated Danilowitsch Menschikoff, the favourite

commands the Russian Army, sends a few squadrons of cavalry and of horse-artillery to harass the heads of the columns of our allies; but the latter receive

of Peter the Great, who began his career by selling little *patés* before the gate of the Czar;—subsequently held the highest offices of the Empire;—and after a life enriched by enormous wealth, and the possession of the loftiest dignities, died in exile in the depths of Siberia. The courage and resignation of Danilowitsch under adversity were equalled only by the grandeur of his previous fortunes.

Prince Alexander Menschikoff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, was born in 1789. While still young, he was sent to the University of Dresden, where he studied law. Named Gentleman of the Chamber, on his return to Russia, he was soon afterwards attached to the Embassy at Berlin; but remained only a short time at that post. The military career offered a wider field to his ambition, and to those dreams of glory in which youth always indulges. In Russia, especially, the career of arms is the golden key, which opens every door, and brings the subject nearest the Imperial Throne.

The young Menschikoff, entered, in 1809, the Artillery of the Guard, with the rank of Sub-Lieutenant. Appointed Aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, he took part in the grand campaigns of 1813, 1814, and 1815.

Political causes, afterward, withdrew him from the Court; but, on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, he rose rapidly into favour, and was sent, in 1827, as Ambassador Extraordinary to Persia. The haughty, domineering, and disdainful character of Prince Menschikoff, agreed but ill, with the ordinarily honied, evasive, and conciliatory proceedings of diplomacy. The issue of this embassy was a war, which despoiled Persia of a considerable portion of Armenia.

In 1828, in the war against Turkey, we find the Prince at the head of a Division. He takes Anapa on the 23rd of June. In reward for this feat of arms, the Emperor despatches him to the theatre of war in Europe, as Commander of the United Land and Sea Forces. During the siege of Varna, (besieged at once by land and sea,) he was severely wounded.

On his return to Russia, he was named Vice-Admiral and Chief of the Naval-Staff. In 1831, he was called to the Government of the Grand-Duchy of Finland. Made Admiral, in 1834, he became, in 1836, Minister of Marine, and soon returned to his Duchy of Finland. He

them warmly, and the reconnoitring party fall back slowly, and appear, at about three o'clock, near the advanced posts of the 1st Division.

This movement resembled an attack. The Army was instantly formed in battle-array, in two lines, and the Marshal sent a mounted battery to check two regiments of Russian cavalry which had advanced into the plain. On the commencement of the cannonade, some shells fell very luckily in the midst of these squadrons, who immediately turned bridle and disappeared, amid the shouts of the French and English Armies.

After remaining for an hour in order of battle, the troops were directed to encamp. No other movement was made on the part of the Russians.

Prince Menschikoff considers his position to be formidable, and awaits our attack.

On both sides, all is prepared for the action of the following day.¹

was also made a Member of the Council of the Empire. Prince Menschikoff took an important part in the reorganization of the Navy, ordered by the Emperor Nicholas.

At the time of the discussions with Russia respecting the Holy Places, he arrived at Constantinople charged with an Extraordinary Embassy, as he had before been to the Schah of Persia. He acted in the same manner and produced the same result—WAR. The important post now assigned to him, in the Crimea, makes him one of the principal actors in this great drama.

¹ JOURNAL OF THE MARSHAL.

“19th.—Superb weather. The armies commence their march at seven o'clock in the morning. At one o'clock, they arrive upon the

IV.—At about five o'clock, the Marshal assembled before his tent the French General Officers, and explained to them, verbally, his plan of battle, concerted with the Commander-in-Chief of the English Army. This plan consisted of making the English Army execute a flank movement upon the right of the Russian Army, while its attention should be drawn to the left by a French Division, which would also have the duty of maintaining the communication with the fleet, anchored at the mouth of the Alma. The bulk of the army was to make a powerful effort to force the centre of the Russians. Our right wing was confided to General Bosquet, who had orders, with his Division (supported by the Turkish Division) to turn the left of the Russians, by scaling those abrupt heights which had been thought inaccessible. The 1st and the 3rd Divisions were to march upon the centre of the position. The 4th Division to form the reserve.

Some vessels of the combined fleet were to hug

height which commands the left bank of the Bulganak. At 5 kilometres in advance, the heights of the Alma are seen. The Russians take up their position and only show us about 30,000 men. The army establishes its bivouac.

"Towards three o'clock, the Russians wish to turn the left of our out-pickets. We fly to arms; batteries are placed in position, and we drive away the enemy, amid shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!*—First success!

"Lieut-Col. Lagondie, sent to the Prince by Lord Raglan, mistakes some Cossacks for English, and is taken prisoner."

the shore, and cover the march and attack of the 2nd Division.

The hours of departure were thus fixed:—The right wing of the line of battle, formed by General Bosquet,—at half-past five o'clock. The left wing, formed by the English,—at six o'clock. The centre, at seven o'clock.

In the evening, the commanders of regiments received, with special instructions, a detailed plan, upon which were marked the positions which the respective corps were to occupy.

V.—During the evening, the Marshal sent Colonel Trochu to the English camp, to communicate to the Commander-in-Chief the plan of the battle, and to inform him of the hour at which the troops were to march; in order to arrange with him, if he should think it necessary to propose any modifications.

The Colonel therefore proceeded to the Headquarters of Lord Raglan, with General Rose, an English General Officer, in attendance upon the Marshal as a delegate. Lord Raglan accepted, entirely, the detail of the plan which was presented to him, as also the hour of departure; and it was agreed that Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert should communicate with the English Generals, in order to operate simultaneously.

The night was calm. The heights of the Alma

were covered with numerous fires, which gave a proximate idea of the strength of the Russian army, and of the space which it occupied.

VI.—“On the 20th of September,” says the *Invalide Russe*, “Prince Menschikoff occupied the position upon the left bank of the Alma, with forty-two battalions, sixteen squadrons, and eighty-two pieces of artillery.

“The centre of the order of battle was formed upon the verge of the precipitous bank of the river, opposite the village of Bourliouk; and the left wing upon a height, at about two wersts from the sea. The right wing formed the weakest part of the position.

“In advance of the line of battle, upon the right bank of the river,—the village of Bourliouk, the vineyards, gardens, and orchards were occupied by sharp-shooters who were to defend the approaches, under the protection of numerous batteries.

“In reserve, behind the centre, were posted three regiments of Infantry of Volhynia, of Minsk and of Moscow, with two light foot batteries. Upon their right, were two regiments of Hussars, with two batteries of Horse Artillery, and behind the right wing, a regiment of Chasseurs.

“A battalion of the reserve had been detached, to occupy the village of Ouloukoul, behind the left

flank of the position, and very near to the sea-shore."

Such was the effective force of the Russian army, and its position upon the heights of the Alma, on the morning of the 20th.

VII.—At daybreak, General Yusuf arrived, by order of the Marshal, to take the command of the Turkish Division, and to place himself under the orders of General Bosquet.

At half-past five, the 2nd Division quitted its bivouac, and began its march, at about one kilometre from the coast, and parallel with it, advancing towards the heights of the Alma. At half-past six, it was already to be seen forming in the plain; but still no movement whatever was made on the side of the English army. General Canrobert, astonished at this immobility of the English troops, so contrary to the instructions communicated the evening before, hastened to Prince Napoleon, and both proceeded rapidly towards the Division of Sir De Lacy Evans.

They found the English General in his tent. When Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert explained to him their astonishment, at a delay which might gravely compromise the success of the day;—

"I have received no orders," replied Sir De Lacy Evans.

There was, evidently, a misunderstanding. Before obtaining the key to this enigma, it was most urgent to arrest the march of Bosquet's Division, which, performing its movement alone, might be crushed.

General Canrobert proceeded, without losing an instant, to the Marshal. The latter was already on horseback, and had quitted his bivouac, placed behind the lines. Directly he was informed of what was passing, he sent an officer of the Staff, the Commandant Renson, to tell General Bosquet to halt, and to wait for the English troops, who were retarded.

During this time, Colonel Trochu started, at the utmost speed of his horse, for the English Head-Quarters. It was then seven o'clock. But go rapidly as he might,—the Colonel having nearly two leagues to traverse, over uneven ground, occupied by the bivouacs of the troops,—his ride occupied half an hour. The English troops, through whose lines the Aide-de-Camp of the Marshal passed, were still in their tents, and in no respect prepared for the march agreed upon.

Lord Raglan, however, was on horseback, when Colonel Trochu reached the Head-Quarters.

“My Lord,” said the latter, “the Marshal thought, after what you did me the honour of saying, last night, that your troops, forming the left

wing of the line of battle, were to have marched forward at six o'clock."

"I am now giving my orders," replied Lord Raglan. "We are preparing and are about to march; a part of my troops did not reach the camp, until very late in the night."¹

"For Heaven's sake, my Lord," added the Colonel, "be speedy; every minute of delay takes from us a chance of success."

"Go and say to the Marshal," answered Lord Raglan, "that at this moment orders are despatched along the whole line."

VIII.—It was half-past ten when Colonel Trochu announced that the English were ready to march. But all these unexpected delays, and the indecision in the movements which would necessarily be their result, no longer permitted the execution of the plan of battle, as it had been originally conceived.

The Russian army, instead of being surprised by a rapid manœuvre, as should have been the case, had time to make its dispositions, while watching, from the summit of the heights, the movements of our army, which advanced in perfect order, in the

¹ In fact, the first part of the English army had not reached its bivouac until a long time after us; and the second, retarded by its baggage and material, did not arrive till very late in the night.

midst of an immense plain. Thus, foreseeing that the offensive movement of General Bosquet was but a secondary attack, and that the principal effort was to be made by the centre and left of the allied armies—where was placed the whole of the English force—General Menschikoff (confiding moreover in the precipitous nature of the ground which protected it) weakened his left wing to reinforce his centre and right.

At eleven o'clock, General Bosquet received orders to march definitively in advance.

Already, upon a movement of the centre of the French army, he had recommenced his march; but a second order of the Marshal had again come to stop him.

The General profited by this forced inaction to scour the plain up to the brink of the Alma, by some peletons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, placed at his disposition; subsequently, followed by his Staff, and having with him the Commandant of the artillery and of the engineers, he approached, under cover of his sharp-shooters, close to the heights in order to examine the passes.

Two were remarked upon the side of the mountain. The first, nearest to the sea, appeared accessible to infantry, while presenting great difficulties, by the steepness of its slopes and of its numerous precipices. A path, scarcely traced, alone indicated

the existence of this pass. The second, at one kilomètre higher up the river than the first, opened from a burned village, situated upon the banks of the Alma, and ascended the heights, through a very narrow ravine. By seizing with their hands the irregularities of the soil and the dried roots, the infantry, led by resolute officers, might be able to climb the precipices on the right and left. But serious doubts arose, as to the possibility of ascending, with artillery, the road which was in the channel of the ravine. The majority thought that it was impracticable. But the Commandant of the artillery, not believing in an impossibility so positive, strongly urged the General that a trial might at least be made, before abandoning the idea.

During this examination, the troops had made their coffee. The ground upon which they had halted was covered with reaped corn ; and whilst a part of the soldiers made use of it to light fires for their cookery, others reposed themselves upon the piled sheaves.

The lateral movement of the right wing of our army had an immense influence upon the result of the day ; it is therefore important to follow it in all its details.

IX.—General Bosquet assumed the direct command of D'Autemarre's Brigade, and with this

Brigade, followed by its artillery, threw himself upon the abandoned village, near the second passage;¹ while he directed Bouat's Brigade, accompanied by the Turkish Division, towards that which ran along the sea-shore.

This body put itself instantly in motion; bearing towards the right, in order to pass the Alma at the junction of that river with the sea.

On one side of the bar, the water was but shallow; but the mud had accumulated there to such a degree, that both men and horses would be inevitably overwhelmed.² On the other side of the bar (which had been examined by the officers and sailors of the *Roland*), the sea-sand had formed a sort of narrow road, which could be traversed in safety, but only by one man at a time.

It was the sole practicable passage, and the troops began to defile. The soldiers found the water up to their waists, and were every moment struck by the waves; which fortunately, however, were not violent at that point.

The artillery could not attempt such a road, and

¹ We have thought it best to place the biography of General Bosquet (whose name has acquired such importance in this Eastern War) after the memorable day of the 5th of November, which gave him the surname of "The Hero of Inkermann."

² Two horses of the hussars, who had entered at that point, to try the ford, sank at once, and nearly perished. It was only by long and tedious effort that they were withdrawn from the slough.

Colonel Raoul, chief of the Staff of that Brigade, who had reconnoitred the pass, suggested to the General the idea of sending the battery placed at his disposition to join that which had marched with the Brigade of Autemarre. The order was at once given.¹

Difficulties themselves thus came to our aid; for these two batteries, thus fortunately united, permitted General Bosquet to respond vigorously to the fire of the enemy, and to make head against him, by maintaining his ground until the arrival of the Divisions of the centre.

After having crossed the Alma, the troops of Bouat's Brigade began to climb the hills, by a path so steep that the officers were forced to cling to the manes of their horses to avoid falling. This path, bordered by precipitous rocks, the sides of which were inaccessible, gave passage (like the ford) to but one man at a time; and it is easy to understand how slow and painful must have been, under such conditions, the ascent of this column, before which unforeseen obstacles and sudden impossibilities had presented themselves at every step. The

¹ *Journal of the 2nd Division.*

“ At one o'clock in the afternoon, despite the great difficulties which they had to overcome, all the First Brigade was in position upon the plateau; where it was immediately joined by the battery, which in the morning had been placed under the orders of General Bouat, but had been unable to find a passage at the bar of the Alma.”

energy of the officers, and the unshaken resolution of the soldiers triumph over everything; but the fire was already fully opened, before General Bouat could complete the ascent of the plateau, and take his position in the rear.

X.—In fact, directly the column of Autemarre, which had found no serious difficulty in crossing the Alma, at that point, had passed the burned village, General Bosquet ordered it to take possession of the heights. The Zouaves rushed forward, with that impulse and dash which belong to them, and climbing precipices almost perpendicular. They were speedily seen, spreading to right and left, on the side of the mountain, clinging with their hands to the irregularities and accidental protuberances of the ground, and assisting one another up the ascent. Often, these fragile supports would suddenly give way, and the soldiers roll from top to bottom of the slope. But only five or six minutes had elapsed before the first marksmen were seen upon the summit. They immediately opened fire upon a body of some fifty Cossacks, whom they found in their front on the plateau. The latter lost no time before retiring.

The moment that the first Zouaves had gained the summit of the precipices, General Bosquet dashed forward at a gallop, followed by his Staff,

up the ravine, in order to examine the ground, estimate the force of the enemy in his front, and make his dispositions for combat.

The question whether the artillery could ascend this road remained undecided. The Commandant Barral, who had followed General Bosquet, now came up to say, that he was certain of being able to bring up his guns.

XI.—The order was accordingly given to advance, instantly, the 1st battery. Ten minutes afterward, the 2nd, which, by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, (as we have seen,) had joined d'Au-
marre's Brigade, was also ordered to advance. Everything now depended upon rapidity of execution. The Russians, aware of our presence, which they had been so far from expecting, would not fail to despatch their artillery, in force, upon this point, in order to clear it. The transportation of our pieces by this narrow and broken path was certainly the utmost limit of the possible ;—but hesitation was no longer permitted. At whatever cost, it must be done !

The sharp-shooters opened a well-directed fire, vigorously sustained, and held the enemy in check

The Commandant Barral had returned, himself, to carry the order to the batteries, and to superintend its perilous execution. If the horses should

proceed at a walk, the carriages would infallibly be overturned and thrown to the bottom of the ravine; for in many places, the road, broken by the currents of water, exhibited large and deep chasms. The men left their knapsacks at the bottom of the hill, in order to be more active, and more ready for every event;—and they placed themselves beside the wheels, to support them, when the road should fail to do so. The drivers were ordered to strike the horses with their sabres, if they hesitated to advance, or offered to drop into a walk.

At a given signal, pieces and caissons start at a gallop. Men and horses unite their efforts, and blend in one desperate rush. On all sides, in the track of these heavy masses, the ground breaks, and stones, forcibly torn away, roll and leap down the pathway. The men heave at the wheels, which plough tremendous furrows in the earth;—at times the horses tremble and shudder upon their limbs;—but nothing stops or retards the progress;—and General Bosquet utters an exclamation of delight, when he sees the first guns appear upon the summit of the height.

The Commandant Barral, and Captain Fiévet who commands the 1st battery, march at the head. The guns are placed at about 100 yards from the point where they mounted the plateau, and in a

direction perpendicular to the line of the summits of the heights of the Alma.¹

Directly each gun can be detached from its fore-carriage, it begins its fire, without awaiting the arrival of the others.

It was the French artillery who fired the first cannon-shot upon that memorable day.²

XII.—The battalion of the 3rd Zouaves was stationed at about 100 yards in front of the point where the artillery was established, and the men had lain down in a hollow of the ground. Colonel Tarbourieck,—who was to escape, that day, the enemy's bullets, only to die on the next, smitten by the cholera,—was on horseback with the Commandant Dubos, overlooking the undulations of the

¹ The position of the batteries was, therefore, such as to bear full upon the hostile army; the first piece being about 50 yards from a vertical bank of more than 60 feet in depth, which formed the boundary of the heights. All the pieces were placed, successively, to the right of the first.

² This first cannon-shot was, so to speak, the signal for the battle.

At that moment, the rest of the army was still ignorant whether the 2nd Division had succeeded in gaining the plateau.

The Marshal observed, from a hill, the movements of the troops. At the first shots fired by Fiévet's battery, the officers who surrounded him, and who observed attentively the heights with their glasses, said to the Marshal, on perceiving in the distance the batteries assembled upon the summits: "There are the Russians, commencing their fire against Bosquet's Division."

"No! no!" suddenly cried the Marshal; "I see the red pantaloons; it is Bosquet! He has already climbed the heights; I recognize in that my old African Bosquet!"

soil which served as a shelter to their soldiers ; and they both assisted at this duel of artillery.

D'Autemarre's brigade had climbed the heights and formed in the rear.

The 2nd battery, commanded by Captain Marcy, is already ranged to the right of the 1st, and has also opened its fire.

But Prince Menschikoff, incredulous at first of so much audacity, and who could not admit that a part of the French army should have already mounted the precipices on the side towards the sea,¹ sent,

¹ The Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army had committed an irreparable fault, in not rendering absolutely impracticable the path by which the artillery could ascend the heights. By a few hours' work, this passage would have been rendered impassable. That which, no doubt, prevented this danger from being foreseen, is the fact, that the Russian artillery, much less manageable than ours, could never have surmounted such obstacles.

Besides, Prince Menschikoff regarded the escarpments on this side as so inaccessible, even to infantry, that he had neglected to occupy their summits ; and, with the exception of a few shots exchanged with a detachment of Cossacks, Autemarre's brigade attained the summit of the plateau without meeting an enemy.

When they informed the Prince of the appearance of a part of the French army upon the positions which he held, not only did he refuse to believe it, but he was furiously angry with the officer who made him the report.

This officer returned instantly to examine the ground anew. At that moment the troops were forming, and the artillery debouched upon the plateau. He went back in great haste to the Prince, who was still unwilling to credit his statement, and conducted himself, it is said, towards the officer in the most offensive manner ; giving orders to his own Aide-de-camp, to visit the ground where they said the heads of hostile columns were perceived.

He was forced to believe the assertion of his Aide-de-camp ; and he instantly despatched to this point five batteries of artillery, forming a total of forty guns.

in great haste, three batteries, of eight pieces each, to contend with the French artillery and to drive back the enemy.

Upon this plateau, lately so calm and silent, balls leap, shells burst, and smoke rises to heaven in thick clouds ;—the battle has begun !

XIII.—Certainly, during this day of the 20th of September, beside the courage and inexpressible daring of our troops, there was need of the especial protection of Providence, and of all the fortunate chances of war. It forms a glorious page in the history of our artillery,—this unequal struggle, in which it seemed that it must be annihilated ; for two other horse-batteries had joined the three first despatched by the enemy ;¹ forty pieces against twelve !

General Bosquet, who never spares himself in the hour of danger, is in the midst of the balls with the artillery which is engaged. He observes these two new batteries taking their course towards the left, and at once recognises their calibre, which is small. Without doubt, they are coming to take position in advance of the others, to make their

¹ These Russian batteries, each composed of eight guns, were placed at a distance of about 850 mètres.

Two batteries of 12, and one battery *de licorne* (howitzers of about 17 centimètres calibre), on the extreme right, resting on the cliff.

On the left, two batteries of horse-artillery, calibre 6.

shot available at short distance, and our two batteries will be destroyed. But the Russian artillerymen stop on the same line as the first; unaware of the enormous blunder which they commit. At the voice of their General, at that of their brave Commandant, our gunners redouble their ardour. Already their pieces recoil in blood, at every shot that they fire against the enemy;—men and horses are strewn upon the earth;—but, happily, not one piece is seriously injured, and all are able to continue their fire.¹

XIV.—For almost an hour the combat lasts, desperate and terrible, without the soldiers being able to take part in the action, or clear the ground.

Suddenly, two regiments of Russian cavalry, supported by a battery of Horse-Artillery, threaten to turn the right of our artillery. If this movement is energetically executed, Fiévet's and Marcy's batteries, taken in flank by this battery of Horse-

¹ The artillery experienced considerable losses in men and horses. Thirty-two wheels were broken, but not one piece entirely disabled; so that they were able to continue for an hour-and-a-half this unequal combat. According to the opinions of General Bosquet and Commandant Barral, this had not been possible, but for the power and superiority of the new French system of artillery,—which has only the one calibre of 12, and throws indifferently, from every piece, balls or shells.

The old system consisted of the calibres of 8 and 12. Each battery had 4 cannon and 2 howitzers; which rendered only two-thirds of the battery available, in case only balls were to be fired, and one-third only, where shells were to be thrown.

Artillery, are in a desperate position. All the pieces could, in a few minutes, be disabled. The Commandant Barral instantly fires a few shells at the head of the column of cavalry; two or three reach the first ranks and throw them into disorder. During this time, General Bouat, who has arrived upon the plateau with his brigade and the Turkish Division, makes, by a happy inspiration, a movement in advance. The cavalry, fearing to be surrounded, turn bridle and ride off with the battery which they escorted.

XV.—But what we here recount, is but one phase in the grand drama, which was about to be enacted on the shores of the Alma.

The Divisions which form our line of battle are ranged, as follows, from right to left:—after Bosquet's Division, that of General Canrobert; then that of Prince Napoleon; and next again the Division of Sir De Lacy Evans, that of Sir George Brown, and, finally, that of the Duke of Cambridge.

General Forey commanded the reserve of the French Army,—General Cathcart that of the English.

The 1st and 3rd Divisions, commanded one by General Canrobert, the other by Prince Napoleon, were to march when the 2nd Division should have attained the heights and become really engaged.

It was a solemn moment, when all these troops, watchful and impatient, gathered thus in masses upon the plain, awaited the signal of attack.

The Russian army now displays its columns, of which, as yet, only the heads had been seen; and his lines form successively upon the slight incline which crowns the summit of the cliffs. Its movements are executed with great precision and extreme rapidity.

The Generals of Division seek the Marshal, to receive his final orders. He, pointing to the heights of the Alma, says only these words:—

“Each of you will attack straight before him, and follow, in manœuvring, the inspiration of the moment. Those heights *must* be gained!—I have no other instructions to give to men in whom I have entire confidence.”

But a few minutes have elapsed, when a gun is heard on the extreme right. Bosquet's Division is engaged! That is the signal!

Along our whole line of battle the march is sounded.

Each Division deploys its masses and advances in good order towards the borders of the Alma.

The First Division, commanded by General Canrobert, is formed in two columns. The battalions of Foot Chasseurs are in front of the 1st Brigade, which they cover with their sharp-shooters.

Colonel Bourbaki, at the head of the 1st Zouaves, is ordered to attack the hamlet situated above the village of Almatamack. In the gardens and dense plantations which form this hamlet, behind a long dry stone wall, are placed numerous Russian sharp-shooters, who open a brisk fire on the front of our foremost line, and give a warm reception to the Zouaves; but the latter, without regarding the *fusillade*, dash forward, with their brave Colonel at their head, towards the river, which is here very narrow and with precipitous banks.

The engineers excavate a trench in the bank to facilitate the descent, but before it can be completed, the first soldiers who arrive,—clinging by their hands, to the roots, shrubs, and irregularities of the surface,—slide or roll down the bank; while others swinging from the branches of the trees let themselves drop fearlessly into the river, which they cross with the water up to their waists. Presently, in every direction, the tops of the trees which border the Alma, begin to bend beneath the weight of those who cling to them; and as they fall, they carry their daring tenants to the opposing shore, as by a sort of aerial bridge.

A Russian regiment, the 33rd Moscow Regiment, rapidly descends to support its line of sharp-shooters and dispute the passage;—but a battery of the 1st

Division¹ happily directs its fire against this body and throws it into confusion. The regiment disappears,—vanishing, as it were, amid the broken ground.

The river is crossed. Our marksmen, armed with rifles, make great havoc in the hostile ranks.² The 1st and 9th battalions of Foot Chasseurs, the 7th of the Line, and the 1st regiment of Zouaves, climb with wonderful courage and celerity, and amid continuous shouts of “*Vive l'Empereur !*” the precipitous heights which separate them from the enemy ; while a shower of bullets rains upon their ranks, and strews with dead that glorious pathway, in which officers and soldiers, alike fearlessly press forward.

XVI.—During this time, the 3rd Division, commanded by Prince Napoleon, also advanced rapidly in two lines. Its sharp-shooters cover the first line, which takes its course, upon the run, towards the village of Bourliouk, which the Russian videttes have just set on fire. Upon all sides the flames

¹ The cruel sickness of the Dobrudscha had so much diminished the force of the batteries of the 1st Division, that, at the battle of the Alma, they found themselves reduced to four pieces, instead of six.

² Account of the battle of the Alma :—*Invalide Russe*.

“ From the commencement of the combat, numerous hostile sharp-shooters, armed with rifles with conical balls, made great ravages in our ranks. A great number of officers fell first—victims to these murderous weapons.”

burst forth. Enormous stacks, formed from the harvests of the plain, are congregated near the orchards and gardens,—and Cossacks are to be seen running from one to another to set them in flames.

This vast furnace of fire hides from the assailants both the enemy who fires upon them, and the distance to be traversed. It would seem as if these intrepid battalions were marching against a cloud of smoke; but the ground is disputed foot by foot. Our soldiers, to whom their officers give the example, plunge into the thickets, like wild beasts.—The Russian marksmen, placed at intervals upon the left bank of the Alma, and sheltered by the irregularities of the ground, continue their fire upon the head of the column, which pauses to ascertain the practicable fords. Balls and shells sweep the ground, and strew the soil with dead. Our artillery alone can protect the passage of the troops. The Prince himself placed in battery, on the right of the burning village, the 12 pieces of the Commandant Bertrand, in order to reply to the destructive fire which harasses his soldiers.

The 1st Brigade, under the orders of General de Monet, crosses the river at full speed, directly it is pronounced fordable. Colonel Cler is at the head of his Zouaves, and Colonel Duchateau marches, with his marines, side-by-side with those intrepid soldiers.

The two regiments soon reach the foot of the heights:—nothing checks their progress; they advance unwaveringly, while the second line, formed in the rear, under General Thomas, supports the movement. On every hand the enemy's marksmen are driven back;—when suddenly a concealed battery is unmasked, and pours a shower of grape upon the front of our troops.

XVII.—On all sides the battle rages with fury.

The Russian Army, attacked on its left, and vainly endeavouring to crush Bosquet's Division by its 40 guns, makes desperate attacks upon the centre of his position and on his right wing. Canrobert's Division struggles energetically against the formidable defences which permit the Russian artillery to do it much injury.

The batteries of this Division, to which the bed of the Alma was impassable for a great distance, had been obliged, under Commandant Huguenet, to make a large circuit, and mount the heights by the road which had been followed by the batteries of Bosquet's Division. Unfortunately, the soil was ploughed up by the passage of these two batteries;—the horses sank, the wheels became buried in the broken ground;—but the ardour and enthusiasm were such, that the force of resolute will seemed to

overcome all obstacles, and bear onward both horses and soldiers.

At length, after heroic efforts, the head of the column of the 1st Division appears upon the first heights to the right; having, at about 700 yards to its left, a building of white stone, designed for a telegraph station; which unfinished building is the centre of the hostile position.

The battalions which threaten the 1st Division, have fallen back and re-formed in squares. The Russian batteries,—against which those of the 2nd Division have so gallantly contended, for more than an hour-and-a-half,—perceiving the centre of our army about to debouch upon the heights, turns all its efforts against these new assailants.

XVIII.—The 1st Division has re-formed upon the plateau by battalion, in double column, in two lines, ready to form square, and so advance,—having the 2nd Brigade in a second line.

At this moment, thousands of bayonets are seen to glisten behind the telegraph-tower. They are those of a large body of infantry, formed in a sort of long square, which advances slowly on the west of the telegraph, under the protection of artillery. This body is not more than about 200 yards from the column of General Canrobert, behind a rising ground, and seriously endangers his operations by its terrible fire.

The General, without his artillery, (which has not yet been able to join him), sends Captain De Bar, one of his orderly-officers, to ask a battery from Bosquet's Division.

It was at this very moment, that Commandant Barral, by the General's orders, had attached his fore-carriages, in readiness to advance. He sets forward at once, with Fiévet's battery, and commences a fire of grape, at such short distance, against this hostile mass, that, at every shot, the guns make large openings in the ranks, and whole files fall, as if mown down by a blade of steel! Disorder and confusion spread in their ranks; and the Russian officers can be seen, rallying incessantly, and with invincible energy, their soldiers, thus scattered upon the field of combat and of death.¹

Shortly, one of the batteries of the 1st Division arrives at the full speed of its horses to replace Fiévet's battery; and the latter at once joins Bosquet's column, which is executing an oblique move-

¹ The destruction caused by the first fire of this battery was immense. The distance was so short, that all that passed in the hostile column could be plainly distinguished, and the disorder into which they were thrown by our artillery. A Russian officer, facing the worst of the danger, ran from rank to rank, rallying the soldiers whom this sudden attack had confused,—seizing them by the hands, and re-forming the platoons with inexpressible courage.

"The brave officer!" cried General Bosquet, carried away by that admiration which is always excited in a soldier by true courage;—"if I were near him, I would embrace him!"

ment to the right, in order to press upon the rear of the left flank of the Russians.

XIX.—With whatever rapidity we may seek to effect our recital, we cannot embrace at the same time all the phases of the battle.

While Canrobert's Division was gaining the heights, the 3rd Division, on its side, climbed them with irresistible resolution. It crosses the ravines, and attacks hand-to-hand. Monet's brigade steadily follows the direction which has been indicated. Colonel Cler, at the head of the 2nd Zouaves, attacks the very front of the ascent, occupied by three Russian battalions; he ascends the almost perpendicular bank of the Alma, under a hail of fire and lead, and reaches without pause the crest of the hill. The Russians, intimidated by this sudden attack, fall back, after a short resistance. The 3rd regiment of Marines conducts itself valiantly, and suffers severely.

Prince Napoleon sends his 2nd brigade to support General de Monet. General Thomas, at the head of the 22nd light Infantry, advances resolutely, but a ball strikes him in the groin, and places him *hors de combat*.

XX.—Placed upon a hill, the Marshal sees the whole of the movements of his army; he follows

with his eyes his valiant troops, dispersed upon different points, and climbing, under a murderous fire, the acclivities of the Alma. "Oh! my brave soldiers!" . . . cried he, often. "Worthy sons of Austerlitz and Friedland!"

He wishes to be everywhere at once; for danger is everywhere. He is no longer the sick man, exhausted by suffering. The noise of battle has revived his strength; his look flies with his thought. He hears Bosquet's cannon; he sees the 3rd Division climbing the last acclivities; he sees the battalions of the 1st crowning the heights, and marching through a torrent of grape; but he also sees, advancing against them, formidable masses; and all around him, bullets bound and shells burst.

He foresees, he divines, that it is upon this point, attacked simultaneously by those two Divisions, that the heat of the battle must now be concentrated;—that it is there, that the Russians will fight with desperation. He sends orders to General Forey, (who, placed at first on the left of Prince Napoleon's Division, to connect it with the right of the English, had proceeded, under fresh orders, with his Division of reserve, towards General Bosquet),—to despatch one of his brigades to General Canrobert, and to proceed himself, with the other, to the extreme right. The General rapidly traversed, with General de Lourmel's brigade, the village of Alma

tamack, and crossed the river; whilst d'Aurelle's brigade puts itself in motion, to rejoin the first Division. This latter brigade passes before the little **mamelon** upon which the Commander-in-Chief is placed, surrounded by all his Staff.

Directly the Marshal perceives General d'Aurelle, he cries aloud: "General, go and place yourself, without loss of an instant, at the disposition of Canrobert, who has much to do up there! I count upon you, d'Aurelle!"

The latter, for answer, waves his **képi** in the air, shouts *Vive l'Empereur!* and dashes forward in the direction which is indicated to him.

At the moment when he is about to cross the river with the 39th, which is at the head of the column, Colonel Trochu stops him by command of the Marshal, in order that the General, before involving himself in the ravines, should thoroughly reconnoitre the direction to follow, and not bewilder himself in his march.

XXI.—We will follow this column; for it is upon the spot toward which it directs its course that the most thrilling episode of the day is to take place—the capture of the telegraph.

General d'Aurelle sends, in great haste, officers to reconnoitre the ground, and to assure himself of the point on which General Canrobert is stationed;

they return, and the brigade continues its march. Very soon they arrive at the ford of the Alma, where they find a battery of artillery of the reserve, which has received orders to cross the river and ascend the heights, in order to support the Divisions of the centre; but this battery experiences great difficulties, and the delay which they occasion, may be prolonged, if the brigade waits till it has reached the other bank.

The General orders Colonel Beuret, of the 39th, not to lose time which is precious. The men directly dash forward into the ford,—without troubling themselves about the depth of the water,—and cross the river, sustaining themselves by the wheels of the pieces of artillery; as they reach the other bank, they re-form, throw their knapsacks on the ground, so that nothing may retard their march, and set off in double quick time, over the cliffs, towards the point where the building of the telegraph is situated.

There, is to be the brunt of the battle; there, the most desperate efforts of attack and defence.

On all sides we crown the plateau; but the formidable Russian forces, formed behind the telegraph, the sharp-shooters sheltered in this unfinished tower, and the batteries placed to the right and left, decimate our troops. Already, the 1st Zouaves and the 1st battalion of chasseurs of the 1st Division,

and on their left the 2nd Zouaves of the 3rd Division, exposed to a murderous fire, shelter themselves behind the undulations of the ground, and exchange with the Russians a well-sustained fire; when the two batteries of the reserve, commanded by the Commandant La Boussinière, arrive, to oppose artillery against artillery. The battery of Captain Toussaint, in order to arrive sooner, has quitted the beaten route, by a movement to the left, in the very front of the telegraph. The Zouaves, themselves, aid the pieces to climb the last ascents. They are soon placed in position and commence their fire, to which the Zouaves of the two Divisions and the Chasseurs-à-pied join a redoubled fire of musketry. Four Russian pieces almost directly attach their fore-carriages and retire. But the fire of the hostile troops, and that of the artillery placed in the rear of the telegraph, cause us very sensible losses. This position of expectation cannot be long maintained. An impetuous charge of the Russian cavalry upon this point is imminent.

XXII.—Colonel Cler, who knows the troops, resolute and inured to war, whom he commands, perceives that he can save them from entire destruction, only by one of those sacrifices which often snatch a sudden victory. For an instant, he hesi-

tates between a charge of the bayonet upon the broad front of the Russian square, and an attack upon the tower of the telegraph,—the centre and culminating point of the enemy's line. He decides in favour of the latter plan, and advancing to the front of the angle formed by the regiments; "Follow me, my Zouaves!" cried he, spurring his horse to a gallop. "To the tower! to the tower!"

All dash forward at the same time. They are the 2nd Zouaves, the 1st Zouaves, (at the head of which is Colonel Bourbaki); the Foot-chasseurs, and the 39th, which has come with Colonel Beuret and General d'Aurelle.

It is a human torrent which nothing can stem. Colonel Cler has arrived the first at the tower; all have followed him; all arrive ardent, impetuous, irresistible. It is a short struggle, but one of those sanguinary and terrible conflicts, where each man fights hand-to-hand with his enemy in deadly combat, while their arms strike fire, as they clash fiercely together. Dead and dying lie in heaps, and the feet of the combatants spurn and suffocate them.

The Russians have received this formidable shock upon the steel of their bayonets. They ask themselves, if these are men, who dare thus to rush upon death. They fight; but soon they begin to waver; and these formidable masses, menaced on all sides

by the two Divisions which advance in serried columns, break their ranks and retreat.

Colonel Cler has seized the eagle of his regiment, which he plants upon the tower with a shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Serjeant-major Fleury, of the 1st Zouaves, leaps upon the upper scaffolding of the unfinished building, and waves the flag, which sinks with the intrepid officer, struck in the forehead by a grape-shot.

The flag of the 1st Zouaves floats also upon this glorious trophy, when the fragment of a shell breaks it at the staff. Lieutenant Poitevin, colour-bearer of the 39th, rushes, in turn, from the ranks, and, in the midst of a torrent of projectiles, plants upon the tower of the telegraph the eagle of his regiment. A bullet strikes him in the chest, and lays him lifeless. Every one of these intrepid men seems to be excited by the very enthusiasm of death.

XXIII.--But already General Canrobert hastens thither, supporting, with his Division, this daring movement. He places in position, in advance, upon the left, the reserve of the artillery, which is still led amid the thickest of the danger by its impetuous Commandant La Boussinière. General d'Aurelle is near General Canrobert, and receiving his orders, when a fragment of a shell, striking the

latter upon the shoulder and chest, dashes him, senseless, from his horse.

A cry of grief escapes from every breast:—
“General Canrobert is killed !

He is transported behind the telegraph;—the officers of his Staff surround him in consternation ; but very soon the General returns to consciousness. He rises, and his first words are a demand for his horse, to return to the fight. It is brought him, and sustained by his Aide-de-camp, and with his arm in a sling, he places himself in the saddle, and reappears at the head of his battalions, which greet him with shouts of joy and enthusiasm.

XXIV.—At this moment the entire French army is upon the plateau. The 1st and 3rd Divisions re-form in order of battle, and, supported by their artillery, march rapidly forward to press the retreat, which the Russian army is effecting in good order, refusing battle on its left, menaced by General Bosquet. The latter continues his movement obliquely to the right, whilst Bouat’s and de Lourmel’s brigades, covered by the lines of the Turkish Division which extend along the sea, watch and keep in check the Russian cavalry.

The Marshal has arrived upon the plateau. He cordially congratulates Prince Napoleon who is at the head of his Division. In passing near the

Zouaves, he checks his horse, and uncovering before them, cries aloud—"Thanks, Zouaves!"

These two words thrill all hearts. Unanimous acclamations instantly answer them, and the troops continue their march.

The Marshal is watching the retreating movement of the Russian army, when General de Martimprey, Chief of the Staff, rushes from the left, and brings the news that the English, arrested in their march by a formidable artillery, decimated by a murderous fire, and menaced by enormous hostile masses, encounter serious difficulties in carrying the positions which are assigned them.

The Marshal immediately orders Prince Napoleon to execute a change of front to the left, which brings his Division upon the brink of the ravine, on the other side of which, the English struggle with extraordinary perseverance.

The movement is executed; the whole Division dashes rapidly along the heights.

The order to bear briskly to the left is also given to Generals Canrobert and Bosquet.

"*Allons aux Anglais!*" cries the Marshal, spurring his horse in the direction intimated by General de Martimprey, and commanding the artillery of reserve to follow him, in order to take the Russian battalions in flank.

Commandant de la Boussinière departs with

Toussaint's battery, at the utmost speed of its horses, and, approaching the heights, resolutely takes a position at about 400 yards from the sharpshooters. He immediately commences his fire, under a rain of balls and projectiles of all kinds; for the enemy foresaw the injury which would be inflicted upon him by this artillery, placed at so short a distance and casting showers of grape shot among his crowded masses.

* * * *

XXV.—General de Martimprey had reported truly:—the English fought with heroic courage against the formidable defences accumulated upon that position.

Obstructed by the difficulties of the ground, which had prevented them from executing their intended movement on the left, they had presented themselves boldly in the full front of the enemy, marching in order of battle, with a unity truly remarkable. Bullets, grape-shot, and shells, tore fearful openings in the ranks, which were instantly re-closed, without causing the human wall to fall back one single step; although forced to advance slowly under that murderous fire and leaving on its path long traces of blood.

Brown's Division performs prodigies of valour. It hears the thunder of 18 heavy guns, and sees one of its regiments (the 23rd of the line) almost anni-

hilated. Major Norcott has carried a redoubt, but with his mutilated force is compelled to fall back, when the Duke of Cambridge, who has this instant succeeded in passing the river with his whole Division, presses forward to support the movement.

Pressed at once by the Duke's Division, by that of Sir De Lacy Evans and by Brown's which sustains the reserve,—the Russians, supported by their left, bend their final efforts toward the heights which face the burning village ;—and three columns, which have preserved their line of battle on the right, assail at the same moment the English forces. The latter receive the shock with indomitable firmness, but without being able to gain an inch of ground. It is at this moment, that the battery directed by the Commandant La Boussinière, takes the Russian masses in flank, and throws them into disorder, by his discharges of grape and shell.

The English redouble at the same time the exertion of both their energy and their firmness. While the brigade of Foot Guards, under the orders of Major General Bentinck, drives back the enemy from the heights, the brigade of Highlanders, commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, advances in admirable order, which is not for one moment disturbed by the terrible and redoubled fire of the Russian

musketry and artillery. One would imagine, to see this body of men, so cool and so precise in their movements, that they were manœuvring at a review, rather than under the fearful hail of the battle-field ! They march upon the left of the Russian redout, while the Guards climb the other side. Arrived within a hundred yards, the Highlanders pour upon the enemy one volley at point-blank range, and dash upon them with the bayonet. Heaps of dead strew the ground.

Brown's Light Division, after having heroically overcome obstacles seemingly insurmountable, also appears upon the brow of the heights ; thus threatening to surround the enemy.

Marshal St. Arnaud despatches an aide-de-camp to arrest the march of the Divisions which he had ordered to move to the support of the English ; the succours which they were about to afford having become unnecessary.

XXVI.—The battle is won !

The position of the heights of the Alma belonged entirely to the allies, and the Russian army, having its left wing outflanked, and being pressed at the same time upon the centre and right wing ; no longer able to maintain itself upon any point whatever, and enfeebled by enormous losses ; began to retreat throughout its whole line of battle ; march-

ing upon the Katcha, and leaving the soil strewn with its dead and wounded.¹

On all sides, the Russian battalions are seen to rally in the plain. General Bosquet is not able to bring his infantry enough in advance, for its fire to reach the retreating enemy ; but his artillery, placed upon favourable points, throws disorder amid the vanquished, by firing round shot upon the squares, formed by the regiments in mass, which cover the acclivities. The horizontal ground permitting our balls to reach the Russians at a long distance, caused them considerable losses.

Four hours had scarcely elapsed, and the Prince Menschikoff retreated, expelled from positions which he had considered inaccessible ; driven behind those heights, where he thought to hold us for so long a time ; he who, in his disdainful pride, had invited some ladies to be present, in carriages and

¹ The *Invalide Russe* announces, in these terms, the affair of the Alma :—

“The Aide-de-Camp General Prince Menschikoff has reported to His Majesty, that on the 8th (20th) of September, an Anglo-French corps descended upon the Crimea, and approached the position which we occupied upon the river Alma, near to the village of Bourliouk. Our troops repulsed, during several hours, the obstinate attacks of the enemy. Nevertheless, menaced upon the two wings by the numerous forces of the latter, and particularly by his vessels, they retired, towards the evening, beyond the river Katcha, and, on the next day, took up a position in front of Sebastopol.

“After having taken all his measures for the defence, Prince Menschikoff was preparing himself to oppose an energetic resistance to the enemy, in case the latter should attack him anew.”

on horseback, at the rout of the allied armies! In wishing to offer them the glorious spectacle of a victory, he but gave them the bitter and cruel tableau of a sudden defeat.¹

No one could describe the irresistible dash of the troops, during this memorable day, or that warlike ardour which boiled in the veins of the soldiers and officers. What heroic traits, what sublime deaths, have remained obscure and unrecorded!

During the battle, when the Marshal galloped from one point to another, the wounded, as he passed, half rising and seeking to drag themselves towards him,—while waving in the air their mutilated arms, cried—

“We have them, Marshal! we have them! . . .”

The enthusiasm of battle blended with the enthusiasm of victory.

It was the first time that the cannon of France had thundered in this war. The enemy, astounded, re-

¹ No fact more curious proves the blind confidence of the Russians in their position upon the heights of the Alma. One of the Generals, who was present at this battle, has told us, that at the moment when the extreme rear-guard of Prince Menschikoff made its movement in retreat, there could be seen, driving off at full gallop, caleches filled with ladies, as well as ladies on horseback, who had come to be present at the certain triumph of the Russian army. But, by a strange fatality, a shell burst in the midst of the Russian body. It continued nevertheless to effect its movement, leaving behind the dead and wounded who had been struck by the fragments of this projectile. Two carriages halted and returned to the place where the wounded lay; some men descended, transported the wounded into the carriages, and departed at full gallop.

treated without endeavouring to interrupt our march, and without even defending those other passes, which might have been made to cost us much blood.

The distinctive genius of the French and English nations, and the individual character of each people, were strikingly manifested on this occasion. While our soldiers and our artillery dashed forward, borne on by an irresistible impulse, surmounting all obstacles, and climbing with desperate activity the steepest precipices;—our allies, in admirable line of battle, marched with their usual step, extinguishing the fire of the formidable positions which they had to carry, without slackening or accelerating their march,—and facing every difficulty in front, rather than seeking to attack it in flank. An heroic error, which inscribes glorious names upon the page of history, but inscribes them upon the records of the dead.

XXVII.—A little episode, of which much has been said, terminated the battle. It was the capture of the carriage of Prince Menschikoff.

The Russian army was in retreat; the two horse-batteries of the reserve had gone to the front, to oppose the charges of cavalry, which were apprehended on the part of the Russians, and by which, no doubt, they would seek to cover their retrograde movement.

The Commandant de la Boussinière was *en batterie* in this position, when he saw a carriage, drawn by three horses abreast, come into view, at about 600 yards distance. This carriage was coming in a straight line, and at the utmost speed of its horses. Directly the persons who accompanied it recognised the French artillery, they endeavoured to alter their course; but the Commandant pursued them instantly with twenty artillerymen, thinking they might be bringing a courier from Sebastopol, and overtook the carriage, when it was not more than 100 yards from the Russian squadrons;—from whom a rising ground had at first hidden the various incidents of this scene.

These squadrons made no movement in advance, nor did they attempt to rescue the carriage.

It contained five persons, who endeavoured to defend themselves, and, at first, fired upon the artillerymen, who returned the fire, and wounded one of their number. All resistance was useless. The artillerymen seized the heads of the horses, made them retrace their road, and took the carriage immediately to the General Head-Quarters, with the prisoners which it contained.¹

¹ This little episode of the battle,—which was not without importance, since this carriage belonged to Prince Menschikoff himself, and contained some very curious papers,—was recounted to us, as we have written it, by the Commandant de la Boussinière, in person.

XXVIII.—On all points, the battle was terminated. It was then half-past five. If the English cavalry, commanded by Lord Lucan, had not become bewildered in the marshes of the Alma, they would have been of immense service, at the close of the battle, and have greatly augmented the number of prisoners remaining in our hands.

“If I had had some cavalry,” (writes the Marshal, in his Journal, under date of the 20th,) “Prince Menschikoff would no longer have an army;—but”

The Marshal sent one of his orderly officers to prepare his bivouac on the field of battle itself, near the tower of “the Telegraph;”—as if he had wished to render special honour to that spot, witness, a few hours before, of the desperate efforts of our brave troops and their irresistible daring. But the ground to be traversed was so rough, so steep, so difficult, that the Marshal’s baggage and his tents, did not reach the appointed place until nine o’clock in the evening.

The Marshal was exhausted. Since twelve o’clock he had been on horseback, galloping to every point of the field which required his presence,—borne, as it were, here and there, by the waves of the combat.

“I am satisfied with my Staff,” writes he to his wife, in his private correspondence;—“I have made them all hear both bullets and balls.”

Nevertheless, the Marshal, before taking any rest, would pass along the front of the troops.

Such an hour is always solemn and grave. The living are standing in the midst of the dead; the vacant places are not yet filled, and many officers are wanting at the head of their soldiers.

This review, amidst the still smoking and bleeding relics of the battle, had an aspect at once terrible and grand. The dead were almost all extended upon their firelocks, as if they had wished still to retain those weapons, which, living, no one would ever have taken from them. Their pale faces had that calm, and almost smiling expression, which Death, when it is instantaneous, ordinarily imprints upon the human countenance. An expression of alarm was perceptible in the eyes of the wounded Russians, when the French soldiers approached them; but this involuntary terror was not of long duration.

XXIX.—The Russian and French dead were removed from a small area, in the rear of the telegraph; they placed two camp-trunks, to shelter the Commander-in-Chief from the wind. A truss of hay was spread, and upon the hay a Spahi's red mantle. Upon this extempore camp-bed the Marshal laid himself. The persons who thus saw him, upon the field of battle, still enveloped in the bloody

smoke of the combat, will never forget the profoundly painful impression which they experienced, in seeing that countenance, so cruelly furrowed by a disease which appeared to have awaited but the close of the combat, again to seize its victim. The voice of the Marshal was feeble and broken. He could hardly be heard; but the exhaustion affected only his physical frame; his moral energy was still unimpaired.

At times, he half raised himself, to give precise orders, and to be informed of the dispositions made for the encampment of the troops.

Towards ten o'clock his installation was achieved. His quarters were composed of two tents, in the one of which he slept and worked, while the other served him as a dining-room, and for the reception of his officers.¹ This night was to him the same as all nights,—without sleep; but also without suffering; the joy of the victory stifled the pain in his breast.

XXX.—We read in his Journal, under date of

¹ JOURNAL OF THE MARSHAL.

“At six o'clock in the evening, the army is established at the bivouac, upon the field of battle, strewn with Russian dead.

“My tent is upon the site of that of Prince Menschikoff, who believed himself so certain of arresting our progress, that he had retained his carriage. I have captured it, with his correspondence, which is very curious, and will be of use to me.”

the 20th of September: "Glorious day! The Napoleon dynasty has grown older by twenty years! Our soldiers are, always, the French of Austerlitz and of Jena."

In the night which followed the battle of the Alma, he wrote to the Emperor:—

"Your Majesty's cannon have spoken;—we have gained a complete victory. It is a great day, Sire, to add to the military festivals of France; and your Majesty will have yet another name to join to the victories which adorn the flag of the French army."

He wrote to the army:

"Soldiers! France and the Emperor will be satisfied with you. At Alma, you have proved to the Russians that you are the worthy sons of the victors of Eylau and of the Moskowa."

He wrote to his wife:—

"Victory! victory! my beloved Louise! Yesterday, the 20th of September, I completely defeated the Russians; I carried formidable positions, defended by more than 40,000 men, who fought well; but nothing could resist the French charge and the order and firmness of the English. Adieu, my Louise;—Heaven protects us."

But in the midst of the first pride of his triumph, —after so many struggles, so many obstacles, so much overwhelming resistance, so many apprehen-

sions and so much bitterness,—what sad and painful thoughts must have assailed him, when he felt that life was ebbing away ;—for it was but by the power of a feverish excitement that he was able to sustain his strength.

“Another day like this, my dear Cabrol,” said he, the next morning, to his Doctor, who came to inquire after him, “and I should have no more need of a physician. I cannot say that I have slept, but I have not suffered ; and I have profited by this to write to the Emperor.”

Did he wish to blind the eyes of his Doctor, or did he deceive himself?

XXXI.—It is a sad, but interesting and memorable study, to follow to the last hour, (at present so near,) this struggle of the will with death ; this strength of energy against exhaustion. It is a thrilling and heroic picture,—unknown, perhaps, in the annals of war,—that of a Marshal of France dragging himself step-by-step along the field of battle, to fight till the very hour of his final agony.

On the next day ; all had been prepared for a mass in the second tent of the Marshal. At half-past nine, it was read by the Abbé Parabère, before his Staff and several General Officers. All those who were present listened to it with pious attention ; for the thought of God is never distant

from those whom death may strike at any hour; and had they not all occasion to render thanks to Heaven?

The Marshal remained kneeling during the performance of the mass, his head supported upon his clasped hands. God alone knows the thoughts which pressed upon that spirit, so soon about to ascend to Heaven.

XXXII.—On the day of a battle, the intoxication and the smoke of the combat enwrap and cover everything;—through the one and the other, nothing is seen but the victory. It is on the morrow that the true results are known;—the losses as well as the gains. On the morrow are learnt all those glorious names, which are to be thenceforward inscribed only upon the tomb; while sadly and in silence that field is seen, strewn with dead and with shattered fragments of arms, which was, but yesterday, so joyous, so animated, so full of life.

“To-morrow,” writes the Marshal, in that Journal, in which he hastily notes down all his thoughts and impressions;—“to-morrow, the reverse of the medal! The wounded, the wounds, which we shall have to reckon! Victory should remain for ever free from regrets,—but it is impossible!” Every victory costs its price;—in blood here, in tears there;—and each strikes its own balance-sheet.

The balance-sheet in this instance was glorious for our arms. Four or five thousand Russians strewed the soil, scattered amid knapsacks and muskets abandoned on the field;—and our ambulances were filled with their wounded, who were despatched, successively, to Constantinople, with our own.¹

The whole of the 21st was devoted to the renewal of supplies, the interment of the dead, and the removal of the wounded. The dead belonging to the Russians received (it should be known) the same sepulture as ours; while their wounded, mingled with our own, were watched with the same care, and received the same alleviations of their sufferings. For the dead, a knapsack, or a Russian

¹ The losses of the French army, at the battle of the Alma, were:—3 officers killed, and 54 wounded;—253 non-commissioned officers and privates killed, and 1,033 wounded. Total, 1,343, killed or disabled.

In the English army, the number of dead rose, in all, to 26 officers, 19 serjeants and corporals, 2 drummers, 306 privates, and 26 horses. The wounded were, 73 officers, 95 non-commissioned officers, 17 drummers, and 1,427 privates. Two drummers and 16 privates were missing. Total, 1,983 killed or disabled.

The losses of the Russian army are thus estimated in the report of the battle published by the *Invalides Russes*.

“ We had 1,762 men killed, and 2,315 wounded, and 405 have received contusions. 45 officers (superior and subaltern) are among the dead. Among the wounded, are 5 Generals:—Lieutenant-General Kvitsinsky, Chief of the 16th Division,—Major-General Stchelkanoff, commanding a Brigade of the same Division,—Major-General Goguinooff, commanding a Brigade of the 17th Division,—Major-General Kourtianoff, commanding the Moscow Regiment of Infantry,—and 96 superior and subaltern officers. Total, 4,482 killed or disabled.

jacket, thrown upon many a grave, indicated the only difference which was made.

The intention of the Marshal had been to advance, on the morning of the 22nd, upon the Katcha, in the hope of again encountering the enemy, and a second time giving them a speedy defeat.

But on the morrow our allies were not ready, and compelled us to remain upon the field of battle.¹ We placed at their disposition, mules and *cacolets* for the transport of their wounded.

The English, intrepid and indefatigable in action, appear not to understand the vast importance of a day, or an hour of delay, in a warlike operation. They either know not how to hurry themselves, or will not do it. "I have lost fewer men than they," writes the Marshal, "because I have been more rapid. My soldiers run;—theirs march."

¹ *Letter from the Marshal to his Brother.—22nd September.*

"The English are not yet ready; and I am detained here, as at Baltchick, and as at Old-Fort. It is true, however, that they have more wounded than I, and that they are further from the sea."

JOURNAL OF THE MARSHAL.

"22nd. What tardiness in our movements! War cannot be well made, in this way!

"The weather is admirable, and I take advantage of it;—I become enraged!—I have sent to the Katcha to see if the Russians have halted. It seems that their army is so demoralized, that they have re-entered Sebastopol. This lessens my regrets. The removal of the wounded continues. The Russians have lost a great many superior officers. Deserters arrive, who give us information. We have more than 1,000 prisoners, and a General of Division. Canrobert is doing well. Departure, tomorrow, at 7 o'clock in the morning."

The troops were impatient to advance and to fight.

XXXIII.—“The unpopular Expedition,”—(to use the expression so often repeated),—against which so much opposition had been raised at Varna, now united all hopes, and almost all convictions. Doubt had been overthrown on the battle-field of the Alma ;—and besides,—doubt or faith,—there could be but one voice in the French army in face of the enemy. The abandonment by the Russians of the formidable positions, which they had believed themselves able to hold for months,—the dead, the wrecks of battle, the smell of powder,—the splendid spectacle of all these troops dashing onward to the fight, not like men but like lions,—(as Lord Raglan had said ;)—emulation, national pride, and the glory of the nation, dependent upon the Imperial Eagles,—all this excited every imagination, and electrified every heart, from the soldiers to the Generals. The enthusiasm was universal. The moment the Commander-in-Chief appeared,—from every side, from every rank, from every lip, burst the unanimous cry—“Vive l’Empereur ! Vive le Maréchal !”

“At this moment,” writes he, “I could lead the army to the end of the world. They are attached to me, and have great confidence in me.¹ Now,

¹ Letter from the Marshal to M. Leroy de Saint-Arnaud, Councillor of State ; 22nd September. 1854.

every one is of my opinion, in the armies and in the fleets. The change has been sudden. It commenced on the 14th; it broke out into acclamations on the 20th;—and to-day, I am a great man! So goes the world!”

If, profiting by the demoralization which this sudden and unexpected victory had spread among the Russian soldiers, we had marched upon their rear, without loss of a day or an hour, perhaps we should have obtained results more immediate;—but did the state of the troops permit it? The dead, the wounded, the fatigue of a long passage, and of a day of battle, after the scarcely effaced ravages of the cholera;—the absence of cavalry;—two armies marching in concert, and requiring, therefore, to regulate their movements in common; such were the undeniable difficulties, the material obstacles, of which it was impossible to avoid taking account, and which must always be liable to arise, when troops are not subject to one sole commander.

Certainly, the English army had given, at the Alma, incontestable proofs of singular bravery and of unassailable firmness in front of the enemy;—but it was completely wanting in pliability (*mobilité*).

The 22nd was another lost day.

XXXIV.—On the 23rd, at seven o'clock in the

morning, the army resumed its march ; the soldiers taking with them provisions for seven days.

Divers reconnaissances, pushed as far as the Katcha, had discovered no disposition for defence on this river, on the part of the enemy.

The 4th Division is in the first line, on the left of the 3rd Division, and to the right of the English army. The 1st Division forms the reserve, and marches in two lines, by Brigade.

The country which is traversed,—at first mountainous, and afterward slightly undulating,—descends, in gentle slopes, towards the Katcha. The march is easy ;—being over long unbroken plains. The gaiety of the soldiers finds vent, at every moment, in laughter, in songs, and merriment. No one, seeing this army, could imagine that it was marching through an unknown and hostile country, where an enemy might rise from the earth at any step of its progress. Hares, surprised upon their forms, fly in affright through our lines, and the soldiers catch great numbers of them.

A part of the troops traverse the Katcha, at a ford which has been discovered ; the other portion, with the artillery and the ambulances, cross by a bridge in the centre of the position.¹

¹ The river presents exactly the same character, the same confinement between its banks, as the Alma. This is not, however, effected by abrupt cliffs, but by a chain of low hills, which form, above the level of the right

The plain, which exists between this river and the Belbeck, is elevated, and terminated towards the north by abrupt declivities and ravines, which give to the country an aspect at once picturesque and irregular. Gardens abound on all sides ;—the trees are loaded with fruit, the plants glowing with flowers.

The troops bivouac upon the wooded heights, which extend to the sea and overlook the valley.

Fires are speedily lighted ;—tents rise rapidly, beneath the hands of our active soldiers ;—the camp is formed.

The fleets, coasting the shore between the Alma and the Katcha, have accompanied the army ; and cast anchor the same day, in view of the place where the troops have established themselves.

XXXV.—The health of the Marshal sustained itself, (as he himself said,) between the pressure of disease and of duty. He struggled, with an indefatigable endurance ; and, at times, the malady, like a conscious being, seemed to retire, before so much courage and so much resistance.

bank, the elevation of the left. Here, again, the Russians made no attempt to obstruct our passage, which was achieved without striking a blow. Nevertheless, the broken slopes on the left bank, covered with wood, presented great obstacles to the passage of the army ; and if the enemy had defended them, they would not have been carried by the allied armies without serious loss.

At every moment, Russian deserters gave us fresh details respecting the hostile army. They said, that "it had entered Sebastopol in disorder; halting neither at the Katcha, the defence of which offered, like the Alma, great advantages of position,—nor at the Belbeck, the bridges over which they had destroyed."¹

XXXVI.—It was in the evening, that Admiral Hamelin caused the Marshal to be informed of the desperate resolution which the Russians had adopted, of sinking, at the entrance of their harbour of Sebastopol, five ships of the line and two frigates.²

¹ *Letter from the Marshal.*

"24th September.

"I have found no one upon my road but the dead, the wounded, and the traces of their flying army."

* On the second day after the battle of the Alma, Admiral Hamelin sent the *Roland*, commanded by Captain De La Roncière Le Noury, to reconnoitre. This vessel pushed its reconnaissance to the very entrance of Sebastopol, and ascertained that seven vessels were anchored at the opening of the harbour between the batteries of Constantine and Alexander; and that these vessels were chained one to another. Great was the delight throughout the fleet;—the Russians were, at last, about to accept that naval battle so much desired, so long awaited! The night was passed in a fever of impatience; but on the following morning, at daybreak,—at the moment when the fleet, doubling the cape of Loukoul, made sail towards Sebastopol,—several violent explosions were suddenly heard in the harbour; and on approaching, from the Katcha, the Russian vessels, moored at the entrance, were distinctly seen from the fleet to disappear successively beneath the waters. Very soon only the tops of their masts remained visible above the waves, which murmured as they broke against this unaccustomed barrier.

The *Roland* immediately approached to reconnoitre, and found that

“They have committed an act of desperation ;” writes the Marshal. This final resolution to thus, themselves, annihilate a portion of their fleet,—was it dictated by despair, or was it inspired by a flash of genius?—(For the results obtained alter, greatly, the view which should be taken of an event). Whatever the origin of this sudden determination, it certainly powerfully assisted the defence, and deranged our plan of attack, in depriving us of the assistance which we were to expect from the allied fleets;—by rendering it impossible for them to force the entrance of the harbour.¹

these vessels were those the position of which she had ascertained on the previous day. The Russians had sunk seven ships, whose engulfed hulks encumbered the entrance of the harbour; leaving passage for but one vessel, which could pass this barrier only in zig-zag. No one had imagined that the Russians would be willing to obstruct their harbour, and barricade its entrance, by thus, themselves, sacrificing a part of their fleet.

In examining numerous letters, we find, in one from Colonel Lagondie, (detached in attendance upon Lord Raglan,) this paragraph, written on the 25th June 1854, at Varna.

“Some English sailors talk of trying at Sebastopol, a project, which would be of even easier execution at Cronstadt. It would consist of sinking, at the entrance of the harbour, in the narrowest part of the passage, some hulks of vessels, laden with rocks and stones; and thus shutting in the Russian fleets.”

Three months afterward, the enemy himself adopts this same project, as a defence against us!

¹ *Report of Vice-Admiral Hamelin.*

Ville de Paris, off the Katcha; Sept. 27th, 1854.

“In fact, it had been in some sort admitted, that Fort Constantine once taken, and the raised batteries on the north captured, the fleets,

Moreover, it was ascertained that the enemy had constructed works, which commanded the entrance of the river, and prevented the landing, there, of troops, provisions, or *matériel*; and that some exterior defences had been recently erected around Fort Constantine, to render its approaches difficult and deadly.

The two Commanders-in-Chief consulted; and decided, that, in face of the new situation thus created, they must abandon the plan of attack by the North,—turn Sebastopol by the East,—take possession of Balaklava by land,—and throw the army to the South of the town, in order to attack it on that side.¹

XXXVII.—In order to arrive at this result, the army would have to make a flank march; a strategic movement which was not without danger; but

then entering the harbour, by breaking the booms, would not only complete the work of the army by attacking the Southern batteries, but would offer a sure assistance to that army, in the very harbour of Sebastopol."

¹ JOURNAL OF THE MARSHAL.

23rd. The Russians have blocked up the entrance of their port. I shall probably go to the South. I am waiting for the opinion of Lord Raglan and of the English, for the movement of to-morrow.

"24th. Magnificent weather. The Russians have blown up the bridges on the Belbeck; it is their right.

"We march at eleven o'clock. We shall turn the positions and batteries on the left. It is necessary to profit by the state of demoralization of the enemy, and to arrive at the bivouac at five o'clock in the evening."

sudden decisions and audacious resolutions were the instinct of the Marshal. Beside which, the demoralization of the enemy's army, which appeared to have vanished like a phantom since the battle of the Alma,—the precipitation of his retreat upon Sebastopol,—the voluntary abandonment of places which he could have defended with advantage, and the importance of which could not have escaped him,—the certainty that the Russians, deceived by our first project of attack, could not await us on that side;—all led to this resolution.

We have given, above, the reasons which rendered the attack upon the North, difficult and dangerous, in face of the obstacles newly arisen. Towards the South, we could intrench ourselves solidly in the peninsula of the Chersonesus, which is, as it were, the very extremity of the Crimea.

The fleets, from which the army could not separate itself without danger, would find shelter from the tempests of the Black Sea, either at Balaklava, or in the bays of Kamiesch, Kazath, and Streletzka. A free communication with the sea would be preserved, and the allied armies could take a defensive position, which, while still permitting them to lay siege to the town, would protect them against any relieving army of the enemy. The latter, it is true, remained master of the country and of his communications; but neither would the placing of

our army on the North, have closed them to him. On the North, as on the South, this condition, so essential to a siege, could not be fulfilled; and it would have required, in order to do so, an army much more considerable than that of which the allies had the disposal.

This plan, of transferring our operations to Balaklava, offered (as may be seen) many chances of success, and was compatible with the existing condition of the army. In fact, two or three days would suffice to reach Balaklava, and the men had still with them provisions for six days. It was a change of the base of operations, audacious, perhaps, but not imprudent, considering the ardour of the troops, the confidence which they had in themselves, and that first success of the Alma, which had demonstrated to us, that the Russians could not stand before us, even when entrenched behind formidable positions.

Such is the *resumé* of the conference of the Katcha. At nine o'clock in the evening the Generals separated; the resolution was taken.

XXXVIII.—The moral energy of the Marshal increased under these difficulties. He passed a night, tranquil to all appearance, but agitated by thought.

The troops commenced to move at nine o'clock

in the morning. The thing to be accomplished, was, to traverse the deep valley of the Belbeck and gain the heights beyond that river.

The 4th Division, in two columns, marches in advance, taking an oblique direction towards the left. It forms the first *échelon* of the French army, the 1st and 3rd divisions of which march successively in the same order, at the head of the column on the right. The 2nd Division and the Turkish Division form the rear-guard.

The English army is on the left of the 4th Division, and marches in column.¹

The country is flat and open, the march easy, and without obstacle; the enemy does not appear on any point. In the middle of the day, the army halts for about an hour; for fear of fatiguing the men. A few cases of cholera are declared in the ambulances, and create a fear that the terrible scourge has not yet spoken its last word.

At half-past one, the army resumes its oblique march, in *échelons*, in order to reach the crests of

¹ JOURNAL OF THE MARSHAL.

"25th. The English are to march first, and do not move until nine o'clock.

"There is but one route; I shall not start till twelve o'clock, and arrive very late upon the Tchernaya. The deserters say that General Gortchakoff wishes to bar the passage to me; they have come out from Sebastopol in bodies of 10,000 to 15,000 men. I shall beat them. There is no time to lose; it is necessary to take possession of Balaklava. I have only provisions for five days."

the hills which border the right bank of the Belbeck, the slopes of which are very abrupt.

They soon reach the valley of the Belbeck. This fertile valley offers a splendid and smiling aspect; there are flowers scattered here and there by the hand of God; trees covered with fruit, the heavy branches of which bend almost to the ground. Each soldier carries at the end of his gun the result of some theft from these riches of the earth.¹ Here, rises a superb villa, displaying with pride its magnificent garden and park, with its venerable trees. Everywhere, in this splendid property of a Russian Prince, there are traces of disorder;² for the Russian army of the Alma has passed by. But, in the midst of broken doors and windows, and amid uprooted plants, there is still to be found all that attests actual life, suddenly interrupted living; mementos, escaped by miracle from a destruction which our soldiers, alas! completed.

¹ "It is difficult," said a writer from the Crimea, "to imagine a more delicious valley, richer plantations, or more abundant vegetation. It is a continual succession of gardens, intermingled with chateaux, parks, and charming little villas. But, almost everywhere, disorder and devastation already reign. All the villages have been burned, and in the distant horizon, these fires can be seen, at times, sending high into the air thick clouds of smoke."

² The following are the last lines of *The Journal of the Marshal*, written with a trembling hand:—"25th. A few cases of cholera. Weather, tempestuous. I suffer much. The house of General Bibikoff has been sacked and burned. Bad!"

Here ends this Journal.

“Nothing was more sad,” said an officer to us, “than the abandonment of this superb villa, and the destruction of all these beautiful things. You may judge whether or not our soldiers laid heavy hands upon what remained to destroy. Our Zouaves, above all, distinguished themselves by the same ardour and impulsiveness in destruction, as in combat. I entered a small boudoir; one would have said that the inhabitants had quitted it but a few minutes before; fresh-cut flowers were still in the vases upon the chimney. Upon a round table lay some numbers of the journal *l'Illustration*, a writing-desk, pens, paper, and an unfinished letter. It was the letter of a young girl; she wrote to her affianced, who was fighting at the Alma; she spoke to him of victory, of success, with that confidence which was in all hearts, and was to be especially expected in that of a young girl. The cruel reality had interrupted all this;—letters, illusions, hopes.”

In the evening, the Zouaves brought to the Marshal, before his tent, the complete furniture of a small *salon*, from which he chose a little table, which he designed for Madame de Saint-Arnaud.

“They have invaded the house of Prince Bibikoff,” wrote the Marshal to her; “you will have a small table, which belonged to the Princess; a souvenir of the war of the Crimea.”

XXXIX.—A part of the army follows the road which conducts to Sebastopol, passing by Inkermann, and crossed the Belbeck by a stone bridge; another traverses it also, one half at the ford, one half by a wooden bridge,—bearing towards the right, and then returning directly to the road, which now buries itself in the ravines, and now ascends the slopes of hills.

Whilst the 4th Division, which has passed the crests of the heights, establishes its bivouac in the midst of the woods, the other Divisions encamp upon the heights themselves.

The army had turned all the positions of the enemy, and had passed six kilomètres above the points where the Russians had raised some strong batteries.

“We see Sebastopol,” writes the Marshal. “From the camp of the Belbeck and from the town, they can perceive the fires of our bivouacs, which extend for nearly three leagues.”

It is upon leaving this bivouac that the flank movement of the Allied armies is to commence.

Instructions are again repeated to every corps; for it is necessary to execute this flank march through thick woods, in the midst of which, it is difficult to preserve an exact direction.

The English army is to hold the advanced-guard. The French army marches in the following order:

the 3rd, 2nd, and 1st Divisions on the right of the road, in two columns by brigade; the 4th Division at one kilomètre farther off, having in its rear the Turkish Division. General Canrobert takes the command of the column on the right; General Forey of that upon the left.

XL.—The journey to be performed was from 18 to 20 kilomètres,¹ in a perpetually wooded country, offering great difficulties. The order of departure had been given for six o'clock in the morning; but it was necessary to wait till the English (taking with them an immense quantity of baggage, and arabas loaded beyond measure and drawn by oxen or buffaloes) had ceased to defile. Our army, therefore, could not move until 12 o'clock.

On the preceding night, a new disease had come to aggravate the state of suffering of the Marshal. Doctor Cabrol had recognised the first symptoms of cholera. At the moment of departure, they were forced to carry him to the carriage.²

¹ About 12 or 13 English miles.—TRANSLATOR.

² During the night, the cholera had made such rapid progress, that the greatest uneasiness was felt for the life of the Marshal. In the morning, however, a change for the better took place, and the Marshal, with that energy which was habitual to him, wished still to struggle onward; he felt that, from the day when he should bow his head before the disease, all was lost.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Prince Napoleon and Lord Raglan,

“There was but one road, in the direction which we were obliged to take,” wrote Lord Raglan in his report. “This road was reserved for the artillery and cavalry; the infantry, directed by compass, was obliged to make a road for itself. The artillery of the Light Division marched as long as it could do so; but when the wood became utterly impracticable, they were obliged to re-enter the beaten road.”

The French army followed the English, in their narrow and obscure path. Very soon the thickness of the forest became such, that the men could scarcely see one another through the inextricable copsewood.

The English 1st Division, without a guide, hesitates, loses its way, and marches at hazard. In consequence of this hesitation, our columns pause, our carriages become entangled, the artillery is crowded in a clearing, and all the French army halts, waiting till the English army has left the road free.

This halt lasts for four hours.

both of them acquainted with the state of the Commander-in-Chief, came to see him. His horse was saddled before his tent. “I am better, much better,” said the Marshal, on perceiving them.

Despite the remonstrances which were addressed to him, he wished to mount his horse. But his strength failed him; he silently inclined his head, and allowed himself to be carried to a carriage. It was that of Prince Menschikoff, which had been taken after the battle of the Alma.

At the point where this halt occurs, the road makes a sharp turn to the left, to encircle the bay of Sebastopol. The order is given for the army to advance in a single column.¹

XLI.—It is nearly six o'clock ; the march, always slow and painful, is constantly retarded by obstacles ; while night is not slow in coming in these thick woods, where the last rays of the dying sunlight can scarcely penetrate, and intense darkness follows. The Moon, that protectress of the night, cannot send her rays through the closely-entwined branches, and thick fog envelops the sky.

When the head of the English column, consisting of the Head-Quarters of the army, had quitted the forest, it suddenly found itself on the heights of Mackenzie's farm, upon the flank and rear of a Russian Division, which was marching upon Baktchi-Seraï. Lord Raglan lost no time in advancing his cavalry and charging the Russian Division ; which immediately retreated, leaving some killed and wounded upon the ground, twenty-five waggons with munitions of war, some baggage, and a few

¹ The army takes the following order in advancing across the woods : 3rd and 2nd Divisions ; artillery of the reserve : 1st Division ; baggage, cattle, impedimenta ; 4th Division and Turkish Division.

The batteries of artillery of the 4th Division march between the two brigades.

prisoners, among whom was a captain of artillery.¹

After this little engagement, the column of the advanced guard proceeded on its march, descending by a steep and broken pass into a vast plain where flows the Tchernaya.

XLII.—The difficulties of the road to be traversed, and the tardiness in our movements which had necessarily resulted from it, no longer permitting us to think of establishing our bivouac in the valley of the Tchernaya, where the advanced guard of the English army had preceded us, the camp was installed near the village of Mackenzie, upon an extent of ground almost entirely devoid of resources. With the exception of two or three wells, which were very soon exhausted, nothing was to be found; and the privation of water made itself so cruelly felt, that this bivouac was called by the soldiers, "*the camp of thirst*;" a surname which it has retained, and by which,—in speaking of that day's march,—it is invariably designated.

The weather was very bad, and the fog had changed into a fine rain.

¹ This Division formed the extreme rear-guard of the army of Prince Menschikoff; which, returning in great haste to Sebastopol, after the battle of the Alma, had re-occupied the town, reinforced the garrison, and marched upon Baktchi-Seraï.

It was not until the middle of the night, (near three o'clock in the morning,) that the Division forming the rear-guard reached the bivouac, having had its march often obstructed by that immense series of arabas, mules, oxen, and broken waggons, which entangled themselves in terrible disorder, in the narrow defiles, and embarrassed the passage.

XLIII.—This long and wearisome day had cruelly fatigued the Marshal, and he had suffered from more visible and more violent attacks of cholera. Doctor Cabrol,—whose devotion never slackened for a single day, nor a single hour,—still struggled against this terrible disease with energy and pertinacity.

The Marshal exerted himself beyond his strength, in order to keep himself informed concerning the army, of which he was the Chief; to occupy himself with its well-being, to give orders, and anticipate the chances of a perilous situation; but the disease subdued the energy of even his will, and his ideas were extinguished in their conception, and his words upon his lips.

During the night the exhaustion of his forces became such, that Doctor Cabrol expressed the greatest anxiety to Colonel Trochu, the Private Secretary and first Aide-de-Camp of the Marshal.

XLIV.—There was now a sad task for the Colonel to fulfil; one of those painful and difficult missions, for the accomplishment of which, strength is found only in the consciousness of duty.

It was still night, when the Colonel entered the tent of the Marshal.

To the excessive weakness there had succeeded a sort of nervous excitement. His heavy eyelids were raised occasionally, revealing a glance in which shone only a feverish light. Death had already stamped its fatal impress upon that bold visage, the paleness of which had now become fearful.

“Monsieur le Maréchal,” said the Colonel, abruptly, and making a violent effort of self command, “Doctor Cabrol, has made himself master of your disease, and you will conquer this as you have conquered other things;—but you suffer too much, Marshal, to continue to occupy yourself with the innumerable details of your command. This constant anxiety is painful to you; and the moment has arrived (a sad moment but one of imperious necessity) when you must, in order to obtain that repose which is so necessary for you, remove all anxiety from your mind.”

The Marshal gazed steadfastly upon the Colonel.

“Yes,” said he, a moment afterward; “I understand you. Send for General Canrobert.”

It was then four o'clock in the morning.

The Colonel sent immediately for the General, who reached the tent of the Commander-in-Chief, before five o'clock.

He was at once admitted.

XLV.—The Marshal was greatly exhausted. Upon hearing some one enter his tent, he turned his head, and, perceiving General Canrobert, said to him, in a feeble voice—

“You have made me acquainted, General, with the instructions of His Majesty, which confide to you the Command-in-Chief of the Army, in case my health should force me to abandon it. From to-day, take that command. In surrendering it into your hands, General, I feel less regret at resigning it.”

The General was much affected. Who would not have been so, before this aspect of Death? Before this silent grief of the soldier, whose strength thus deserted him in the hour of battle?

He bowed, and expressed, in a few simple but nobly-conceived words, his regrets, shared by all, that the condition of the Marshal did not permit him to retain his Command.

The Marshal gave him his hand;—and this was all.

XLVI.—A few minutes afterward, Colonel Trochu entered the tent; and when he reissued thence, he

held in his hand, the Order-of-the-day, which announced to the army, that Marshal Saint-Arnaud had resigned the Command-in-Chief to General Canrobert.

This Order-of-the-day is noble and dignified in its sentiments and expression. Every one must feel, and sympathise with, the great misfortune which thus struck a Marshal of France in the midst of his army; and be impressed by his simple adieu and manly fortitude.

“Your Commander-in-Chief,” said he to his soldiers, “vanquished by a cruel malady, against which he has struggled in vain, perceives with deep regret, but knows how to fulfil, the imperative duty imposed upon him by circumstances—that of resigning a command, the weight of which his health,—for ever destroyed,—no longer permits him to support.

“Soldiers, you will pity me; for the misfortune which has fallen upon me is immense, irreparable, and perhaps unexampled.”

Yes! all sympathised with him;—even his enemies. All could divine what a wave of bitterness must have swept over that heart, so soon to cease its beating,—that energy so eager for battle and glory,—in view of the tomb which thus yawned beneath the cold and dreary shade of that wild and lonely forest.

The officers of his Staff, who surrounded him, who watched over him, and who loved him,—habituated, so to speak, to his condition of perpetual suffering,—to those agonies to which abruptly succeeded a state of renewed vitality,—to those hourly attacks, sad accompaniments, for so long a time, of the life of the Marshal,—were overwhelmed by this news, as by an unforeseen misfortune; and read, with moistened eyes, the Order-of-the-day, which Colonel Trochu presented to them. Afterward, they gathered silently around the tent.

An escort of Spahis, commanded by two officers, was ordered by the new General-in-Chief to accompany the Marshal's carriage.

XLVII.—The army resumed its march, at seven o'clock in the morning, to advance towards the Tchernaya.

Almost from the border of the forest, a long and rapid slope led to the valley.

The troops were no longer shaded by the sombre arches of venerable trees,—marching almost at hazard, through dense thickets, amid difficulties and embarrassments,—with useless marches and counter-marches,—now waiting, now retrograding;—they have once more found the sunlight, which shows itself, at intervals, through the grey clouds;—air, space, the horizon which broadens before the view,

—the long grass, trodden by the foot in passing,—and the Tchernaya, which flows in the distance, silvering the plain in its wayward and meandering course.

In following the road which descends towards the river, it was found to be strewn with broken carriages and caissons, with projectiles, and with clothing;—the wrecks of the convoy surprised on the previous day by the English.

The troops halt, for a moment, upon the right bank, to reconnoitre the fords, and give time for the engineers to construct bridges, for the passage of the aqueducts which carry water from the Tchernaya to Sebastopol. The river is soon passed, and the general camp formed upon the left bank, above the road to Sebastopol;—the Divisions ranging themselves upon the slopes and in the plain.¹

A feeble cannonade is heard on the side of Balaklava. It is the town, which attempts a futile

¹ Admiral Hamelin gives the following account of this operation :—

“This strategic movement,—bold enough for troops deficient in marching supplies,—was effected during the 24th, 25th, and 26th. The two armies, after having passed the Belbeck, at a few miles from its mouth, advanced at once upon the valley of Inkermann;—the French army serving as a pivot on the extreme right, and watching the heights to the south and south-east of Sebastopol; while the English army on the extreme left marched towards the heights of Balaklava, which they reached on the morning of the 26th. The French army joined them there, 24 hours afterward.

“At the moment when our troops reached this little harbour,—around which three French frigates and steam-corvettes were cruising to protect their operations,—the ships *Napoleon* and *Charlemagne*, towing five vessels laden with provisions, appeared on the side toward the sea.”

resistance, before surrendering to the English, and fires, from the ruins of an ancient Genoese fort, a few cannon-shots upon the troops.¹

XLVIII.—It was at the camp of the Tchernaya, that the Order-of the day of Marshal Saint-Arnaud, and his farewell to the army, were read to the assembled troops.²

¹ *Lord Raglan's Report.*

“Balaklava, Sept. 28th, 1854.

“When the troops approached this town, nothing indicated that the enemy occupied it in force; but the march of the Brigades of Rifles met with some resistance, and a few cannon-shots were fired upon us, from an old castle, when the head of our column appeared upon the road which leads to the town.

“I judged it prudent to cause the hills on the right and left to be occupied by the Light Division, and by a battery of horse artillery; and the place, in which the enemy had but a small number of men, then surrendered.”

* It was from the bivouac on the Tchernaya, that the Marshal wrote to the Minister of War, to announce his resignation of the command:—

“Head-Quarters, Bivouac on the Tchernaya,

“Monsieur le Maréchal,

September 26th, 1854.

“My health is deplorable. An attack of cholera has come to add to the illness from which I have so long suffered; and I have reached such a state of feebleness, that I feel it is no longer possible for me to retain the command. In this situation, whatever pain it gives me, I make it a duty of honour and conscience to resign it into the hands of General Canrobert,—whom the express orders of His Majesty designate as my successor.

“The Order-of-the-day, herewith enclosed, will inform you, with what feelings I separate myself from my soldiers, and renounce the pursuit of the grand enterprise, to which a fortunate commencement seems to preface an issue glorious for our arms.

“Receive, Monsieur le Maréchal, the assurance, &c., &c.,

“The Marshal Commanding-in-Chief,

“A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD.”

The soldiers, for a moment overcome by this melancholy news, which deprived them of a leader in whom they had faith and confidence, soon raised their heads again at the name of their new General ; who had also, long since, given to this army, now marching to battle, proofs of his energy, his activity, and his daring courage.¹

¹ GENERAL CANROBERT.

General Canrobert is one of those Generals born on the soil of Africa. It was in that rude school of perpetual trials, of successive combats, and of veritable military life, that the Sub-Lieutenant obtained all his grades, and felt swell within him the military instinct and the noble impulse, which alone make the true soldier.

Now his name is popular ; and the nobleness of his character, and his entire devotion to public duty, have added a brighter glow to the brilliant qualities of the General Officer.

We do not conceal our profound and genuine admiration of him. He has one of those warm hearts, one of those nobly-attempered minds, which possess at once courage and self-denial. The services which he had rendered to his army and his country were slight, compared with those which he was now about to be called to render.

It cannot be denied that the army received with acclamation the choice of the Emperor. Even before the will of the Sovereign was known, when Marshal Saint-Arnaud,—exhausted by disease,—was seen to sink and fail,—the name of General Canrobert was on every tongue. His brilliant courage electrified the soldiers whom he led to battle ; all had confidence in him, and he had faith.

Let us throw a retrospective glance upon him who now assumed the command of the Army of the East, and who was shortly to have more than 100,000 men under his orders.

General Canrobert was born in 1809. Leaving the school of Saint-Cyr with high honours, he was named Sub-Lieutenant in 1828. Lieutenant in 1832, he embarked for Africa in 1835, and took part in the expedition of Mascara. He was, successively, in the province of Oran, at the capture of Tlemcen, at the battle of Sidi-Yacoub, the Tafna and the Sikkak ;—and was made Captain in 1837.

In the same year, he was at the siege of Constantine. He was in the

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At four o'clock in the afternoon, General Canrobert assembled, before his tent, the General Officers and officers on duty.

assaulting column, and received his first wound, upon the breach, beside Colonel Combes,—an old soldier, who fell mortally wounded.

Before expiring, the intrepid Colonel recommended the young Captain to Marshal Vallée, in these simple words :—" Marshal, there is a future in that officer."

Named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, he returned to France in 1839, and acquitted himself, most successfully, of the duty which was intrusted to him, of organizing, from the refugees of the Carlist army, who had been driven into France, a battalion for the Foreign Legion ;—and these relics of the civil war went to fight beneath our flag in Algeria.

But the burning sun of Africa, the life of the camp, was wanting to the man who felt in him the fire of the soldier ; and who would not waste his best, youthful years, in the indolence of garrison life. What finer field for warlike activity, than that of those incessant combats, which ceased upon one point only to recommence on another ?

In 1841, Canrobert returned to Africa, and after the battles of Mouzaia and of the Gontas was promoted to the grade of Major, in 1842. He was constantly in the field, taking part in every expedition, and rushing from battle to battle. Everywhere that his battalion of Chasseurs was seen, their chief made himself invariably remarked by a fortunate intrepidity ;—for in war, beside courage there is good fortune.

In serious situations,—when difficult operations were under consideration,—Napoleon I. often said, " Give the command to such a General ;—he is fortunate."

Is good fortune, then, also skill ? That is a secret that the battle-field keeps to itself.

It is impossible to follow Canrobert through his adventurous course. Everywhere, he left upon his pathway the traces of a rapid and decisive energy. Success attended him ; for he never lacked faith in himself. He drove the bands of Bou-Maza from mountain to mountain, from ravine to ravine,—from hiding-place to hiding-place ;—and thus obtained his grade of Lieutenant-Colonel (1846). He gave vigorous battle to the Kabyles, who held him blockaded in the town of Fenez. During eight months, of obstinate and often bloody combats, he fought hand-to-hand with his enemies ; gaining ground little by little, and stifling revolt at every step. The rank of Colonel was conferred on him in 1847. [Afte

When he saw them all ranged in a circle around him, he addressed them, with a voice full of emotion ; saying, that the cruel state of sickness of the

After having commanded the 2nd Regiment of the Foreign Legion, he was placed at the head of the regiment of Zouaves. It was a great honour, to be made commander of this chosen body (*troupe d'élite*) ; of those men, indefatigable in fight, and ardent in adventure. He led his Zouaves against the Kabyles and the tribes of the Jurjura ; and the Zouaves hailed with acclamation a Colonel who always fought foremost at their head. The God of battles watched over him ; the fire of the enemy seemed to respect the intrepid soldier.

The year 1849 was a glorious one for Colonel Canrobert. The cholera decimated the garrison of Aumale. The siege of the Zaatcha, which was in preparation, summoned him to combat. He marched with his Zouaves, who were suffering terribly from the epidemic ; and during the trials of a long and painful march he encouraged and sustained them ;—giving to the sick the energy which was failing them, and communicating to all that courage, so difficult to maintain, against a pestilence which strikes, but remains invisible.

In this march, with his little column,—enfeebled and exhausted,—he suddenly found himself in face of numerous assailants, who barred his passage, and surrounded the town of Bou-Sada,—the garrison of which they blockaded. Colonel Canrobert marched resolutely towards them, despite the inequality of force, and as he approached, he cried,—“ Give me free passage,—for I bring with me an enemy who will exterminate you all—the Pestilence ! ”

The Arabs, alarmed by these words, and perceiving, in fact, on all sides, in the little column, the visible traces of the epidemic, retreated in affright, and left the passage free. The Colonel profited by this to throw a reinforcement into the town of Bou-Sada, and arrived at length at Zaatcha, on the 8th of November.

Marshal Canrobert stills finds pleasure in recounting this anecdote of his military life ; and latterly in the Crimea, under the walls of Sebastopol, we have heard it from his own lips, when one day, having at his table a Colonel of Zouaves, he referred to the time when he had the honour of commanding them.

On the 26th of November, Zaatcha was assaulted. Colonel Canrobert commanded one of the attacking columns, and had the good fortune to arrive safe and sound upon the breach, leaving behind him officers and

Commander-in-Chief, not permitting him, any longer, to retain his command he (the General) had remitted to the Marshal the letter, which he was not to produce except in this extreme contingency; and by which the Command-in-Chief of the army was given him by the Emperor.

“In the circumstances in which we find ourselves,” added General Canrobert, turning to General Forey, “I greatly regret that the pleasure of His Majesty had not confided that command to him among us to which it belonged by right of seniority, and who would have so worthily filled it;—but I know the duties which this inheritance of the past imposes upon your new Commander, and I will devote to them all that Heaven has given me of strength and courage;

soldiers, dead and wounded. This action obtained him the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour.

An unusual and difficult distinction, to be able to inscribe upon his record of service, “mounted twice to the assault;—at Constantine and at Zaatcha.” General of Brigade in 1850, he returned to France. General of Division in 1853, and Aide-de-Camp of the Emperor, he was named to the chief command of the camp of Elfaut.

When France decided to send an army to the East, General Canrobert was among the first Generals who embarked for Gallipoli. Charged with the organization of the camp, he multiplied himself, and inspected everything with that activity which is natural to him; and those who have read the preceding pages, know what an active part he took in all the operations of the war, and all important decisions.

Now that he marches upon a hostile soil, justly proud of the important command intrusted to him, he bears with him the hopes and the sympathies of all.

all that I have in my heart of devotion to France and the Emperor."

These words, spoken with sincere emotion and the manly vigour of the soldier, produced a great impression; for General Canrobert's is one of those sympathetic natures which have within them "the sacred fire."

General Forey, he to whom the Chief command belonged by right of seniority, and whose military career counted brilliant services in the army of Africa, immediately answered:—

"It is with great confidence, General, that the whole army hails its new Commander; him whom the will of the Emperor calls to its head. I am the senior General of Division among all those who surround you; and it is in that character that I address you,—to tell you to count upon my devotion as a soldier and an old comrade. You will not have, in the whole army, a more submissive Lieutenant."

The voice of General Forey was deep and vigorously accentuated. It seemed as if he wished it to echo in the distance, in order to give an additional solemnity to this scene, and to repeat to every one the sentiments of self-denial and duty which animated him.

General Canrobert gave him his hand, and did the same successively to all the General Officers

present ; and then turning towards the commanders of regiments ;—

“Messieurs,” said he, “I cannot give my hand to each of you ;—but I do it from the bottom of my heart, in grasping those of your worthy Chiefs.”

In that beautiful valley of the Tchernaya,—so near the enemy,—upon the soil of the Crimea, which was soon to be stained with a blood so generous,—this scene had a stamp of grave importance, which made all hearts to throb ; it was like a fresh bond of honour and courage ; a new oath taken to their native land, in the name of all, by those valorous hearts, for whom were to be reserved so many trials, so many rude privations, and so much suffering.

XLIX.—Marshal de Saint-Arnaud had arrived at the camp of the Tchernaya. His weakness was such that he could not descend from the carriage.

That carriage was soon surrounded by soldiers and officers of all grades, who came to tender their farewells to the Marshal. Tears stood in every eye ; every heart was full. The Marshal perceived some Zouaves, and making a sign for them to be allowed to approach, he offered them his hand, with a sad smile. These rude soldiers, subdued to tears, bowed over the hand of the Marshal.

Those who were present at this farewell scene will never forget it.

The Marshal, having learned of the occupation of Balaklava by the English, had sent Commandant Henry there to prepare him a lodging. Impatience for departure devoured him. Now that he had broken the supreme tie of the command,—that he had said farewell to the soldiers and to the field of battle,—it seemed as if he were fearful that the noise of some new combat might come to augment his regret, and the agony of his grand sacrifice. Perhaps, also, he hoped that a change of place and of air would bring an amelioration of his sufferings.

L.—Whatever haste the Commandant Henry might make to fulfil his mission, the Marshal could not be transported, till the next morning, to Balaklava, where he arrived about ten o'clock.

The dwelling which was reserved for him was a small house near the sea, built one-half of stone and one-half of wood; the best and most convenient that could be found.

The attacks of cholera had completely disappeared under the efficiency of the remedies applied—but left a frame exhausted and without vitality. Doctor Cabrol, who had hitherto struggled so energetically, at last despaired of the health of his patient; and, for the first time, pronounced those

terrible words, which grieved his heart as they fell from his lips—

“He is lost!”

The Marshal, however, once established in the little house at Balaklava, appeared to have regained some strength. He inquired if the *Berthollet* was in the harbour,—demanding to embark at the earliest possible moment; and with that persistency and fixity of purpose, which are peculiar to the sick, he renewed his demand almost every hour. His son-in-law, the Marquis de Puységur, General Yusuf, and his Aide-de-Camp, Captain Faure,—Major Grammont, the Commandant Henry, the Commandant de Place and Doctor Cabrol,—had all remained with the Marshal. Each attended him in turn, watching at his bedside, heaping attentions upon him, and striving to give him that hope, which they themselves, alas! no longer felt.

Although the Marshal did not disguise from himself the alarming nature of his condition, he caused his son-in-law to write the following letter:—

“The disease has proved the strongest. My poor father struggles, with his habitual energy; but the strength of man has its limits. Nevertheless, he is saved. . . .”

But on the second page the truth might be read; which was, that the disease advanced daily with rapid strides.

CHAPTER II.

LI.—BEFORE we follow the movements of the allied armies who were encamped in the valley of the Tchernaya, we must attend the Marshal in the last hours of his life; accompany him to Balaklava in the *Berthollet*, and thence to Constantinople, where the Sultan from the balcony of his palace saluted the mortal remains of the man who, with that masculine energy which characterized him, had declared—"France and England will save Turkey."

The supreme decrees of the Almighty, impenetrable to man, had not vouchsafed to him the death of a soldier on the field of battle.

A sad episode it is which marks his place in the Crimean expedition.

What we are now about to write is the journal of his death.

LII.—The following night was a cruelly painful one. The attacks of his malady became more and more frequent; and drew from the dying man, as

they had done in the *Ville de Paris*, groans of agony. These attacks were followed, almost always, by an exhaustion still more alarming, and a sort of lethargy which lasted for entire hours.

Nevertheless, the doctor, who had often seen him on the point of death, had still a gleam of hope; so obstinately does life sometimes cling to the body.

Towards the evening, the Marshal sent for the Commandant Henry, the steward of his household, and gave him his last instructions, in a feeble but calm voice; telling him to whom he would wish to leave such and such souvenirs. He offered a horse to this officer, and when he replied, (his eyes filled with tears), "Not yet Marshal,"—

"Take it now," answered the latter; "to-morrow, perhaps, I shall not be able to give it you."

These, were the only words, which seemed to indicate that he knew his end was approaching.¹

¹ General Bosquet told the author of this book, when in the Crimea, that on the eve of the battle of the Alma he had a conversation with the Marshal. The General did not entirely approve of the Marshal's plan, who being informed of it, spoke to him about it. It was at the close of this conversation, that he confided to the General his purpose of making a flank movement with his right wing, on the rapid and energetic execution of which manœuvre, the issue of the whole day depended; and informed him at the same time that his Division would be reinforced by a Turkish one.

"Leave me unhesitatingly at the mercy of the Russian army," said the General, "that it may make a decisive movement, and expose its centre; whatever forces I may have before me, I promise to hold my ground for at least an hour.

"I only saw the Marshal once afterward,"—added the General. "It

In the evening, General Canrobert, who was leaving the Tchernaya to advance upon Sebastopol, made his adieux to the Marshal, who was the next day to embark on board the *Berthollet*.

The following night was horrible. The few words that escaped from the patient, were to urge his immediate embarkation. Towards three or four o'clock in the morning he was very calm; but this calm was only the exhaustion of nature. He opened, from time to time, his eyes, which closed again of themselves, as though he had been fatigued by a superhuman effort. His voice had become so weak that it was difficult to hear him.

Whilst he was murmuring, in broken words, "Thank God, I never felt better," Dr. Cabrol said,

was on the eve of his death. Although we were not on the best terms, I went to see him, as soon as I heard he was so dangerously ill.

"The Marshal was greatly depressed. On his face was traced more than the exhaustion of disease; with resignation there was bitterness.

" 'Ah! it is you, Bosquet,' said he, as soon as he saw me.

" 'Having heard of your suffering state, Monsieur le Maréchal, I have hastened to see you.'

" 'Thanks, General,' replied he in a feeble voice. 'We have often been at variance; you don't much like me. . . .'

" I interrupted him.

" 'Let us not speak of the past, Monsieur le Maréchal. See in me only the soldier deeply sympathizing with the sufferings of his chief.'

"The Marshal held out his hand to me.

"I left him a few minutes afterwards. Knowing that I was badly equipped, and that I had no carriage, the Marshal gave me his Russian carriage drawn by two Russian horses."

in a whisper, to those who surrounded him, "It is all over; there is no more hope."

LIII.—Towards six o'clock in the morning, Lord Raglan, who had been informed that the Marshal was at the point of death, asked to see him.

The officer then attending him, promised to let the Commander-in-Chief of the English army know, as soon as the Marshal should recover from his prostration; but two hours afterwards, Lord Raglan, having received no message, returned with Admiral Lyons.

They entered the chamber softly. At the sound of strange footsteps, the Marshal suddenly opened his eyes; and it was he who first saluted them with a smile, stretching out his hand, and thanking them for their visit.

Such was the strength of his will, that, although so near his end, he held death, as it were at bay; and addressing Lord Raglan, said, in a voice still expressive—

"I am better, my Lord; the sea air and the care of my wife will soon re-establish my health. My good wishes will ever follow you."

The English General and Admiral Lyons retired in a few minutes, with the officer who had introduced them; and who, on quitting them, to return

to his chief, remarked tears on the cheeks of the two veterans.

There remained still a duty for those who surrounded the Marshal to perform ; for he had often repeated, that he would not pardon any one, who, knowing him to be near death, did not summon a priest.

The Abbé Parabère was therefore summoned.

LIV.—The sailors of the *Berthollet* had solicited and obtained the honour of carrying the dying Marshal to their ship ; the marine litter in which he left the house was escorted by a company of Zouaves. A national flag was thrown over the Marshal to protect him from the rays of the sun.

As this sad procession traversed the groups of English soldiers, who were employed in disembarking their siege-materials, from every mouth these two words were heard—" The Marshal !" and every head was uncovered.

The Abbé Parabère entered the boat by the side of the dying man, who was placed in a cabin prepared for him ; the furniture of which consisted of a bed, a table, and a *prie-Dieu*.

The Abbé entered the little cabin, and closed the door. A few minutes afterwards he came out, and said to the officers on the deck, " The Marshal is prepared to die as a Christian."

The officers who were not to accompany him to France then retired; and the ship soon sailed from the harbour.

General Yusuf, Messrs. de Puységur, de Grammont, the Commandant de Place, his Aide-de-camp the Commandant Henry, and Dr. Cabrol, remained with the Marshal.

LV.—Life was utterly worn out in this frame which had so long struggled to retain it.¹

At about two o'clock, Dr. Cabrol thought that the fatal hour had arrived. Then, all sad and silent, the devoted friends who had determined not to abandon the Marshal, assembled around his bed of death. With them were the Captain and the First Lieutenant of the vessel.

The Marshal had recovered that calmness, that serenity, which God, in his infinite mercy, gives to the dying. The expression of suffering, which till then had contracted his emaciated features, had disappeared. He threw a long and tranquil regard around the little cabin, which was slightly rocked by the motion of the sea; thanked, in a few words, those who surrounded him, and whose tears sufficiently spoke their grief; then, all on earth being finished,

¹ All the details of this long agony have been related to us by General Yusuf and the Commandant Henry, who did not for an instant quit the Marshal.

his thoughts were directed solely to Heaven. He closed his eyes,—no doubt to call up the images of absent beloved ones, to whom his heart sent a last adieu,—and from time to time, broken exclamations escaped from his lips—

“Oh! the Emperor! Oh! my poor Louise!”

This silence in the midst of the surrounding immensity was sad and solemn; a supreme picture of death, placed by the hand of God between the sky and the sea! Not a breath but that which came from on high! not a movement but that of the waves!

The Marshal opened his eyes for the last time, and then closed them slowly; his head declined; a feeble sigh issued from his bosom, and all was over.

This was on the 29th of September, at four o'clock in the evening.¹

As the Commandant de Place said in announcing the melancholy tidings to his family—

“The Marshal seemed to fall asleep in death.”¹

Was it not, indeed, repose after suffering; a calm after the tempests of life?

¹ The Emperor, on the return of those who had been present at his death, made them repeat its minutest details.

“During the sad recital,” said General Yusuf, “I repeatedly saw tears in the eyes of the Emperor.”

“Oh yes,” he said, interrupting me, “I have lost a devoted friend.”

LVI.—The *Berthollet*, it is known, was the vessel assigned to the personal service of the Marshal. It was, so to speak, the house, in which he had lived for many months.

Thus when these words were echoed throughout the vessel, "The Marshal is dead," these rude seamen were struck with consternation. All wished to salute his mortal remains; they passed, one by one, before the open door of his cabin.

It was night; a dark night.

When they had thus defiled, the sailors knelt down before this little corner of the vessel, where lay the dead Marshal, and the eldest of them recited prayers aloud, which the others repeated after him in a low voice.

The next day, at about eight o'clock, the ship arrived at Constantinople.

Its progress had been retarded, that it might not enter the waters of the Bosphorus till nightfall. It dropped anchor at Therapia, where the Sultan had placed a Kiosque at the disposition of Madame de Saint-Arnaud.¹

¹ Madame de Saint-Arnaud had been anxiously expecting, for many hours, the arrival of the *Berthollet*. She knew that the Marshal, too ill to continue the campaign, had placed the chief command in other hands.

Hearing a noise, and feeling perhaps a presentiment of a great misfortune, she sprang down the stairs of the palace, accompanied by Madame Yusuf. As soon as she saw the Doctor and the General, and the consternation depicted on their faces, she cried—"The Marshal is dead!"

[Those

General Yusuf and Dr. Cabrol disembarked, charged with the task of communicating these heavy tidings.

During the night the body of the Marshal, still covered by the national flag, was deposited by the Commandant Henry in the chapel of the French Embassy.

LVII.—As soon as the news of his death was known at Constantinople, it spread a general mourning over the whole city.

The Sultan was greatly affected by this mournful event; for the Commander-in-Chief of the French army had inspired him with confidence, and at a season of deep depression had raised his drooping courage.

To inspire others with the convictions and the energy which belonged to himself was indeed one of the great qualities of the Marshal. Pre-eminently a man of action, bold, enterprising; never doubting, either of himself or of fortune; he bore with impatience delays, hesitations, and intricate proceed-

Those from whom God has snatched an object of their dearest affection, will understand the anguish and desolation of her heart. The next morning, at daybreak, clothed in black, she went to the chapel. The Marshal lay extended upon his bed, exactly as at the moment when he breathed his last. His pelisse was thrown over his body; a white handkerchief covered his face. The widowed lady knelt down, and wept long.

ings. A decision once made, he pursued it resolutely without ever looking behind him.

“Diplomacy,” he wrote from Varna, “cannot keep pace with Glory; it halts too often on the road.”

The Sultan immediately sent his Ministers to express to the Maréchale the sympathy he felt for her grief, and for the immense loss which France and the Emperor had just sustained. He directed the Ministers to add, that “if she would permit a solemn service to be celebrated in his honour, not a Mussulman at Constantinople but should prostrate himself during its celebration.”

But she refused this honour.

LVIII.—The 4th October was the day fixed for the departure. The widow accompanied the mortal remains of her husband.

A sad and sorrowful voyage!

The *Berthollet* carried back, dead and cold, him whom it had borne, a few months before, full of life and hope, thirsting for glory and battle, and hailing, on his way, all those places which are memorials of ancient heroic combats and of great and illustrious disasters. Now, no noise, no animation, no martial stir and pageantry; it is no longer life which passes in search of glory; it is death in search of a tomb.

The departure was to take place at nightfall ; but the Sultan had expressed a desire to witness the passage of the conqueror of the Alma, from the balcony of his palace ; and the vessel, therefore, sailed at five o'clock.

From Therapia to Seraglio-point, both shores of the Bosphorus were thronged with a compact crowd, in which were a great number of Mussulmen. Turkey, also, desired to do homage, for the last time, in a conspicuous manner, to this Chief of a valiant army, which had come so far to defend her cause, and whose blood had already flowed on a great field of battle.

The *Berthollet* was at anchor near Beicos, where the body of the Marshal had been placed in a *chappelle ardente*.

LIX.—At four o'clock, Riza Pacha, Minister of War, and Halil Pacha, Minister of Marine, arrived at Therapia, in two Ottoman steamers, bearing their flags at half-mast. They were accompanied by the Pachas and superior officers of their departments ; all wore black crape on their arms.

Riza Pacha and Halil Pacha begged to be admitted to the Maréchale, and renewed, in the name of the Sultan, the assurances of that sorrowful sympathy which they had already expressed. The Minister of Marine placed at her disposal his grand

caïque ; its twenty oarsmen being all clad, in sign of mourning, in black shirts.

The two Ministers then returned to their caiques and went to Beicos, where they awaited the *Maréchale*, who arrived an hour afterwards, and embarked. The *Berthollet* then left her anchorage, having on her right the vessel bearing the Minister of War, and on her left that bearing the Minister of Marine. The band of each steamer performed funeral music, which was continued during the whole of the passage of the Bosphorus. Quitting Therapia, the convoy was saluted by the battery of Yeni-Keui,—(whose flag was awaft)—with a salvo of nineteen guns, with an interval of two minutes between each.

On both banks, all heads were uncovered, and all were bowed.

Arrived before the Imperial palace, the *Berthollet* was again saluted by its battery, whose flag was also awaft. The funeral convoy stopped ; the gates of the palace opened ; and the Sultan appeared, a few steps in advance of his suite. He waved his hand in sign of adieu ; and the vessel again proceeded on her course, amidst discharges of cannon, from all the forts, which fired continuous salvos of artillery, till she had quitted the Bosphorus.

Neither pen nor pencil can depict the effect which

this grand and beautiful spectacle produced on those who witnessed it. The declining sun had shed over this immense panorama its impurpled rays, and gave to this last adieu, this last souvenir, a tinge of pure and admirable poetry.

When the *Berthollet* had entered the Sea of Marmora, the mission of the Ministers of the Sultan was accomplished. They saluted the *Maréchale* for the last time, and bowed before the coffin of him for whom France had reserved a public funeral; and presently the vessel disappeared in the darkness, on its way to France.

LX.—The *Berthollet* reached Marseilles on the 11th. The same honours which, six months before, had been paid to the Marshal when he embarked for Constantinople, were paid now to his coffin, and his body was carried in procession to the Cathedral.

The funeral cortége left Marseilles the next day.

It was on the 16th of October, 1854, at half-past seven in the morning, that the mortal remains of the Marshal arrived at Paris; where they were deposited in a *chapelle ardente* under the guard of a chosen company. At ten o'clock, the car, drawn by six horses, took its way toward the *Hôtel des Invalides*, amid a salvo of artillery.

The solemn funeral procession traversed all Paris in the midst of the assembled crowd, and reached

the Church of the Invalides, where, between the escutcheons of arms of the Marshal, might be seen the three banners of France, England, and Turkey, united, as they had been in the field of battle around the Marshal; and as the representatives of the three nations were now united around his tomb.

All the banners were lowered, all the troops presented arms, and the mortal remains of the conqueror of the Alma were placed in the sepulchre to sleep the eternal sleep, in peace, by the side of the illustrious Captains whose memory is honoured by France.

The Emperor had determined, that in the midst of the general mourning the voice of the Sovereign should be the first to proclaim the gratitude of the country, and Madame de Saint-Arnaud received the following letter, which forms at once a pleasing page of history and a noble expression of unaffected feeling:—

“ St. Cloud, October 16th, 1854.

“ MADAME LA MARÉCHALE,

“No one more than myself, as you know, shares in the grief that oppresses you. The Marshal associated himself with my cause, on the day when, quitting Africa to receive the portfolio of War, he concurred in the re-establishment of order and of authority in this country. He associated his name with the military glories of France, on the

day when deciding to set foot in the Crimea, despite timid counsels, he gained, with Lord Raglan, the battle of the Alma, and opened to our army the road to Sebastopol. I have, then, lost in him a friend devoted in most difficult circumstances; as France has lost in him a soldier always ready to serve her in the moment of danger. Undoubtedly, all these claims to the public gratitude and to mine are powerless to mitigate a grief such as yours; and I limit myself, therefore, to the assurance, that I continue towards yourself and towards the family of the Marshal, the sentiments with which he inspired me towards himself. Receive, Madame la Maréchale, their sincere expression.¹

“NAPOLEON.”

¹ By order of the Emperor an act was immediately submitted to the Council of State, bestowing, as a national recompense, a pension of 20,000 francs upon Madame de Saint-Arnaud.

CHAPTER III.

LXI.—HAVING followed the last moments of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East, and rendered just homage to him whom death struck down in the midst of his martial career, let us return to the valiant army, whose courage, abnegation, and devotion will be inscribed ineffaceably on the pages of our history.

We have said that the grief which the death of the Marshal occasioned was unanimous; the confidence which hailed the new Chief to whom the Emperor had given the supreme command, was no less universal.

This little army, so far from their country, the precious nucleus of the nation, had a great and difficult mission to accomplish. They had to bear the national banner, high and proudly, through all perils, combats, and difficulties; and they carried with them, as it were, the heart of France and of the Emperor. By their side was England, their ally. The union of these two people was cemented by a noble pact of defence and protection, and the

union of the two armies, by the blood they had spilled in common on a glorious field of battle.

LXII.—On the 26th of September the French army was encamped in the valley of the Tchernaya.

On the 27th, whilst the 4th Division marched to Balaklava, where the transports laden with provisions were at anchor, two Divisions, accompanied by two English Divisions, made a reconnaissance on the plateau situated to the right of the Camp, at the extremity of which stood Sebastopol.

The object of this reconnaissance, was, by exploring this plateau, which is intersected by deep ravines, and masked by frequent inequalities of ground, to allow Generals Bizot and Thiery, the commandants of the Engineers and of the Artillery, to inspect the place for the first time.

Sebastopol¹ soon came in sight with its arsenals,

¹ SEBASTOPOL.

It may be useful here to give some information respecting the city of Sebastopol.

This city, whose first foundations were laid in 1786, was built on the former site of a Tartar village called Akhtiar (white rock); and this name it at present retains with the Tartars. It is situated on the top of a mamelon between two bays.

Constructed in the form of an amphitheatre, on white rocks burnt by the sun, the city has an aspect both strange and sad. A single street extends in a parallel line with the grand harbour of Karabelnaïa (bay of ships). On each side are the most remarkable edifices of the place; the Cathedral, a very elegant piece of architecture; the Admiralty tower with its heavy columns; here and there a few good-looking houses, and gardens

its barracks, its great buildings, and its green roofs, which glittered like emeralds in the sun. The masts of the ships were plainly visible; the passage of the boats which maintain the communication between the two parts of the city; the entrance

carefully kept, although the plants look unhealthy, shrivelled by the wind, and covered with the dust, which at times sweeps through the streets in thick clouds. From the summit of the chalky downs, which overlook the roadstead, there comes in view an immense panorama: the sea extending to the horizon, and directly beneath, the port, the vessels, and the edifices of the town; arsenals, stores of munitions, docks, and building-yards. The hills which guard the entrance, present, as far as the eye can reach, an aspect of rude and cold sterility.

But it is as a naval establishment, that the situation of Sebastopol is especially admirable.

An arm of the sea, of imposing breadth, has hollowed out a deep bed on the Western side of the Tauris, and penetrated into the interior to the distance of about two leagues. The two advanced points thus form a magnificent basin, without shoals or rocks; sheltered from winds and tempests, and protected on either side by formidable fortifications. At the bottom of the bay four spacious creeks are formed. Beyond the quarantine creek, rises Sebastopol; on the slope of a hill, between the Artillery Bay, which forms the seaboard of the city to the West, and the Carcening Bay, which is farthest to the East.

In 1831, at the moment when the revolution of July menaced Europe with great changes, the Emperor Nicholas ordered the execution of immense works at the entrance of the harbour; and there rose successively four new forts. Fort Constantine and Fort Alexander, the one on the north, and the other on the west of Artillery Bay, were erected for the defence of the Great Harbour; whilst the batteries of Paul and of the Admiralty were designed to guard the entrance of the Southern Bay, or that of Karabelnaia. Each of these forts consists of three tiers of batteries.

Amid so many advantages of configuration and strength, one grave disadvantage is to be pointed out. It is the immense quantity of sea-worms (called *tarets*) which swarm here. They get into the wood under water, take up their abode there, and perforate it so rapidly, that less than two years suffice, sometimes, to destroy the planking of a vessel.

of the harbour, blocked up by the sunken ships;— and the hearts of chiefs and soldiers alike beat high with pride, impatience, and joy.

The troops marching in échelon, in perfect order, were not for a single instant disturbed by the fire of the batteries of the place.

On the following day they quitted their bivouac successively, and encamped on the plateau of the peninsula of the Chersonesus¹

The exploration and reconnaissance of the Engineers continued. Every day was a study; every study a progress. The earth, as well as the sea, has depths to be fathomed.

LXIII.—The 3rd and the 4th Division marched on the 29th for Cape Chersonesus. The Commander-in-Chief was with this column.

After a reconnaissance by General D'Aurelle, who advanced as far as the sea, these Divisions

¹ General Canrobert wrote to the Minister of War on the 28th September, from Balaklava :—

“ Marshal Saint-Arnaud, being seriously ill, has transferred to me, in conformity with the orders of the Emperor, the command of the Army. To-day I am laying in provisions at Balaklava, and shall commence, in the afternoon, my movement on Sebastopol. The enemy not having reappeared since the victory of the Alma, our march inclining towards the South of Sebastopol, has been effected without any difficulty.

“ Established on the plateau before the place, I shall receive my provisions and siege materials by the bays of Cape Chersonesus.

“ *The Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East,*

“ CANROBERT.”

established, the next day, their permanent bivouac between the bay of Streletzka and that of Kamiesch, in front of Sebastopol.

During this time the first two Divisions under the orders of General Bosquet,—who had also the Turkish Division under his command,—encamped on the North-west of the Peninsula facing the Bay of Sebastopol; in order to protect themselves from attacks, to which they would have been otherwise exposed, from the valley of the Tchernaya, as well as from that of Balaklava. In this position, this corps of observation commanded the two valleys and was supported, on the left, by the English near Inkermann.

The disembarkation of the siege materials and of provisions for the army went actively forward. Lieut.-Colonel Raoult, of the Staff of the 2nd Division, was given the chief command of the battalions which were sent to protect the works, and to hasten their execution. For the enemy, surprised by our flank march, and seeing the allied armies in an offensive position where they did not expect them, used all expedition in fortifying their exposed points, and constructed advanced works, some of which were connected with the permanent fortifications. Thousands of hands, under the protection of the artillery of the place, turned up the earth and raised formidable embankments. The Russians felt

their weakness on this side, and hastened to remedy it by works which they carried on day and night. Sebastopol is the most abundantly-supplied arsenal of all Russia ; so that materials and munitions of war were not wanting to the besieged.

LXIV.—By an order of the Commander-in-Chief, dated October 20th, General Forey was nominated commandant of the Siege-corps before Sebastopol.¹

¹ GENERAL FOREY.

Born in Paris in 1804, he was received in the school of St. Cyr in 1822, and entered the service as Sub-Lieutenant of the 2nd Light Infantry, on the 1st October, 1824.

Sub-Lieutenant Forey was soon noted in his regiment as an excellent instructor, in which capacity he acted, fulfilling all its troublesome duties, for five years.

Being included in the war battalion which, in 1830 the 2nd Light Infantry was called on to form for the expedition to Algiers, he was promoted, after this campaign, to the rank of Lieutenant.

The civil war which ravaged Spain had led to the formation of an active Division under the orders of General Castellane. Lieutenant Forey was in garrison in the Pyrenees till 1835. His activity, his intelligence, and his regularity in the performance of his duties, attracted the attention of his superior officers, and he was appointed, in the last-named year, Captain by selection. Still in the Light Infantry, he embarked for Oran, in the month of December. In the command of the company of Carbineers, he distinguished himself in the expedition of Medeah, especially in the operations of the retreat, after the first siege of Constantine. Being honourably mentioned in a general order of the day, he was decorated with the Legion of Honour. He afterwards took part in the expedition of the *Portes de Fer* ; and being again "honourably mentioned" in an official Report,—as having brilliantly distinguished himself,—he received, as his reward, the rank of Major.

Unhappily this appointment recalled him from Algiers, and he had to join the 59th, which was in garrison in France.

In 1840, the Duke of Orleans was commissioned to form ten battalions

General Bosquet took command of the corps of observation, designed to support the besieging army on the right flank, and to protect its operations

of Foot Chasseurs; the 6th Battalion was given to the Commandant Forey, who, in 1841, embarked again for Algeria. The note which the royal Prince addressed in 1841 to General Hautpoul, in reference to this officer, is too honourable not to be cited :—

“ I consider Major Forey, of the 6th Battalion, as a distinguished officer, and capable of attaining the highest grades of the military hierarchy.”

In 1841, he was again in the order of the day. In the campaign of 1842, he was wounded, and mentioned once more for his brilliant conduct in several combats of the rear-guard.

Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, he distinguished himself under the orders of General Chargarnier, and gave proofs of quick military perception and of great energy.

Forey received the rank of Colonel on November 4th, 1844, in the 26th Regiment of the Line, which was returning to France. If in those noble impulses of war, of which Africa revealed the glorious secrets, the regiments gained by a life of incessant combats and perpetual strife halos of glory, they lost often that severe discipline which is so essential to an army. Colonel Forey was a man strict in the enforcement of duty. If he has been sometimes reproached with too great severity, all have rendered homage to his justice. His new regiment was soon remarked for its fine appearance, and for the harmony and regularity which pervaded all parts of its service.

In 1848 the revolution which overthrew the throne of July was completed. The 26th was sent to the camp then organizing at St. Maur. Order appeared to be re-established in Paris; but the passions which had excited in so high a degree the popular mind, were still secretly fermenting. The Government resolved to have troops in the neighbourhood of the National Assembly.

A brigade was established on the esplanade of the Invalides, and the 26th formed part of it. On the following day, Colonel Forey, being raised to the rank of General, was appointed to its command. The General, who had gained by a brilliant action, and seven honourable citations in the order of the day, the cross of the Legion of Honour, was elevated to the rank of Commander of the Legion in the month of December, 1851. On the 22nd December, of the following year, he was made General of Divi-

against the attacks of any relieving force from the interior of the Crimea. The siege corps of General Forey was composed of the 3rd and 4th Divisions;¹ and the corps of observation of the 1st and 2nd, and of the Turkish.

During the movement of our army on the left, the English army was effecting its concentration on the right, in order to take up its permanent positions. The left rested on the great ravine of Sebastopol, which separated the two attacks, (French and English,) and its right on the steeps of Inkermann.

LXV.—Before entering into the detail of the ope-

sion. As member of the Committee upon the Infantry, he took an active part in the important labours and grave questions which were submitted to that Committee. He there acquired influence, and he rendered weighty services in the general inspections, up to the moment when the confidence of the Government called him to the command of the Division of Reserve of the Army of the East. Such is the military life of General Forey, who was now invested with the important command of the siege corps before Sebastopol.

¹ *Journal of the Siege. (Siege Corps.)*

2nd October.—The 4th Division establishes its camp the same day, at about 3,200 metres from the place; its front in the rear of the line formed by the ridge of the heights, running from the North to the North-east. The left of the camp is at about 600 metres from the place.

3rd October.—The 3rd Division arrives and takes up its position; its left at about 500 metres from the right of the 4th Division, its front intersecting the grand ravine which is between the siege corps and Sebastopol, and the direction of which (parallel with the front of the 4th Division), joins, upon the right, a Division of the English army.

rations which preceded the opening of the trenches on the 9th of October, and of the batteries on the 17th of the same month, it is important (in order to make these details clearer) to examine the strategical position of the allied armies, and the topographical configuration of the plateau of the Chersonesus, on which so many important events of the war were about to take place.

After the battle of the Alma, two plans were practicable, according to the conformation of the ground itself, and the positions of the two armies.

1st. To attack Sebastopol on the North by besieging the citadel.

2nd. To profit by the disorder and confusion into which the Russian army was thrown after the battle, by occupying the very extremity of the Crimea between Sebastopol and Balaklava.

We have already mentioned the reasons which determined the adoption of the latter plan, and the definitive decision relating thereto which was taken by the Commanders-in-Chief, at the Camp of the Katcha.

Let us now examine the advantages of this position, with reference both to attack and defence.

LXVI.—The Russians not anticipating a serious action by land, and believing that they should, really, have to contend only with the fleet, had

necessarily directed all their attention to the fortifications of the harbour.

By opening the siege on the South and South-east of the City, we had before us works at that time imperfect, which consisted, in the front, of an earthwork bastion, called "the Flag-Staff Battery," and at the South-western angle of the city, of a maximilian tower terminating the wall of the place.

On the eastern side was the Malakoff Tower, (also maximilian in construction,) standing on the summit of a mound, and surrounded by a solid earthwork and some intrenchments not yet connected with each other. Such was (at least externally) the judgment to be formed with respect to the principal defensive points of Sebastopol, on the side menaced by the allies. But that of which we were ignorant, was the powerful artillery that we had to confront, and the multiplicity of works which the indefatigable activity of the Russians, under the most intelligent directions, caused to rise, as if by enchantment, out of the earth.¹

¹ We have made a study of this, and we here succinctly give its results,—while on the very soil of the Crimea itself, and in company with distinguished officers engaged in topographical works. Our judgment is directed by their thorough knowledge.

We add a few more precise details, for which we are indebted to the kindness of the Commandant Lefebvre. This meritorious officer, who had seriously applied himself to topographical studies, and who had been

LXVII.—In a defensive point of view, the army was protected towards the East, and, as it were, separated from that part of the country occupied

attached to the historic section of the Ministry of War, found a glorious death on the 8th of September, 1855, in the assault on the Malakoff.

The enemy's position was divided into two parts, or two *plateaux*; the one communicating with Balaklava, and the other with Kamiesch.

On the west, parallel to the ravine held by the English, is another ravine opening into the Quarantine Bay.

The table-land included between these two ravines, branches out near the city, in two directions, forming two promontories. On the one to the East, the city is built; and on that to the West, the wall of Sebastopol terminates by a maximilian tower; that is, by a tower of several case-mated stories, containing many guns which command the country on all points.

From this wall to the Quarantine Bay the ground slopes and undulates gently. It is exposed to the cross fires of the outer line of works, and of the Quarantine fort. The Tower-bastion is composed of earth.

On the South, at an equal distance from the tower and from the extremity of the harbour, is the Flag-Staff Bastion. These two works are connected by an intrenchment extending towards the harbour till it joins a crenelated wall.

Parallel to this "curtain" is a line of small heights, on which offensive works are erected.

Towards the south-east, the plateau included between the harbour and the ravine called "*The English*," is divided into three principal and separate promontories.

1st, by the ravine of the *Careenage*, which extends to the bay of the same name. (*Careening Bay*.)

2nd, by the ravine of the *Karabelnaïa*, which terminates at the Dock-basin between the naval magazines and the Admiralty.

3rd, by a ravine which begins near the post-house, and falls into the English ravine at a little distance from the military harbour. The Malakoff Tower stands on the middle promontory, on the summit of a mound, surrounded by an earthwork, and armed by pieces of heavy calibre.

Two entrenchments enclose the promontory, descending from the redoubt towards the ravines.

On the promontory situated south-west of the preceding one, is a simple line of entrenchments, with embrasures, which is called *The Redan*.

by the Russians, by the marshy valley of the Tchernaya ; the steep and rugged sides of which—covered with brushwood,—were quite impracticable to cavalry as well as to artillery. The right of the army was defended by mountains of very difficult access ; the last link of the Tauric chain, which forms the southern boundary of the Crimea. A third and very important point remained to be considered :—the means of certain and easy communication afforded by the harbour of Balaklava and the bays of Kamiesch and Katazch ;—where, at the same time, our ships might be sheltered, the perpetual supplies necessary for the subsistence of the troops be always at hand, and magazines, of imperative necessity and utility, established.

A rapid glance at the topographical aspect of the Chersonesus will enable us to form an exact estimate of its character.

LXVIII.—This plateau is intersected by deep and rugged ravines ; and the promontories bounded by these ravines, command the city (which is itself constructed in a sort of hollow) on all sides.

The different plateaux are extensive and favourable to intercommunication. Supposing that the Russian army could penetrate into them at any point whatever, the mamelons and ravines offer, of themselves, a great number of successive positions, very

suitable either for defence, or for giving battle to forces considerably superior.

The most vulnerable point which an eye in search of danger can discover, in this immense tract, is, without doubt, the hill of Balaklava; but the disadvantage for the assailant would be, that he might force a passage, only to find himself, at a given point, exposed to the fire of artillery on both his flanks. Such is, in its most essential and appreciable respects, a brief but tolerably accurate description of the plateaux occupied by the allied armies.

The English having preceded us to Balaklava, the eastern attack, which was nearest to the position which they occupied, was naturally assigned to them. But the position of the French army had its compensations, first, in the facility of its communications with Kamiesch, and, secondly, in the serious difficulties to be encountered on the side of the city on which they commenced operations.

LXIX.—Sebastopol is divided into two parts by the military harbour;—and communications between these two parts can take place only by boats. This divided the defence, also, into two distinct parts.

On the south of the two mamelons, where the central bastion and the Flag-Staff Bastion stand,

there extends a ridge, bounded on the right by the English ravine, (*i. e.* towards the east,) and on the west, by the great ravine, which leads to the Quarantine Bay.

This plateau, at a little distance, that is to say, at about a thousand or fifteen hundred yards from the town, exhibits various inequalities of surface, a little higher in their general level than the Russian works.

It was here that our operations were to be undertaken; according to the division of the labours of the siege that had been agreed upon between us and our allies.

CHAPTER IV.

LXX.—WE have seen that the place, though imperfectly fortified, had nevertheless formidable points of defence, and displayed obstacles, which unknown peculiarities of the ground might multiply. Besides which, the fire of the enemy's batteries made it soon evident that the city possessed formidable artillery, consisting of pieces of heavy calibre and great range. Men were struck at great distances; some, even in the camp, wounded by fragments of shells.

The Commanders-in-Chief abandoned their original plan of a sudden attack, and resolved to act with prudence; albeit with unrelaxing energy, boldness, and activity.¹ It was also decided that the

¹ One of the Generals of Division who held an important command in the Crimea, has written an account of the operations of the war in which he was himself engaged. From his very interesting autograph notes, we extract the following passage, relative to the decision which was adopted to undertake a regular siege.

“The ships which brought the siege materials arrived at the same time at Balaklava; but so far were we from expecting the difficulties we had to encounter, that it was a question whether the material should be disembarked or not; and a sudden attack in force against Sebastopol was

navy should disembark their guns to take part in the operations of the siege, and that sailors should be employed at batteries specially assigned to them.¹

The lines of circumvallation were traced and hollowed out; gabions brought in by the men in their arms; and all was in preparation for a vigorous attack; whilst reconnoitring-parties of the engineers

contemplated. It is unjustly, we think, that the allied Generals have been accused, from the plan that they adopted, of wanting resolution. If the Russians, taking refuge, after the battle of Alma, on the heights of Inkermann, had awaited our armies, a successful combat would perhaps have opened the gates of Sebastopol to the Allies. But the hostile force, having (by a march similar to that which the Anglo-French army had made) preserved its communication with the interior, and established itself on the flank and in the rear of the allies; the attempt to take Sebastopol by assault under these conditions would have been one of the most hazardous enterprises conceivable, and little in accordance with the methodical and unenterprising character of the English General; and such as our own new General, only a few days invested with the supreme command, and with an immense responsibility, could not risk. The Malakoff (for that would have been then, as since, the point of attack) was not fortified as it has been subsequently; but the position, in itself very strong, might, in twenty-four hours, (especially with Russian skill in throwing up earth-works,) have been covered with batteries, and armed with powerful artillery.

“The allied force, menaced on its rear by an army of reserve; having to confront a garrison of from 25,000 to 30,000 men; and under the fire of a fleet and of the northern forts, which took so effective a part in the defence of this position;—would have been in danger, in case of failure, of being driven into the sea.

“A regular siege was therefore determined on.”

¹ The fleet had to disembark thirty pieces of ordnance, of which twenty were cannon (30-pounders) and ten bombs of twenty-two; with thirty pieces of marine artillery; 1,000 sailors were to be landed with these pieces; 500 to serve them, and 500 to assist. Captain Rigaud de Genouilly, of the *Ville de Paris*, was to take the command.

and of the artillery explored the place in detail, in order to determine the point of attack. General Bizot was directed to draw up the plan. Day and night he himself superintended all these reconnaissances.

The roar of cannon was already heard ; we had already exchanged with the enemy the fire of musketry.

LXXI.—On the 2nd, the corps of observation perceived a Russian column, of from 5,000 to 6,000 men, escorting a convoy. A detachment of Zouaves and of foot-chasseurs, under the orders of Commandant Dubos, took post on the height which commands the bridge of Inkermann, to observe the movements of the enemy. On his attempting to approach the fort, Dubos kept the head of the Russian column at bay with his riflemen, whilst a battalion of Zouaves, a battalion of foot-chasseurs, and a battery of artillery, guarded the positions on the left bank of the Tchernaya. The enemy desiring only to gain an entrance for his troops and convoy into Sebastopol, retired beyond range till nightfall. A battery and a gun-boat at the extremity of the roadstead threw a few shells amongst us, but without any serious result.¹

¹ On the same day, Captain de Dampierre, orderly officer of General Bosquet, returning in the evening from the place of disembarkation, lost

The Third Division, under the orders of Prince Napoleon, took up a position facing the north and the city, and thus connected our attacks on the left with those of the English.

LXXII.—On the 5th, General Bizot, in order to fix definitively his point of attack, resolved to approach as nearly as possible the works of the place; and the General commanding the Siege-Corps put three battalions under the orders of General d'Aurelle, to support the adventurous attempt, which was commenced at eight o'clock in the morning.¹

The grounds which environ the city are com-

his way, and got near the Russian quarters. Being surprised by a post of Cossacks, he suddenly turned in a contrary direction, spurring his horse to a gallop, as did also those who accompanied him; but his horse was killed by a shot, and Captain Dampierre fell into the hands of the enemy.

Being brought before a Russian General, he begged him to inform the French advanced posts, that he was a prisoner, but not wounded, that his family and his friends might not be anxious about him.

The Russian General, with a courtesy which we take pleasure in acknowledging, replied, that he had the fullest confidence in the word of a French officer, and that he was quite free to bear tidings of himself to the French camp, if he would pledge his honour to return immediately.

M. de Dampierre consented; and but a few hours had elapsed, when he returned within the lines of the Russian advanced posts, *to fulfil his promise, and resume his captivity.*

¹ Behind the centre of this Division, their left supported by the right of the 4th, and their right by the great ravine of Sebastopol, stood the grand engineer park, behind the right the grand artillery park, and the Head-Quarters behind these two parks, in a situation intermediate between the siege corps and the corps of observation.

posed of mamelons intersected with ravines and covered with a scanty herbage. Here and there may be seen country-houses, surrounded by vine plantations, with almond trees in the midst of them. The gardens are carefully cultivated, their broad and regular alleys are bordered by many flowers.

On all sides amid these devastated and peopleless houses, whose furniture seems to have been carried off in haste, are visible marks of a precipitate flight. Books, papers, engravings attached to the walls, still remain; with family portraits and religious pictures.

The past life of these places, now thus deserted, strikes the eye at every moment. Little stone walls breast high, form the only barriers which limit different properties.

The reconnaissance advanced with precaution, after having feigned a movement to the left, in order to deceive the active vigilance of the artillery of the town.

It progressed, without being perceived, as far as a little house called the *House of the Clock-tower*. The soldiers then entered the garden, and took up a sheltered position behind the walls of the enclosure.

General Bizot, whose fearless and calm energy braves all dangers and all obstacles, advanced to the front with his staff.

A company of foot-chasseurs, was assigned to accompany the General. They marched along the walls, and glided softly through the hollows of the rugged ground, in order, without being seen, to protect the officers who preceded them. But the Russian cavalry who occupied the nearest heights, detected, and gave notice of the advance of the detachment, and of the little group of officers who kept constantly in its front; and the town promptly responded to this notice by opening a brisk and well-directed fire; and bullets and shells tore up the earth. Some reached even the positions occupied by the reserved battalions in the house of the Clock-tower.

General Bizot marked out the distances, noted the configuration of the ground, and under the incessant fire of the enemy's batteries, continued his exploration; going from one point to another, sometimes sheltered and sometimes entirely exposed.

At noon, the troops returned to the camp. No one had been hit.¹

¹ In a new reconnaissance made by some officers of Engineers on the same point (House of the Clock-tower), Captain Schmitz of the Engineers had his thigh shattered by a ball, and died the same day. He was the first officer who was struck by the fire of the place, after the arrival of the troops under Sebastopol.

The death of Captain Schmitz was a great loss for the corps of Engineers, which received in this siege so many sad and mortal wounds. This officer had a brilliant future before him. Energetic, active, and intelligent, he was justly appreciated by his superiors, who paid him the respect of accompanying him to his grave.

LXXIII.—During the day, the Russians make a sortie and advance to the distance of about 1,000 yards, towards the left of the 4th Division which rests upon the sea. Their object is to set fire to a house, situated upon the summits of the heights which separate the town from the French camp.

This house, since designated in all the reports by the name of “the Burned-house” (*la maison brûlée*), might in fact have served to shelter our advanced posts, and to cover them from the fire of the place.

The lines of investment and circumvallation are carried forward incessantly. Thousands of workmen are employed on them, either by the siege corps or the corps of observation, while the parks of artillery and engineers are constituted with all their material; projectiles are gathered in heaps, and gabions, fascines and sacks of earth are transported from the beach by fatigue parties.

The sanitary state of the French army is good, the cholera has disappeared; there remain only a few cases of fever which are diminishing. It is not the same with the English army, which counts more than 400 sick. At Varna, they had not paid to the pestilence so large a tribute as ours, and it seemed that the epidemic, eager and inexorable, had followed them, to demand of them the same amount.

The reinforcements left at Varna, begin to arrive.

An indefatigable activity reigns in the camps. They watch on the side of the sea; they watch on the side of the Tchernaya.

While, towards the latter point, a Russian column with cavalry and artillery is driven back across the river by the fire of the English artillery, the line of investment is drawn closer upon the extreme left of our attack.

LXXIV.—Nine battalions, under the command of General de Lourmel, quit the camp on the 7th, at six o'clock in the evening, in order to advance with a section of artillery, in the direction of the *Burned-house*. The sharp-shooters posted in the front, dig themselves pits, or slide down into the hollows of the ground, to observe everything, without being seen.¹

¹ *Journal of the Siege Corps.*

The nine battalions are placed in the rear of the summits of the heights; the left of the line, towards the house burnt by the Russians during the day of the 5th of this month;—and the right stretching from Sebastopol towards the ravine which falls into the South part of the harbour, near to the ruined barracks. This line passes near to a house called the *Quarry-house*, to the left of the road from Sebastopol, then near a building called the *Clock-tower*, at about 400 yards to the right of the road; and lastly in the rear of a hill, the outline of which it follows on the level ground.

The line of investment stretches therefore from left to right, from the Burned-house up to the grand ravine on the right; describing a curve which follows the sinuosities of the ground.

At half-past eleven at night, a column of two battalions, with two pieces of artillery and a peloton of cavalry, issues from the town and marches towards the *Burned-house*; but despite the obscurity of the night, this column is discovered by the advanced posts, and finds before it, a battalion of the 39th of the line and two companies of the 19th battalion of foot-chasseurs. Vigorously received, by a fire well sustained and directed, it retires with precipitation, after having answered by a volley, which only wounds two men of the 39th.

LXXV.—We are at the 9th of October. The plan of attack is definitively settled in Council. Our works will form, at 800 mètres from the place, a sort of bastioned front, upon which must be established, to fire simultancously, five batteries, the localities of which are determined upon. The batteries Nos. 1 and 2 will be furnished and served by the fleet.

The first trench-works are to be commenced in the night. All the preparations are made, the different dépôts of the trenches established, and the ambulance installed in a house called the *Quarry-*

The Turkish Division, of eight battalions, encamps in the rear of the left of the 3rd Division and makes a part of the siege corps; which is thus made to consist of twenty-six battalions of infantry, forming a total of 14,000 combatants.

house. Lieut.-Colonel of the Staff Raoult is named Major of the trenches ; the Colonels Lebœuf of the artillery, and Tripier of the engineers, are charged, under the orders of Generals Thiry and Bizot, with the direction of their respective services.

LXXVI.—On the 7th, the Russians had come to reconnoitre our position and to assure themselves if we had commenced any works of attack.

They renewed their attempts on the 9th.

It was half-past three in the afternoon, when our advanced posts signaled their approach.

Four battalions, having with them a field battery, advanced in good order, in column by Division, and covering themselves by sharp-shooters. They marched upon the left of the line, towards the *Burned-house*. The artillery, placed upon the flanks of the column, immediately opens its fire, to which three battalions (the 5th chasseurs ; 2nd of the 36th ; and 2nd of the 22nd light foot) instantly answer by a lively fusillade.

The General-in-Chief was making a visit to the advanced posts. Informed of the offensive movement of the Russians, he rides, in haste, to the point attacked, and arrives upon the place of combat itself. From one side and the other the fire is well sustained, without the Russians trying to gain ground. Impatient of this fusillade, which has

already lasted for nearly an hour, General Canrobert gives the order for two battalions to dash forward, who immediately precipitate themselves at a run upon the enemy, with bayonets at the charge. The Russians, without awaiting a hand-to-hand engagement, immediately retreat.

There ended this little affair.

LXXVII.—When night had come, the workmen were placed, who were to open the trenches. Their number had been fixed at 1,600, of whom 800 were to work during three hours, and then to be replaced by the 800 others.¹

¹ ORDER of the 9th of October 1854, for the opening of the trenches before Sebastopol.

“Head-Quarters of the Commander-in-Chief.

“This evening, the 1,600 workmen ordered for the works to be executed to-night, upon the mamelon of the *Burned-house*, must be in readiness with all the officers of companies, thus :—

“800 at five o'clock, at the depot of the trenches situated near to the house called the *Quarry-house*, where each of them will receive a shovel and a pickaxe.

“These 800 workmen, carrying their utensils upon their shoulders, and their guns slung, will be divided into two columns of 400 each, who will put themselves in motion under the direction of an officer of Engineers.

“Arrived at the dépôt for the gabions, which will be formed behind the interior wall of the enclosure of the *Burned-house*, they will take, at the command of the officer of Engineers, a gabion each, and will be conducted and distributed by him, upon the place, where they will have to open the trench.

“After having laid gently upon the ground the gabion, which will be placed by a non-commissioned officer of Engineers, they will place their utensils and arms at about three paces in the rear ; then they will lie down

The work was to last all night.

The opening of the trenches is, in a siege, a grave, difficult, and important operation. The besieger is unsheltered, beneath the fire of the hostile batteries; sorties well directed may throw trouble and confusion among the workmen, who then cannot recommence, but with difficulty, the work once interrupted; for the daily operations, the guards in the trenches, the nights passed behind the breastworks, have not yet inured and fortified the heart of the soldier (still unhabituated to these nocturnal struggles) to this sombre and gloomy warfare, of surprises and ambuscades; to that passive courage, which braves death at all hours without fighting.

It is a solemn moment, this, when the soil is first hollowed, which must serve you for defence and shelter, and the feeble ramparts of which are seen at every instant to crumble beneath the enemy's projectiles.

It was to be expected that these first works (the preparation of which it was not found possible to

under shelter of the gabion, until the command to—*raise your arms*, which will be given by the officer of Engineers.

“The other 800 workmen must be in readiness at the same *depôt* of the trenches, at eight o'clock in the evening. The work will be divided into periods of three hours each, in such a manner that the men who were set to work at six o'clock will be relieved at nine,—will rest until midnight, and will then recommence their work until three o'clock: after which they will be reconducted to the camp.”

entirely disguise from the enemy) would be seriously disputed,—that the place would direct, upon this point, the fire of its numerous batteries and would disquiet us by frequent sorties.

Therefore, all the necessary precautions were taken, as much in view of an attack, (which the Russians would have certainly attempted, if they had perceived our works,) as in order to give confidence to the soldiers employed upon this difficult and perilous work.

LXXVIII.—Six companies advance, by creeping along the ground; profiting by the inequalities of the surface, in order to hide their movements from the sentinels, who, beyond doubt, are watching upon the heights.

The sky is without a cloud, and the moon sheds far abroad her pale light, snatching from night its protecting obscurity.

When these companies have arrived at the distance of twenty paces from the line marked by the engineers, they lie down on the ground. From their main body are silently detached the groups for the small pickets, destined to furnish the advanced sentinels who are to guard the approaches.¹

¹ ORDER OF THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.—9th October.

“These sentinels will, if necessary, be provided with a shovel and pickaxe, in order to make themselves a shelter by digging a hole in the ground.

Each man tries to heap up a few stones in front of him; and, holding his weapon in his hands, ready to fire, closely watches the horizon, which extends in sombre lines in the distance.

It is difficult to understand how much, for ears so attentive to everything, the night has, of strange and unaccountable noises; of sudden lights, which as suddenly disappear, blend and vanish in the gloom.

LXXIX. — Each workman has brought his gabion, which is placed by a non-commissioned officer of engineers.

Stooping upon the ground, having near them their utensils and weapons, they wait. The signal is given. Eight hundred pickaxes strike at the same time, a rocky and rebellious soil, throwing the earth upon the gabions. Happily protected by a violent wind from the north-west, the work is continued along the whole line, without being interrupted. Breastworks are constructed, destined to cover the construction of the batteries Nos. 1 and 2; they are then joined to a portion of parallel, which is prolonged beyond the bat-

“It will be recommended to those troops, and particularly to the advanced guards, to maintain the strictest silence, and to abstain from firing, in order to avoid calling down the fire of the hostile batteries upon the workmen.”

teries, up to the wall of the enclosure of the *Burned-house*.

Not a cannon-shot had been fired.

This silence of the town was strange, and caused apprehensions, at each instant, of some serious surprise on the part of an enemy whose approach could be shrouded from the vigilance of the sentinels and small posts, by the numerous irregularities of the ground.

How was it that the Russians allowed this work to be thus achieved, without placing any obstacle in its way? Was it possible that the noise of the pickaxes, striking sometimes upon rocky ground, did not reach them?

This enigma had something so mysterious about it, that several officers went about 200 yards in advance of the sharp-shooters, and, leaning their ears to the ground, acquired the certainty that the noise, already very feeble where they stood, could not, on account of the violence of the wind, be heard from the town.

This certainty augmented the confidence of the men. At six o'clock in the morning the trenches had acquired a development of about 1,000 yards, and a sufficient depth to cover the men from the fire of the place.¹

¹ "The opening of the trenches," writes the General-in-Chief to the Minister of War, "was done, in the first night, upon a development of

Nevertheless, at break of day, the workmen were withdrawn, in the fear that the parapets were not yet sufficiently thick.

LXXX.—And in fact, the Russians divining, by the disturbance of the ground, the works of the night, immediately directed upon them a most violent fire, and damaged them upon several points. But the works can nevertheless for the greater part be continued under cover; and our channels of communication being screened from the direct view of the place, the workmen are sent on the 10th, during the day, to enlarge and deepen the excavation which forms the basis of the trench of the two batteries. Upon several points of the parallel, rests are placed for the musketry.

Towards the commencement of the night, five Russian battalions make a sortie, and appear desirous to attempt an attack upon our left. Another hostile column marches upon our right. “Tumultuous cries are heard,” says the Journal of the Siege-Corps,

about 1000 yards, without our workmen being interrupted. We have, however, contented ourselves with joining to this first work, by a branch, the extended parallel towards our right, which is hereafter to connect our works with those of the English army.

“We concentrate all our efforts upon the construction of a sort of grand bastioned front, which is to serve as a protection to our left; and where, in order to profit by the marked advantages of the position, we accumulate fifty-six pieces of artillery, distributed into five batteries.”

“ with loud music and songs. Nevertheless the Russians re-enter the town without having attacked us.”

The next day, a reconnaissance of the same nature menaces the English lines, in advance of the military harbour. It is restricted to a well-sustained fusillade, which does not cause any very great damage.

LXXXI.—Here then has begun this gigantic work of excavation, which is to continue during eleven consecutive months, progressing with slow steps, amid trials, sufferings, hopes and deceptions, without, for one single day, courage abandoning the indefatigable workmen, or failing in the hearts of the combatants.

What drama can be compared to the living drama, which is thus displayed before the eyes of expectant Europe!

It forms a glorious history of war, palpitating with interest and sudden events. A painful and terrible record, written upon the soil in characters of blood!

Is it not curious to follow this siege, day by day; to witness its birth, its growth; to see it develop itself amid the roar of the cannon and the rattle of musketry, and progress to the day when our triumphant eagles made their swoop upon Sebasto-

pol, and planted upon the ruins of the conquered town the flag of France?

It is not a history that we write; it is the exact and living chronicle of those successive combats, of all those glorious and terrible days. The passing events are recorded but not judged; their loud voices overpower all personal criticism, and raise themselves higher than human thought.

LXXXII.—Each night, each day, the work continues. Small pickets, composed of men armed with rifles, are placed upon the most favourable points. All the dispositions demanded by prudence and energy are taken; a constant, active, and daring surveillance is established.

“It is necessary,” says, in an Order, the General commanding the siege-corps, “that every one, by his zeal and by his contempt of danger, should endeavour to attain as promptly as possible, the glorious result which we propose to ourselves.”


The damages caused by the enemy's fire are repaired; the portions of the trenches raked by the cannon of the place are rectified. In the day-time, the trenches commenced during the night are enlarged and deepened, and intermediate ones undertaken, which are destined to shelter the workmen during the hours of repose. The officers plant the stakes, and fix the direction of the works. The

construction of the batteries is commenced upon the lines traced by the engineers.

Every night, 3,000 soldiers are employed upon the works. The chiefs encourage them, and superintend the works; placing themselves in the most dangerous positions, and forming with their persons a rampart to protect the workmen. The artillery and engineers rival each other in zeal and self-denial.

During this time, the guards of the trenches, keep close watch upon the banquettes, and the town pours upon them reiterated salvos of artillery. Balls whistle in the air, or bound along the ground; shells traverse the sky with their fiery trails. Like those meteors which fitfully illumine the obscurity of the night, they bury themselves in the soil, tearing it up, and bursting with a terrible noise, striking down, senseless, the soldier who watches or who works. But nothing stops, nothing disturbs these courageous men, already inured to these new and unknown dangers.

The fire of the town is not discontinued day or night. At first badly directed, it becomes more and more precise. It is upon the presumed position of the batteries that the desperate and unceasing efforts of the besieged are directed. They do not attempt any sorties; for the moon, which shines brilliantly, would ill serve such a purpose.



The Central Bastion and the Flag-Staff Battery, are especially remarked, for the power and vivacity of their fire; as many as fifty shots per hour are counted. Ardour, enthusiasm, and confidence warm every heart, and all await, as for a day of festival, the signal for the general attack. The warlike spirit of France is aroused in every breast.

LXXXIII.—To the five batteries the site of which has been fixed, the construction of which is progressing and for which the armament is preparing, another, called "*The Genoese Fort*," is to be added, for the purpose of counteracting those of the Quarantine, and of supporting the extreme left of our attack. The fleet is to construct, arm, and serve it.

It is upon the demand of Admirals Hamelin and Bruat, and in consequence of a reconnaissance of the sea batteries of Sebastopol, effected on the 5th, that the construction of this new battery has been decided upon by the Generals-in-Chief.

The next day, Admiral Bruat returned, with Colonel Desaint of the Staff and a numerous escort, to study, more accurately, the ground between the Quarantine Bay and the Bay of Streletzka. Ten or twelve large boats precede the *Roland*.

Their landing took place in the bay of Streletzka.

The boats passed unperceived; but the *Roland* was assailed by the fire of the forts. Balls and

shells pursued her quite into the interior of the bay, but without checking her progress, or causing her any damage.

The sharp-shooters are thrown out, in advance, and on the right, while the exploring party are examining the ground, and while the enemy's balls plough up the earth on all sides of them. Then the *Roland* and the boats return again through the fire of the place, and amid a perfect hail-storm of shells and balls, which nevertheless effect little damage.

LXXXIV.—On the 12th of October, the construction of the first five batteries was completed, and they were at work upon their armament; while Captain Magalon began to construct the sixth, upon the former site of a Genoese fort.

This battery played a part, if not important, certainly remarkable for intrepidity and heroic perseverance. Opinions were divided, in regard to its utility;—for, according to some, it would rather attract the attack towards our left, and would be exposed to the fire of a great number of guns, upon no one of which could our pieces be brought to bear.

It was especially important (in any event) to entirely conceal its erection from the enemy; and the very greatest precautions were therefore taken to insure the despatch and the secrecy of this work.

At nightfall, a battalion of the 39th was despatched to occupy the site of the Genoese Fort; while a line of marksmen, placed in advance, guarded the approaches.

The work begins. They bring sacks of earth and wood for palisades,—excavate the ground and prepare the platforms;—and at break of day they cover with herbage the sacks of earth and the foremost works;—so that the enemy do not appear to perceive them.

Every night, the work continues, the breast-works are fortified. Their armament is to consist of six mortars of 80, and four guns of 50. But the ground presents great difficulties. The guns are mounted upon the carriages of the land-artillery, and it is with great difficulty, that they are got up to the top of the mound. The horses often break down and refuse to go on.

Once brought to the spot, the guns are concealed amid the ruins of the ancient fort. All possible haste is made, for the others are soon armed, and the Commander-in-Chief awaits, with feverish impatience, for the Engineers and Artillery to announce to him, “We are ready.”

Day by day, night by night, the indefatigable hands of our soldiers enlarge and consolidate the trenches, and thicken the breast-works,—sole ramparts of the combatants against the terribly violent

fire of the town. Here projectiles lie in heaps;—there loop-holes are made for the small-arms. This stubborn ground is excavated, the rocky portions are blasted;—shelter is formed for the men, new trenches are formed, which blend with and intersect the great arteries of our attack; and small channels or pits are dug to serve as posts, during the day, for the chosen marksmen, who protect our lines, and watch the movements of the enemy.

LXXXV.—On the 14th, at about one o'clock in the day, the fire of the town was suddenly increased to an extraordinary pitch of intensity and violence. Doubtless the Russians desired, by this unexpected outburst of all their artillery, to destroy our batteries even before their completion.

An unceasing roar and tempest of fire prevails. A mass of projectiles of every kind, covers, in an instant as it were, the soil,—like a sudden shower of hail-stones hurled from some infernal firmament. During the first hour, 845 shots were counted, of cannon and shell.

But this tremendous fire, which so suddenly interrupted our labours, as suddenly relaxed.

Of all our batteries, only the battery No. 5 suffered perceptibly. A few hours sufficed to repair the damage and establish new traverses.

LXXXVI.—We now approach the first phase of this memorable siege;—that is to say, the 17th of October, when the fire of our batteries was opened against the place.

The siege-corps, by the successive arrival of new troops, had been raised to the number of 23,000 men.

The Engineers trace the continuation of the first parallel, towards the summit of the Flag-Staff Battery, and the Artillery employ themselves in the construction of two new batteries,—Nos. 7 and 8.

General Forey organizes a company of sharpshooters. Placed in front of the new trench, these daring marksmen station themselves in groups of four or five, in pits previously excavated, and lie constantly in ambush, watching the enemy through small openings made for the purpose, and maintaining a terribly accurate fire against the embrasures of the Flag-Staff Bastion.¹ Their fire is not delivered at hazard;—each shot is carefully aimed.

¹ *Journal of the Siege-corps. From 15th to 16th October.*

“A company of sharpshooters, organized on the 15th by the General commanding the Siege-corps,—and composed of a Captain, a Lieutenant, 2 Sub-Lieutenants, 4 sergeants, 8 corporals, and 150 men,—taken from the best marksmen of the battalions of Chasseurs and the regiments of Zouaves, is to furnish 75 men per day, from 4 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. It is to begin its service on the 16th. These marksmen are placed in advance of the new trench, which is excavated to the right of the battery No. 5, and at about 60 yards from that work, and about 900 yards from the Flag-Staff Bastion.”

On the next day but one, by the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, a second company of sharpshooters was added to the first.

No doubt the bullets of these practised marksmen carried death behind the hostile ramparts, and rudely interrupted their defenders; for, towards day-break, a body of men, issues from the Flag-Staff Bastion, and advances upon the little parties of sharpshooters, who, however, decimate them, by a well sustained and well directed fire. Before they have approached within 300 yards their ranks are terribly thinned. They nevertheless attempt an irregular fire, but are soon forced to retreat.

LXXXVII.—All our batteries are completed. The English attacks are also ready.

On the 14th, Vice-Admiral Hamelin,—as he himself states in his Report,—proposed to General Canrobert to make a combined and general attack upon Sebastopol, with the land and sea forces. On the 15th, the Admirals of the allied fleets agreed upon the dispositions to be made; and on the 16th, in a council, at which the two Generals-in-Chief, as well as the two Admirals, were present, it was determined that the fire of all the batteries of both attacks should open at the same moment.

On the 17th, at half-past six in the morning, three mortars, discharged successively, from the French Battery No. 3, were to give the signal for the opening of the fire.

“The Admirals having given their active co-operation,” says the Journal of the Siege, “it is arranged that the vessels of the two fleets shall bring their guns to bear at the same moment, and open their fire against the Quarantine and the southern part of the town and harbour.”¹

This co-operation of the fleets,—this union of all our forces, to strike a grand blow,—demonstrated that the time which had elapsed since the arrival of the allied armies before Sebastopol, had given opportunity to appreciate the real importance of the defences of the place;—formidable defences, which each day and each night augmented and strengthened. Although, for the most part, erected in haste, these works were not on that account the less formidable; and they derived from each other a mutual and energetic support. The struggle would, evidently, be obstinate and furious; but the Artillery and the Engineers had no doubt of success;—especially if supported by the combined fleets.

The victory of the Alma, and the rapidity with which the formidable Russian positions were

¹ It had been arranged, that the attack should be made by 14 French vessels, fighting in two indented lines, extending two cables' lengths towards the North;—these lines to be succeeded by two Turkish ships,—to the North-east of which the English line would extend.

As it was impossible to approach the Northern forts without suffering greatly from those on the South, it was agreed, that the French and Turkish vessels which might be foremost, should attack the Southern forts, and the English the Northern.

stormed, had filled all hearts with unbounded confidence.

LXXXVIII.—Although the order of attack has not been made public, and the plans of the Generals have been kept secret — there is, nevertheless, during the 16th, a movement and agitation, impossible to be concealed, and forming an evident prognostic of important events; while the officers of the Staff traverse the camp, and scour the plain, bearing orders from Head-Quarters to the Siege-corps.

But it is especially at the depôt of the trenches, at the hour of placing the workmen for the night, that an unaccustomed agitation is perceptible. Some carry gabions, others picks, shovels, or fascines; all understand that the grand day has arrived. The sailors pass by, singing, bearing their tools on their shoulders, and offering their hands as they go, to their brethren of the land-service. All countenances are radiant, broken phrases pass from rank to rank, expressive of excitement and expectation, and the night seems, to the impatient expectants, to creep more slowly than usual over the heavens.

All is prepared. The darkness protects the workmen; the guns are unmasked, and turn their brazen mouths towards the besieged city.

General Thiry and Colonel Lebœuf inspect the

batteries; General Bizot and Colonel Tripier go through the trenches, examine the breast-works, and rectify the traverses; while the injuries, caused by a brisk fire of the enemy, are hastily repaired. The *Burned-house*, being likely to serve as a guide for the aim of the hostile batteries, is rased by the sappers. No sortie is made to disturb the progress of the work; which is entirely finished before the first gleam of day, except in the case of the battery No. 4 (the Genoese Fort), upon which 500 workmen are employed, and in which, only four pieces are ready to fire.

LXXXIX.—At six o'clock in the morning, Colonel Trochu, first Aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, reaches the trenches, and gives to General Thiry the order relative to commencing the fire. This order is instantly transmitted to all the batteries; the cannoneers are at their posts; and at half-past-six, the three bombs, which are to give the signal, rise successively from the battery No. 3.¹

A fearful explosion follows, on the instant. The one-hundred-and-twenty-six pieces of the allied

¹ *Journal of the Siege.*—17th October.—8th day.

“At half-past six o'clock in the morning, at the concerted signal, the fire is opened simultaneously by all the French and English batteries;—53 guns on the side of the French (including the 4 ready for service in the Genoese fort), and 73 on the side of the English:—total, 126 pieces.”

armies open their fire at the same moment;¹—a solemn and exciting moment, and one in which the heart throbs, and the breath is suspended in every bosom.

The town does not delay to reply with vigour. Bombs and shells burst, scattering their deadly fragments far and wide; balls ricochet against the breast-works, or may be seen bounding along the plain, like sable battalions rushing to the charge.

In our batteries, blood flows, and pieces distorted at the muzzle are incapable of service, while others have already fallen beside their shattered carriages. The battery No. 5, especially, suffers terribly from the enemy's fire. Blood inundates the ground, but the dead are instantly replaced by the living. Explosions succeed and blend incessantly; a thick smoke covers the scene, and enwraps the combatants.

Nothing can be seen, — nothing examined, — nothing ascertained. It is no longer the night of heaven, it is the night, the midnight of battle! a

¹ *Composition of the French Batteries.*

No. 1.—(Marine.) 7 guns of 30; 2 howitzers of 22.

No. 2.—(Marine.) 8 guns of 30; 4 howitzers of 22.

No. 3.—6 mortars of 27; 2 mortars of 22.

No. 4.—8 guns of 24; 2 mortars of 22.

No. 5.—(Battery with 3 faces.) 1st face, 4 howitzers of 22; 2nd face, 4 guns of 24; 3rd face, 2 guns of 24, and 2 guns of 16.

Battery of the Genoese Fort.—4 howitzers of 22, only, are in condition to fire.

thick and impenetrable night, illumined only by the fire of the combat.

It is nine o'clock :—attack and defence are alike at the height of their fury.

XC.—The entire army, aroused, in arms, ready for any contingency, watch from the heights this magnificent spectacle; or, rather, listen to this fearful combat of artillery, which cannot be seen, but of which they hear the solemn and portentous roar.

The fire of the defence appears suddenly to relax.

The irregularity of the reports indicates that, on several points, its fire is momentarily silenced. A large barrack, in the rear of the Central Bastion, no longer presents anything but a mass of ruins; and the Flag-Staff Battery has suffered greatly.

For an instant, it seemed that the superiority of our fire over that of the place would speedily permit us to attempt the assault, for which everything had been prepared, and columns designated, beforehand.¹

¹ On the 16th, the General Officers, commanding the different *corps d'armée*, and the Chiefs of the Artillery and Engineers, were assembled at the general Head-Quarters.

General Canrobert explained the situation. Deserters had reported that great consternation reigned at Sebastopol; that a large proportion of the inhabitants had left the town; and that the archives and objects of value belonging to the Government had been transported to the Northern part of the place.

[Assaulting

But, very shortly, the enemy's fire assumes a fresh intensity. The disabled guns have been promptly exchanged, and the struggle recommences, more fierce and terrible than before.

Unfortunately, a bomb bursts upon the powder-magazine of our Battery No. 4, and it explodes. The spectacle is fearful.

Thirty or forty dead bodies,—these suffocated or burned, those thrown lifeless into the air,—strew the soil, amidst the wrecks of the battery, silenced by this sudden accident. Living and dead are mingled in this tempest of fire; every face is blackened and half burned.

Captain Petit Pied, who commanded the battery, is horribly mutilated.

The firing continues, with great spirit, in the other batteries. No. 5, taken in rear and flank, and overwhelmed by a storm of projectiles, is also forced to cease its fire, to avoid exposing to certain death the brave artillerymen, who strive with each other for the honour of serving the blood-stained guns.

Assaulting columns, formed of picked troops, and supported by the whole Siege corps, were to be held ready for any contingency, while the corps of observation would remain under arms.

The General-in-Chief expressed the hope, that the double fire, from land and sea, would destroy the defences of the town, and that the assaulting columns, furnished with ladders and all the engines proper to their purpose, would then precipitate themselves upon the ramparts. Such were the projects entertained.

The naval batteries are all superb in energy and ardour ; but that of No. 1 is also suddenly deranged, by the explosion of a chest of cartridges.

XCI.—At half-past ten, the General Commanding the Artillery (whom the Commander-in-Chief had left to judge of the moment for continuing or stopping the fire) gives the order to cease entirely ; our batteries, reduced to three, not being able to return the fire of the town without disadvantage.¹

¹ General Canrobert, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East, thus renders an account, to the Minister of War, of the events of the 17th :—

“ Yesterday,” he writes, “ at sunrise, we opened fire in concert with the English army. Everything was proceeding favourably, when the explosion of a powder-magazine of one of our batteries caused a little disorder in our attack. This explosion had the more effect, because our batteries were somewhat aggregated around the point where it occurred. The enemy profited by it to augment his fire ; and, in accordance with the General Commanding the Artillery, I judged that we were under the necessity of suspending ours, in order to make repairs and to complete, towards our right, (by new batteries which will approach those of the English army,) the system of our attack.

“ The place has borne our fire better than was expected. The walls, in their enormous development in a straight line, carrying all that they can contain of naval guns of heavy calibre, permit it to prolong the struggle. On the 17th, our troops took possession of the plateau which is in front of the point of attack called the Flag-Staff Battery, and now occupy it.

“ The English batteries are in the best possible condition. They have received nine new mortars, which must produce a great effect. Yesterday, there took place, in the battery which surrounds the tower situated on the left of the town, an immense explosion, which must have done a great deal of harm to the enemy.

“ Our sanitary condition is very satisfactory, the moral excellent, and we are all full of confidence.”

The fire of the English continues, without their works having sustained any sensible damage. Their heavy guns do great injury to the enemy.

“The pieces placed upon the Malakoff Tower have been dismounted,” says the report of the Aide-de-camp-General Prince Menschikoff; “and the walls of this tower are injured by large breaches.”

XCII.—While the siege became thus violent, on the land side, what was the part performed by the allied fleets?

They were to combine their attack with that of the land batteries, and to open their fire, at the same moment, upon the Quarantine and the southern part of the town and harbour. It was not until about half-past ten, that the French vessels anchored at the Katcha, and, delayed by the dead calm which prevailed, rejoined those anchored in the bay of Kamiesch.¹ The signal was then made

¹ “The fleets have not yet been able to make sail,” says the *Journal of the Siege*, without entering into any detail whatever as to this delay.

The report of Admiral Hamelin says: “The fire of the siege-batteries commenced on the morning of the 17th; but there was a calm. It was necessary to attach the ships of the line to the steam-frigates, before we could form, in front of Sebastopol, the line of twenty-six vessels of the allied fleets. Nevertheless, despite this difficulty and the separation of the vessels of the French squadron, towards half-past twelve, the ships of our first line advanced under the fire of Sebastopol.”

Since half-past ten, the fire of our siege batteries had ceased.

to the whole fleet to repeat the signals of the Admiral.

It was near noon, when the Turkish vessels and the English Admiral appeared, sailing from the Katcha.¹

The signal is immediately made: "*Clear for action.*"

Every one flies to his post. The hour so long

¹ *Report of Vice-Admiral Hamelin to His Excellency The Minister of Marine.*

"*Ville de Paris, 18th October.*

"To His Excellency the Minister of Marine.

"As to the attack by the fleets, it was to be effected as follows:—

"The French fleet undertook to approach the breakers on the South, and to take position at a distance of about seven cable-lengths from the three hundred guns of the battery of the Quarantine, the two batteries of Fort Alexander and the Artillery battery.

"The English fleet, upon the verge of the breakers on the North, was to contend, at about the same distance, with the one hundred and thirty guns of the Constantine battery, the Telegraph battery, and the Northern Maximilian Tower.

"If therefore Your Excellency supposes a line traced along the whole length of the entrance to Sebastopol, from East to West, this line divides into two parts the position of attack assigned to each fleet.

"The Turkish Admiral with two vessels, the only two which remained to him for the moment, was to cast anchor to the north of the two French lines; that is to say, in a position intermediate between the English and French vessels."

The report of Vice-Admiral Dundas does not enter into any detail whatever.

"In consequence of the very pressing demand of Lord Raglan and General Canrobert," says he, only, "it had been decided by the Admirals of the allied fleets, that all the ships should second the land-attack, by themselves attacking the sea-batteries on the North and South of the harbour, in a line crossing the harbour.

"The action lasted from half-past one o'clock to half-past six. It being then entirely dark, the vessels were withdrawn."

desired, has at length come; and from the Flag-ship rises the signal which makes every noble heart throb: "*France beholds you.*" All distance vanishes. They are no longer men thrown upon a foreign shore far from the mother-country: the horizon expands, and France is there, stretching forth her protecting arms: France is there, and beholds her sons.

A shout, unanimous and enthusiastic, answers to this heart-stirring signal: "*Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*" Every one is eager for the fight; the thought of death is no other than the thought of glory and patriotism.

The vessels await but the last signal: "*Anchor according to the plan fixed.*"

It wants ten minutes to one.

The *Charlemagne*, which is to occupy the extremity of the line, immediately advances rapidly towards her post, preceded by the *Pluton*; the *Montébello* follows her closely; the Quarantine batteries, and directly afterwards, the other hostile batteries, concentrate their efforts against these vessels.

It was a superb spectacle to see advancing simultaneously these two black lines, which were presently, like the craters of some mighty volcano, to vomit forth the fire of their entrails. The sailing vessels are coupled, on the opposite side from the

enemy, to the towing vessels of the fleet, and thus conducted to their post of combat.

Already the vessels of the first line range themselves on an even front, and advancing under the fire of the enemy, cast anchor at the post assigned to each of them. During this time, the vessels of the second line also cast anchor, and bring their guns to bear in the spaces left by the first line.

The hostile balls whistle in the rigging ; the shells burst in the air, or sink in the waves ; but on our side the fire has not yet commenced. Our manœuvres are executed with uniformity, calm, and regularity, while we give as yet no response to the cannon of the forts.

Suddenly an immense acclamation, bursting from all these impatient breasts, drowns the terrible voice of the hostile artillery. The signal to open fire is at length given !

It is one o'clock.

XCIH.—A fearful and indescribable roar succeeded to this acclamation.—All the vessels fired their broadsides at the same moment.

During five consecutive hours, the bombardment continues from the French and English lines.

The forts, the vessels, the sky, the sea, are enveloped with a thick smoke which renders it impossible to see, or to distinguish anything. At times,

it is necessary to cease firing, in order to await a momentary lightening of the smoke, and regulate the aim against the hostile batteries, which has become uncertain.

The attack had been commenced scarcely half an hour, when the poop of the Flag-ship, upon which was the Admiral with all his officers, was shattered by the fragments of a bomb which had fallen into the cabin of the Commander. (*Capitaine de Frégate.*)¹ The dead, the wounded, the living, were overthrown, pell-mell, amid the ruins of this portion of the vessel; but the *Ville de Paris*, nevertheless, continued her fire with redoubled energy; and Admiral Hamelin, who, by a miracle had not been struck, remained standing at his post of command.

The English had not been tardy in reaching their destination, and opened a very heavy fire against the Northern Forts. The cannonade was scarcely begun, when those magnificent steamers, the *Agamemnon*, the *Queen*, and the *Rodney*, were seen,

¹ *Narrative of Rear-Admiral Bouet-Willaumez.*

“The poop of the ship the *Ville de Paris* had been shattered by solid and hollow balls, one of the latter of which, of enormous calibre, had exploded under the poop deck. A Lieutenant and a Midshipman were killed; and seven other officers or Midshipmen, all belonging to the General Staff of Admiral Hamelin, were wounded more or less severely. That Admiral, and Rear-Admiral Bouet-Willaumez, his Chief of the Staff, alone escaped from this disaster upon the poop, where (as is well known) the Commander of a Fleet stands during an action, surrounded by his officers.”

successively, to advance boldly beyond the distance marked out, in order to bombard, at shorter range, the forts, which they overwhelmed with a terrible fire.

“Towards half-past two,” says the report of Vice-Admiral Hamelin, “the fire of the Russian batteries relaxed; in the battery of the Quarantine, it had ceased entirely.

If the Russians, after the battle of the Alma, had not had that supreme inspiration, which led them to sacrifice a part of their vessels in order to close the entrance of Sebastopol, without doubt, after receiving the first fire, the fleet would have been able to pass through the channels and to force the entrance of the harbour.

At six o'clock, the vessels retired towards their anchorage. Night had come, and its shadows assumed the place of the thick veil of smoke which slowly mounted towards the sky and lost itself in the clouds.

Among all the vessels, the *Ville de Paris* had been the most maltreated,¹ and the Commander-in-Chief Canrobert wrote to Vice-Admiral Hamelin: “I have learned, that among all the vessels which

¹ *Journal written upon the poop of the Ville de Paris.*

“The *Ville de Paris* has fifty shots in the hull; three below the water-line, and three red-hot balls which had set her on fire; but the fire was immediately extinguished. Her masts are very much damaged, and she has several shells in the poop, which is almost entirely destroyed.”

have suffered losses, the *Ville de Paris* is that which has suffered the most; it is an honour which belonged to the Flag-ship.”¹

XCIV.—The result of the day (the 17th), in consequence of unforeseen circumstances, had not answered the expectations which had been founded upon it. The assailants had attacked the unknown. They had accelerated their measures, in order to check the progressive development of the defence.

The small space occupied by the front of our attacks—(which we had not been able to extend over any great surface)—was their defect; and, far from constraining the Russian artillery to spread their fire, permitted them to concentrate it upon our batteries; to take them obliquely by the fire of

¹ “*Before Sebastopol, 18th October, 1854.*

“My dear Admiral.—On re-entering my bivouac, I hasten to address to you the thanks of the army, and my own most particularly, for the vigorous co-operation which your vessels gave us yesterday. It adds to the debt which we have, of old, contracted toward the fleet; and be assured, that if occasion should arise, all would be eager to discharge it.

“I have learned, with deep regret, that you have lost two officers of your Staff, and that, among all the vessels which have made any losses, the *Ville de Paris* is that which has suffered the most. But it is an honour which belonged to the Flag-ship, and I do not fear to felicitate your officers and crew upon it.

“I will not terminate this letter, without telling you how greatly I am satisfied with the energetic conduct of your sailors on land, and of the excellent spirit which animates them.

“*The General Commanding-in-Chief,*

“CANROBERT.”

the Quarantine, and in front by those of the Central Bastion, and of the curtain which unites it to the Flag-Staff Bastion.

Although the enemy had suffered much,—as was shown by the shattered embrasures of the bastions, the fires in the town, the explosions in various quarters, and the reports of Prince Menschikoff himself,—which mentioned 500 men killed or disabled, on the 17th alone, beside the death of General Korniloff;—that day destroyed, nevertheless, many illusions. It was not, however, fruitless; it brought with it useful information and important advantages. It threw light upon the whole affair.

If, on one side, it showed us plainly, that we had to contend with an artillery, formidable in range, in calibre, and in number, and which would not be easily reduced to silence;—on the other, it demonstrated, that, which the reconnaissances of the artillery and the engineers, intelligent and daring as they were, had not been able to discover:—the concealed defences, which heaps of earth, or the very formation of the ground, had hidden from our view;—the strong, as well as the weak, side of the place; and the secret of the existence of that stupendous arsenal,—of that inexhaustible store of munitions,—which enabled the enemy to replace continually his disabled guns. It taught us, finally,

the activity of the besieged town, which, under energetic and skilful direction, had been able, in so few days, to augment, to multiply, and to perfect its defences, and accumulate batteries upon batteries, without number.

This day of the 17th showed that we had to do with an enemy, resolute and intelligent ; and that it would not be without a formidable and deadly struggle,—a struggle, in fact, worthy of their arms,—that France and England would plant their united standards upon the walls of Sebastopol.

XCV.—The events which we have retraced, since the commencement of this narrative, form what may be called The First Period of the Crimean Expedition. It includes the recital of noble deeds ; it offers to Europe and to the World,—to all those who admire that which is great and imposing,—the most magnificent spectacle that can be imagined.

The allied troops have boldly, firmly, and finally, established themselves upon the soil of the Crimea ; defying the hostile army, and menacing its ramparts.

Numerous gigantic and laborious works are about to be executed on this stubborn soil, where rocks, at almost every point, rise to the surface.—A new phase of heroic struggles, with men and with the elements, is about to open. We shall follow,

step by step, its combats, its enterprises, its unceasing vigils.

How many glorious names are about to arise,—inscribed upon the brow of the living, and upon the tomb of the dead!—names written ineffaceably on the page of history, as in the hearts of their countrymen.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



DOCUMENTS IN AUTHENTICATION.

DOCUMENTS IN AUTHENTICATION.

I.

Treaty of Alliance between England and France.

THEIR Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Emperor of the French, having determined to afford their support to His Majesty the Sultan Abdul Medjid, Emperor of the Ottomans, in the war in which he is engaged against the aggressions of Russia; and being, moreover, compelled, notwithstanding their sincere and persevering efforts for the maintenance of peace, to become themselves belligerent parties in a war which, without their active intervention, would have threatened the existing balance of power in Europe, and the interests of their own dominions; have, in consequence, resolved to conclude a Convention in order to determine the object of their alliance, as well as the means to be employed in common for fulfilling that object; and have for that purpose named as their Plenipotentiaries:

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Honourable George William Frederick, Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde of Hindon, a Peer of the United Kingdom, a Member of Her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honour-

able Order of the Bath, Her Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs;

And His Majesty the Emperor of the French, the Si Alexander Colonna, Count Walewski, Grand Officer of Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour, Grand Cross of Order of St. Januarius of the Two Sicilies, Grand Cross of Order of Danebrog of Denmark, Grand Cross of the Order Merit of St. Joseph of Tuscany, &c., &c., His Ambassador Her Britannic Majesty:

Who, after having communicated to each other their powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon and signed the following Articles:

Art. 1. The High Contracting Parties engage to do all that shall depend upon them for the purpose of bringing about the re-establishment of peace between Russia and the Sublime Porte on solid and durable bases, and of preserving Europe from the recurrence of the lamentable complications which have now so unhappily disturbed the general peace.

Art. 2. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire being violated by the occupation of the Provinces of Moldavia and of Wallachia, and by other movements of the Russian troops, The Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French have concerted and will concert together, as to the most proper means of liberating the territory of the Sultan from foreign invasion and for accomplishing the object specified in Article 1. For this purpose they engage to maintain, according to the requirements of the war, to be judged of by common agreement, sufficient naval and military forces to meet those requirements, the description, number, and destination whereof shall if occasion should arise, be determined by subsequent arrangements.

Art. 3. Whatever events may arise from the execution of the present Convention, the High Contracting Parties engage not to entertain any overture or any proposition having for its object the cessation of hostilities, nor to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia, without having first deliberated thereupon in common.

Art. 4. The High Contracting Parties being animated with a desire to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and having no interested ends in view, renounce beforehand the acquisition of any advantage for themselves from the events which may occur.

Art. 5. Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French will readily admit into their alliance, in order to co-operate for the proposed object, such of the other Powers of Europe as may be desirous of becoming party to it.

Art. 6. The present Convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at London within eight days.

In witness whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

Done at London, the tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

CLARENDON.

A. WALEWSKI.

II.

The Black Sea Fleet.

Conformably to the Ministerial Despatch of the 29th of May, 1854, which prescribes the combination of the naval forces, of which the two squadrons of the Mediterranean and the Ocean were previously composed; and the concentration in a single hand (that of the senior of the Vice-Admirals) of the Command-in-Chief; that Naval Force is constituted, dating from this day, and placed under the immediate and direct orders of Vice-Admiral Hamelin, Commander-in-Chief. It will take the name of *The Black Sea Naval Force*. Vice-Admiral Bruat will become its second in command.

Composition of the Black Sea Naval Force.

The naval forces of France in the Black Sea, under the command of Vice-Admiral Hamelin, are composed at this moment of:—

FIRST SQUADRON.

(Black Sea Squadron.)

Vessels.	Rating.	Guns.	Horse Power.
<i>The Friedland</i> . . .	Ship of the 1st Class	120	..
<i>The Valmy</i> . . .	,, ,,	120	..
<i>The Ville de Paris</i> . . .	,, ,,	120	..
<i>The Henri IV.</i> . . .	,, of the 2nd Class	100	..
<i>The Bayard</i> . . .	,, of the 3rd Class	90	..
<i>The Charlemagne</i> . . .	,, mixed 3rd Class	90	450
<i>The Jéna</i> . . .	,, of the 3rd Class	90	..
<i>The Jupiter</i> . . .	,, ,,	90	..
<i>The Marengo.</i> . . .	,, of the 4th Class	80	..
<i>The Gomer</i> . . .	Steam Frigate . .	16	450
<i>The Mogador.</i> . . .	,,	8	650
<i>The Descartes</i> . . .	,,	20	540
<i>The Vauban</i> . . .	,,	20	440
<i>The Cacique</i> . . .	,,	14	450
<i>The Magellan</i> . . .	,,	14	450
<i>The Sané</i> . . .	,,	14	450
<i>The Cato</i> . . .	Steam Corvette . .	4	260
<i>The Prometheus</i> . . .	,, Advice Boat .	4	200
<i>The Salamander</i> . . .	,, ,,	2	120
<i>The Sérieuse</i> . . .	Corvette à Gaillards	30	..
<i>The Mercury</i> . . .	Brig of the 1st Class	20	..
<i>The Olivier</i> . . .	,, ,,	20	..
<i>The Beaumanoir</i> . . .	,, ,,	20	..
<i>The Cerf</i> . . .	Advice Brig . . .	10	..
<i>The Héron</i> . . .	Steam Advice Brig .	2	200
<i>The Mouette</i> . . .	,, ,,	2	200
Total . .		1,120	4,960

The Squadron of Vice-Admiral Bruat, destined to act in the Black Sea, in the waters of Gallipoli, and in the Archipelago of the Levant, includes the following vessels :—

SECOND SQUADRON.

(The Ocean Squadron.)

Vessels.	Rating.	Guns.	Horse Power.
<i>The Montebello</i> . . .	Ship of the 1st Class	120	..
<i>The Napoleon</i> . . .	Steam Ship . . .	62	960
<i>The Suffren</i> . . .	Ship of the 3rd Class	90	..
<i>The Jean-Bart</i> . . .	, , mixed 3rd Class	90	450
<i>The Ville de Marseille</i> . . .	, , of the 4th Class	80	..
<i>The Alger</i> . . .	, , , ,	80	..
<i>The Pomona</i> . . .	Mixed Frigate 3rd Cl.	40	220
<i>The Caffarelli</i> . . .	Steam Frigate . .	14	450
<i>The Roland</i> . . .	, , Corvette. .	8	400
<i>The Primauguet</i> . . .	, , , ,	8	400
Total . . .		622	2,880

III.

[*The Reply of Russia to the Summons of England and France*, (under date of March 30th, 1854,) was here inserted in the original; but as it is nowhere cited in the preceding work,—and no official translation of it into English is to be obtained,—it has seemed scarcely desirable to reproduce it.]

IV.

Treaty of Alliance between England, France, and Turkey.

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the Emperor of the

French, having been requested by His Imperial Majesty the Sultan to assist him in repelling the aggression which has been made by His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias upon the territories of the Sublime Porte, an aggression by which the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and the independence of the throne of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan are menaced; and their said Majesties being fully persuaded that the existence of the Ottoman Empire in its present limits is essential to the maintenance of the balance of power among the States of Europe, and having in consequence consented to afford to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan the assistance which he has requested for that purpose; it has appeared expedient to their said Majesties, and to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, to conclude a Treaty in order to record their intentions in conformity with what has been stated above, and to regulate the manner in which their said Majesties shall afford assistance to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan. For this purpose their said Majesties and His Imperial Majesty the Sultan have named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say: Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Honourable Stratford, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, a Peer of the United Kingdom, a Member of Her Britannic Majesty's Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and Her Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Porte; His Majesty the Emperor of the French, the Count Baraguey d'Hilliers, General of Division, &c., &c.; and His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, Mustapha Reschid Pasha, His Minister for Foreign Affairs; who, after having communicated to each other their full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following Articles:—

Art. 1. Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, having already, at the request of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, ordered powerful divisions of their naval forces to proceed to Constantinople, and to afford to the Ottoman territory and flag such protection as the circumstances might admit of, their said Majesties undertake by the present Treaty still further to co-operate with His Imperial

Majesty the Sultan for the defence of the Ottoman territory in Europe and in Asia against Russian aggression, by employing for that purpose such an amount of their land forces as may appear necessary to attain the said object; which land forces their said Majesties will immediately despatch to such point or points of the Ottoman territory as shall be deemed expedient: and His Imperial Majesty the Sultan agrees, that the British and French land forces thus sent for the defence of the Ottoman territory, shall meet with the same friendly reception, and shall be treated with the same consideration, as the British and French naval forces, which have for some time past been employed in the waters of Turkey.

Art. 2. The High Contracting Parties severally engage to communicate to each other, without loss of time, any proposition which any one of them may receive on the part of the Emperor of Russia, either directly or indirectly, with a view to the cessation of hostilities, to an armistice, or to peace; and His Imperial Majesty the Sultan engages, moreover, not to conclude any armistice, nor to enter on any negotiation for peace, and not to conclude any preliminary of peace, nor any Treaty of Peace, with the Emperor of Russia, without the knowledge and consent of the High Contracting Parties.

Art. 3. As soon as the object of the present Treaty shall have been attained by the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace, Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, will forthwith make arrangements for the immediate withdrawal of all their military and naval forces which shall have been employed to accomplish the object of the present Treaty; and all the fortresses or positions in the Ottoman territory which shall have been temporarily occupied by the military forces of England and France, shall be delivered up to the authorities of the Sublime Ottoman Porte in the space of forty days, or sooner if possible, after the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty by which the present war shall be terminated.

Art. 4. It is understood that the auxiliary armies shall retain the power of taking such part as they may deem expedient in the operations directed against the common enemy,

without the Ottoman authorities, civil or military, having an pretension to exercise the slightest control over their movements: on the contrary, every aid and facility shall be afforded to them by those authorities, especially for their landing, their march, their quarters or encampment, their subsistence and that of their horses, and their communications, whether they act together or whether they act separately.

It is understood, on the other hand, that the Commanders of the said armies undertake to maintain the strictest discipline in their respective troops, and shall cause them to respect the laws and usages of the country.

As a matter of course property shall be everywhere respected

It is moreover understood, on either side, that the general plan of campaign shall be discussed and settled between the Commanders-in-Chief of the three armies, and that if any considerable portion of the allied troops should be acting in conjunction with the Ottoman troops, no operation shall be undertaken against the enemy without its having been previously concerted with the Commanders of the allied forces.

Finally, attention shall be paid to any demand relative to the wants of the service which may be addressed by the Commanders-in-Chief of the auxiliary troops, either to the Ottoman Government through their respective Embassies, or, in case of urgency, to the local authorities, unless insuperable objections, to be clearly explained, should prevent compliance with such demands.

Art. 5. The present Treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Constantinople in the space of six weeks, or sooner if possible, from the day of signature.

In witness whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

Done in triplicate, for one and the same purpose, at Constantinople, the twelfth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.
BARAGUEY D'HILLIERS.
RESCHID.

V.

Composition of the Army of the East.

Commander-in-Chief	Marshal de SAINT-ARNAUD.
	Colonel Trochu, Aide-de-Camp.
	Lieut.-Col. de Waubert de Genlis, Com-
	mandant de Place, Aide-de-Camp.
	Captain Boyer, Aide-de-Camp.
Aides-de-Camp and	Commandant Reille, Orderly Officer.
Orderly Officers of	Commandant Henry, Orderly Officer.
the Commander-in	Commandant Gramont, Duke de
Chief	Lesparre, Orderly Officer.
	Commandant de Villers, Orderly Officer.
	Commandant Appert, Orderly Officer.
	Captain de Cugnac, Orderly Officer.
	Captain de Puységur, Orderly Officer.

General Staff.

Chief of the General	} De Martimprey, General of Brigade.
Staff	
Deputy Chief of the	} Jarras, Lieutenant-Colonel.
General Staff . .	
Commander of the	} Leboeuf, Colonel.
Artillery . . .	
Commander of the	} Tripier, Colonel.
Engineers . . .	
Military Intendant .	Blanchot, Military Intendant.
Provost Marshal . .	Guisse, Major of Gendarmerie.
Chief Almoner . . .	The Abbé Parabère.
	Renson, Major.
	Osmont, Major.
Staff Officers, attached	D'Orléans, Captain.
to the General Staff	De La Hitte, Captain.
	De Rambaud, Captain.

Officers of Artillery, attached to the General Staff . .	{	Malherbe, Major, Brigade-Major.
		De Vassart, Second Captain, Deputy to the Commandant.
		Moulin, Second Captain, Deputy to the Commandant.
		Lafon, Second Captain, Deputy to the Brigade-Major.
Officers of Engineers, attached to the General Staff . .	{	De Chappedelaine, Lieut.-Col. Deputy to the Commandant.
		Dubois-Fresnay, Major, Brigade-Major.
		Sarlat, Captain, Deputy to the Brigade Major.
		Schmitz, Captain, Deputy to the Commandant.
		Préserville, Captain, Deputy to the Commandant.
Functionaries of the Intendance, at- tached to the General Staff . .	{	Blanc de Moline, Deputy-Intendant of the 1st Class.
		Viguiér, Deputy-Intendant of the 2nd Class.
		Lucas de Missy, Deputy-Intendant of the 2nd Class.
		Le Creurer, Deputy-Intendant of the 2nd Class.
		De Séganville, Deputy-Intendant of the 2nd Class.
		Gayard, Adjutant of the 1st Class.
		Leblanc, Adjutant of the 2nd Class.
Political and Topo- graphical Service .	{	Desaint, Lieut.-Col., Chief of the Service.
		Davout, Major.
		Davenet, Captain.
		Perrotin, Captain.

VI.

Admiral Hamelin's Orders for the Landing.

"THE French Fleet will sail on the South of the English Fleet; the Vice-Admirals, Commanding the Fleet, at the head of their squadrons and abreast of each other, at a short distance. The Turkish Fleet, behind the French Fleet.—Before making sail, and when the signal for so doing is made, the ships, frigates, and sailing corvettes, behind which will be placed the commercial vessels of the convoy, will send their boats to lift the anchors of those vessels, and bring them nearer, to receive the towing-ropes. (Art. 1133 of the tactics.)

Herewith is a plan, indicating the towage, and the order of sailing in two lines, which the groups of vessels towed must observe when once at sea.

(Here follows this plan.)

This order of sailing in tow, indicated by the signal No. 1134, obviously requires very good weather. It may happen, that the North-east wind, so frequent at this season, will rise and blow with sufficient force to neutralise the power of the towing-vessels; and in such case, the Admiral will, perhaps, make the signal to the sailing-ships of war to separate from these groups, casting off the towing-ropes, and disturbing the other vessels as little as possible.

Finally, it may happen, that a contrary wind may blow with such violence, that the signal will be made to cast off all the vessels in tow, and leave them all to use their sails. In such case the 15 ships will range themselves in two columns;—the vessels of the Second Squadron to the South of the First, on the North of which, the English Fleet will still remain.

As to the transport-vessels of the convoy,—whether merchant vessels or vessels of war,—they will gather around their Commandant, whose pennant is hoisted on board the *Pandora*.

If this signal be made, the steam ships indicated by it will

leave their positions on the flanks of the two squadrons, and place themselves around the convoy, to cause the ships to close around the Commander.

ANCHORAGE.

If the Admiral makes signal for the ships to "anchor where they are," they must as far as possible cast anchor in their order of sailing; in order to be able, if necessary, to resume their towage easily and promptly.

If he makes signal to "*anchor according to the given plan*," all the vessels, whether sailing or steam, will execute that manœuvre according to the plan herewith given. It is probable that the first of these anchorages will be momentary, and that the second will be effected in face of the enemy's territory, and when the landing of troops is about to take place. In this latter case, some instants before reaching the place of anchorage the tow-ropes of the merchant ships will be cast off, successively, at the signal which will be made by the Admiral; and these last, leaving the lead to be taken by the ships of war, will proceed (if the wind be favourable) to cast anchor at a good distance from the French ships of the line and frigates, according to the plan hereunder.—They will, as far as possible, group themselves separately in this anchorage, according to the nature of their lading;—which will be the easier, that it will have been their duty, directly after the towing-ropes were cast-off, to hoist the flags indicative of the nature of their freight.

Nota.—The vessels of war will be anchored with seven fathoms, embracing an extent of a mile.

The 2nd line will be moored at a cable's length astern of the first.

The 3rd line, at a cable's length astern of the second.

The 4th (composed of frigates), at a cable's length astern of the third.

The vessels of the convoy, at three-quarters, or one-half, a cable's length from each other.

The Turkish vessels beyond the convoy.

(Here follows the plan for the order of anchorage.)

LANDING.

The 1st Division of the Army being embarked on board the ships of war of the first line,—the 2nd on board the transport-ships of the second line,—the 3rd on board the transport-ships of the third line,—and the 4th on board the frigates and corvettes not provided with the matériel of artillery;—there is already an element of order, advantageous to the landing of the troops.—Beside which, a red-flag is assigned to the 1st Division,—a white-flag to the 2nd,—and a red-flag to the 3rd.—The leading boats of each group of boats and barges will therefore hoist at their bows a flag of one of these colours, according to the number of the Division which they will transport to the shore. Upon the shore itself, three similar flags will be planted, at points designated by the Generals-of-Division, to serve as a rallying-point to the boats transporting the troops of their respective Divisions. The 1st Brigade will be landed on the South of this flag;—the 2nd Brigade on the North. Every vessel will, therefore, have made two or three sets of these three sorts of flags, for the use of the boats. As there are a certain number of guns to be landed, at the same time with the troops; and also some horses, belonging to the General and Superior Officers; it will have been observed, that the steam frigates and corvettes charged with these guns, or horses, have been anchored near the ships-of-the-line, as much in order to receive from them the barges in which the artillery are to be embarked, as in order to send them their paddle-box boats (towed by their own other boats), for the transport of as many troops as possible.

This done,—the boats and barges of the Fleet once in the water,—the following is the manner in which the landing will be effected; in which landing all the boats will assist, except the long-boats of the four three-deckers of the French fleet. These last, fully armed, and provided with congreve-rockets, with frames for the boats as well as the land, will have the duty of protecting the landing. They will be replaced, in the towing of the barges, by other boats of the three-deckers. And in order that these last may remain to the number of six,

a division into two parts will be made;—three among the will take in tow the first barge which is lowered, and without receiving a single soldier, will tow it to the nearest steam frigate anchored on the South of the ship, that there may immediately put on board all the guns, apparatus, and horses of the Artillery, which the barge is capable of containing. The boats will then return to their own vessels, to take the troops on board; after which they will go back again to the steam frigate, in order to take once more in tow, and conduct to land, the barge which will, meantime, have been laden to her utmost with Artillery. This is the manner in which the will conduct the landing from the transport-ships. As to the ships of war, their boats will be laden with troops from the vessel on the first trip.

All the Artillery-barges will make for the centre of the landing-place.

The transport-vessels which (in the barges) will receive all on the first trip, one troops, another artillery,—will be the *Jena*, the *Marengo*, the *Bayard*, and the *Jupiter*. (This last ship will first land its troops of the 1st Division). Two other transport-ships, the *Valmy* and the *Friedland*, will land troops in one barge, and the thirty horses of the General of the Division of which they are bearers, in the other. It will be indicated to them, where these horses are to be found.—The two barges of the transport-ships *Ville de Marseilles* and *Alge* will embark artillery exclusively,—still to be towed by the boats, laden with troops. As to the ninth transport-ship, the *Suffren*, one of its barges will land the horses of the General of the 1st Division,—(which will be pointed out to it) and the other barge, artillery.

The barges laden with troops will be towed directly to the beach, by the three remaining boats which form the “second part,” and which will, themselves, be laden with troops. The leading boat of each group will carry the flag of the Division to which the group belongs, and which will be the same as that planted on the shore, towards which it will steer.

The first trip will, therefore, bring to the shore the following:—

SHIPS OF WAR.

One three-decker sends to land	{	6 boats carrying . . .	175 men	
		2 barges . . .	270 (at 135 each)	
		2 paddle-box boats, and those which tow them	220	
		Total . . .	665	
Two three-deckers				1330 men.
One two-decker sends to land	{	6 boats carrying . . .	240 men	
		2 barges . . .	270	
		2 paddle-box boats, and those which tow them	220	
		Total . . .	730	
Four two-deckers				2920 men.
Total of troops landed by the 6 Ships of War . . .				4250 men.

TRANSPORT VESSELS.

One three-decker sends to land	{	6 boats carrying . . .	175 men	
		1 barge . . .	135	
		2 paddle-box boats, and those towing them . . .	220	
		Total . . .	530	
Two three-deckers				1060 men.
One two-decker sends to land	{	6 boats carrying . . .	240 men	
		1 barge . . .	135	
		2 paddle-box boats, and those towing them . . .	220	
		Total . . .	595	
Four two-deckers				2380 men.
Three two-deckers, not having barges laden with troops, on the first trip				1380
Total of troops landed from 9 transport ships . . .				4820
Add the number, 4250, landed by the vessels of war, and we reach the figure of 9070 men, landed in the first trip, beside 9 guns, and the horses of the Generals of the first three Divisions				4250
Grand Total				9070

Beside this, the boats of the *Pomona*, *Tysiphon*, *Eumini*, *Megara*, *Dauphin* and *Mouette*,—(vessels laden with troops the 1st Division),—will all unite, to land, first, the 500 men of the *Pomona*, and, in succession, the troops of the other corvettes or avisos, in the order hereunder :

The effective total of the troops, landed in the first trip, will therefore be 9570 men ;—being all the 1st Division, except a few men, and a part of the 2nd and 3rd. All the barges and boats carrying these troops, after being formed in line, in the advance of the Ships of War, will pull towards the shore directly the chequered flag (flag of repose and rendezvous) hoisted at the main-mast-head of the Flag-ship ;—a signal which will be repeated by all the Fleet.

This first trip accomplished, all the means of transport of the 1st line will proceed to the 2nd, to assist the landing of the 2nd Division ; except one barge per vessel, of this 1st line which will be employed in landing the artillery from alongside one of the Frigates, bearing the *trapéze* 2. (See 1st paragraph respecting the indicator-flags.)

During this time, if the Turkish ships have got out their boats and barges, they will have sent them to the vessels of the 3rd Division, to accelerate their landing, also. On the second trip, the half of the barges of the ships of the 2nd and 3rd lines will, with the half of those of the 1st, be employed in landing artillery. Fifteen more pieces will thus be shipped and placed on the shore.

As to the number of men landed afresh, it will amount again to 9000, or even more, if the Turkish boats work actively.

On the third trip, the boats and barges will continue to work in the same manner,—being guided by the position of the *trapézes*,—in order to complete the landing of the troops of the first three Divisions, and commence that of the 4th. The artillery will continue to be landed by the half of the barges which barges will continue to be towed by boats filled with troops. The *Bayard* will then have the duty of landing for the *Caffarelli*, in one of her barges, the 30 horses of the Gene of the 4th Division,—which Division will be landed in turn, after the first three shall have reached the shore. This is also, perhaps, the moment when the horses of the Mars

will have to be put on shore (from the *Berthollet*) by the two barges of the *Ville de Paris*. If they require to be landed earlier, the fact will be made known to the officers directing the towage of the two barges. The horses of the Staff (from the *Roland*) will be landed by the care of the *Napoleon*.

It is probable, that signal will be made to the Advice-Steamers (*avisos*) to assist the passage of the boats from the ships to the land, by towing them as near to the beach as the depth of water will permit.

If all the measures prescribed are executed with order and intelligence, thirty thousand men may, if the weather be fine, be landed, together with forty guns, between the rising and setting of the sun.

As to the discharging of the transport-ships, or ships of the convoy, it will be effected according to the orders given, either verbally or in writing, to the fleet;—but from its commencement, the commander of the convoy will employ all the boats of the ships which compose it, in landing, first the *cacolets* of the Ambulance, and then the *matériel* of the Engineers, and Commissariat;—and if it is desired to avoid confusion, the troops from the Turkish vessels will hardly be landed before the next day.

The command of the landing-place will belong to the captain of the chief vessel of the convoy; who will be seconded in this service by the lieutenants, and the detachment of artillery, placed under his orders.

The chief officers of the groups of vessels in tow must assure themselves that all their boats are well provided with hawsers, grapnels, halters and planks; and that the barge of their vessel, guided by four picked men, is also provided with grapnels and steering oars. If the sea is rough, the barges and boats must not be grounded, until after having cast their grapnels, in order to keep them upright on the beach.

DISTINGUISHING-FLAGS, AND SURVEILLANCE OF THE LANDING.

It has been seen that the Red-Flag indicates the presence of the 1st Division, whether in boats or on land;—the White-Flag that of the 2nd;—the Blue-Flag that of the 3rd.

The *trapéze* 1 will be hoisted at the fore-mast-head, on board the Ships of War (Steam or Sailing) laden with troops.

The *trapéze* 2 on board those carrying the Artillery.

At the mast-head these signals will indicate that the landing, or discharge, has not even commenced; at the height of the top-gallant cross-trees that it is one-third effected; at the level of the top that it is two-thirds accomplished;—and hauled down altogether, that it is finished.

The government transport-vessels will carry the yellow flag, at the foremast-head, to indicate, in the same manner, that they have not begun the discharge; lowering it to the top-gallant cross-trees to show that it is one-third effected; and haul it down when finished.

As to the Merchant-Ships, they will hoist the National flag at the mast-head, to indicate that they have still the whole on board;—at half-mast, to indicate that the discharge has begun;—at the peak, to indicate that it is finished.

Those of the vessels which are laden with forage and horses, will carry the National flag at the main;—those laden with provisions, munitions, and ambulance stores, at the fore.

If the Ships of War are engaged with the enemy, they must rapidly disembarass themselves of their barges;—and the operations of landing and discharge will then be specially directed by the Rear-Admiral of the transport vessels. In the contrary case, all the General Officers, and their Staffs, will see to the execution of the present order.

By order.

The Chief of the Staff of the Black Sea Fleet,
Signed Count BOUET-WILLAUMEZ.

Baltchick, 28th August, 1854.

VII.

*Report of Marshal de Saint-Arnaud to the Emperor, upon
the Battle of the Alma.*

Head Quarters, at Alma, Battle-Field of Alma,
21st September, 1854.

SIRE,

THE cannon of Your Majesty have spoken. We have gained a complete victory. It is a splendid day, Sire, to add to the military festivals of France; and Your Majesty will have another name to join to those of the victories which adorn the Flags of the French army.

The Russians had yesterday assembled all their forces, all their means, in order to oppose the passage of the Alma. Prince Menschikoff commanded them in person. All the heights were protected by formidable redoubts and batteries.

The Russian army counted forty thousand bayonets, gathered from all points of the Crimea. In the morning, more troops arrived from Theodosia: six thousand cavalry, and one hundred and eighty field or battery guns.

From the heights which they occupied, the Russians could count us man by man, from the 19th, to the moment when we arrived upon the Bulganach.

On the 20th, at six o'clock in the morning, I caused Bosquet's Division (supported by eight Turkish battalions), to perform a flank movement, which enveloped the left of the Russians and turned some of their batteries.

General Bosquet manœuvred with as much intelligence as bravery. This movement decided the success of the day.

I had arranged with the English to extend themselves upon their left, in order to menace at the same time the right of the Russians, whilst I should give them occupation in the centre; but their troops were not in line until half-past ten. They gallantly repaired this delay. At half-past twelve, the line of

the Allied army occupied an extent of more than a whole league. Arrived upon the Alma, they were received by a terrible fire of sharp-shooters.

At this moment, the head of the column of General Bosquet appeared upon the heights. I gave the signal for the general attack.

The Alma was crossed at the charge. Prince Napoleon, at the head of his Division, took possession of the large village of Alma, under the fire of the Russian batteries. The Prince showed himself in every way worthy of the glorious name which he bears. The Division advanced to the foot of the heights, under the fire of the hostile batteries.

There, Sire, commenced a real battle, along the whole line; a battle with all its episodes of high deeds and brilliant valour. Your Majesty may be proud of your soldiers; they have not degenerated; they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and Jena.

At half-past four the French army was everywhere victorious.

All the positions had been carried with the bayonet to the shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* which resounded during the whole day. Never did I see such enthusiasm. The wounded raised themselves from the ground to shout. On our left, the English encountered large masses and experienced great difficulties; but everything was surmounted.

The English approached the Russian positions in admirable order, under the very muzzles of the guns;—carried them, and drove out the Russians.

Lord Raglan is of a bravery truly antique. In the midst of bullets and balls, always the same calmness, which never abandons him.

The French lines formed upon the heights, to attack the Russian left; and the artillery opened its fire. Then it was no longer a retreat, but a rout; the Russians threw away their guns and knapsacks, in order to run the faster.

If I had had any cavalry, Sire, I should have obtained immense results, and Menschikoff would no longer have an army. But it was late; our troops were harassed; and the munitions of the artillery were exhausted.

We encamped, at six o'clock in the evening, upon the very bivouac of the Russians.

My tent is upon the identical site of that which was occupied in the morning by Prince Menschikoff, who believed himself so certain of checking and beating us, that he left us his carriage. I have taken it, with his portfolio and his correspondence. I shall make use of the valuable information which I find in it.

The Russian army will have probably been able to rally at two leagues from here, and I shall find it to-morrow upon the Katcha; but beaten and demoralized, whilst the Allied army is full of ardour and enthusiasm. I have been obliged to remain here to-day, to despatch our wounded and the Russian wounded to Constantinople, and to draw from on board the fleet supplies and provisions.

The English have had 1,500 placed *hors de combat*. The Duke of Cambridge is very well. His Division and that of Sir George Brown were superb! I have to regret about 1,200 *hors de combat*; 3 officers killed, and 54 wounded; 253 non-commissioned officers and soldiers killed, and 1,083 wounded.

General Canrobert, to whom belongs in part the honour of the day, has been slightly wounded by the fragment of a shell, which struck him on the chest and hand. He is doing very well. General Thomas, of the Prince's Division, received a ball in the abdomen; a serious wound. The Russians have lost about 5,000 men. The field of battle is strewn with their dead, and our ambulances are full of their wounded. We have counted a proportion of seven Russian dead to one French.

The Russian artillery has done us some harm, but ours is much superior to theirs. I shall regret all my life not having had, were it only my two regiments of African Chasseurs. The Zouaves made themselves admired by both armies: they are the first soldiers of the world.

Accept, Sire, the homage of my profound respect and of my entire devotion.

Marshal A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD.

VIII.

*Reports of Marshal de Saint-Arnaud to the Minister of War,
upon the Battle of the Alma.*

Head Quarters, at the Bivouac upon the Alma,
21st September, 1854.

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,

My telegraphic despatch, dated yesterday, made known to you, briefly, the results of the Battle of the Alma. The sketch sent herewith, made in haste, will give you a more complete idea. You will judge, by it, of the difficulties which we have had to conquer, in order to carry these formidable positions.

The river Alma presents a sinuous course, shut in by high banks. The fords are very difficult and rare. The Russians had posted at the bottom of the valley (covered with trees, gardens and houses), and in the village of Bourliouck, a large number of sharpshooters, armed with rifles; who received the heads of our columns with a very brisk and very disagreeable fire. The out flanking movement of General Bosquet, commanding the 2nd Division, (which this General officer executed upon the right, with a great deal of intelligence and vigour,) had happily prepared the way for the direct march, in advance, of the other two Divisions and of the English army. Nevertheless, the position of this General officer, who was for a long time upon the heights with only one brigade, might have been compromised by its isolation; and General Canrobert, in order to support him, was obliged to make a vigorous deviation from the line, in the quarter which is indicated by one of the directing-lines of the sketch. I caused him to be sustained by a brigade of the 4th Division, which was in reserve; while the other brigade of this same Division, following General Bosquet, went to place itself for his support.

The 3rd Division marched straight to the centre of the positions, having the English army on its left. It had been

agreed with Lord Raglan, that his troops should perform, on their left, a lateral movement, similar to that which General Bosquet was to effect upon their right. But, incessantly menaced by the cavalry and outflanked by hostile troops posted upon the heights, the left of the English army was obliged to renounce realizing this part of the programme.

The general movement was commenced at the moment when General Bosquet, protected by the fleet, appeared upon the heights. The gardens, whence proceeded a very sharp fire from the Russian marksmen, were not long in being occupied by a body of our own. Our artillery approached the gardens in its turn, and commenced a brisk cannonade upon the Russian battalions, which were ranged upon the acclivities in order to support their retreating sharp-shooters. Ours, pressing upon them with an incredible audacity, followed them up the acclivities; and I lost no time in throwing my first line across the gardens. Every one passed where he could, and our columns climbed the heights under a fire of musketry and cannon which could not slacken their march. The heights were crowned, and I moved my second line to the support of the first, which dashed forward to the shout of *Vive l'Empereur!*

The artillery of reserve had, in its turn, marched forward with a rapidity which the obstacles of the river and the steepness of the acclivities rendered difficult to understand. The hostile battalions, driven back upon the plateau, speedily exchanged with our lines a cannonade and fusillade, terminating by their definitive retreat in very bad order, and which the presence of a few thousand horses would have easily permitted me to convert into a rout. Night came, and I was obliged to think of establishing myself for the bivouac, and within reach of the sea.

I encamped upon the field of battle itself, while the enemy disappeared on the horizon, leaving the ground strewn with his dead and wounded; of which, however, he took a great number with him.

Whilst these events passed on the right and in the centre, the lines of the English army passed the river in front of the

village of Bourliouck, and marched upon the positions which the Russians had fortified, and where they had concentrated considerable forces ; for they had not considered that the steep acclivities comprised between this point and the sea, protected by a natural fosse, could have been forcibly occupied by our troops. The English army encountered therefore a very solidly organized resistance. The combat which they sustained was most resolute, and does the greatest honour to our Allies.

Altogether, Monsieur le Maréchal, the battle of the Alma, in which more than 120,000 men, with 180 pieces of cannon, were engaged, is a brilliant victory ; and the Russian army would not have recovered from it, if (as I have said above) I had had any cavalry, to capture the masses of infantry, demoralized and totally disunited, which retired before us.

This battle stamps, in a most brilliant manner, the superiority of our arms at the commencement of this war. It has, to the highest degree disconcerted the confidence which the Russian army had in itself, and above all, in the positions so long prepared, where they awaited us. This army was composed of the 16th and 17th Divisions of Russian Infantry ; of a brigade of the 13th ; of a brigade of the 14th Division of reserve ; of the foot chasseurs of the 6th corps, armed with rifles firing oblong balls ; of four brigades of artillery, of which two were horse artillery ; and of a battery drawn from the reserve-siege-park, comprising 12 pieces of heavy calibre. The cavalry was about 5,000 horses strong, and the sum total may be estimated at about 50,000 men, which Prince Menschikoff commanded in person.

It is difficult for us to estimate the losses of the Russian army, but they must be considerable, if we judge by the dead and wounded whom they were not able to carry with them, and who have remained in our hands. In the ravines of the Alma, upon the plateaux in front, and upon the ground forming the position carried by the English army, the soil is covered with more than ten thousand muskets, knapsacks, and miscellaneous articles of equipment.—We have devoted the whole of this day to interring their dead, wherever they have been met with ; and to giving attention to their wounded, whom I am

causing to be transported, with our own, on board the vessels of the fleet, to be taken to Constantinople. All the Russian officers, Generals included, are clothed with the coarse cloak of the soldiers; and it is consequently difficult to make a distinction among them, in the midst of the dead, or of the small number of prisoners whom we were able to take. Nevertheless, it is certain, that among those which the English army has taken, figure two General Officers.

The Battle of the Alma, where the Allied armies have interchanged reciprocal pledges, never to be forgotten, will draw yet more closely and firmly the ties which already unite them. The Ottoman troops which marched to the support of Bosquet's Division in his flank movement, accomplished wonders of speed, in order to arrive in line, along the road upon the sea-shore which I had marked out for them. They were not able to take an active part in the combat which was fought in their front, but they showed an ardour at least equal to our own; and I am happy, in having to say to you, how greatly I rely upon the assistance of these excellent auxiliaries.

Every one has done his duty brilliantly; and it would be difficult for me to make a distinction among the bodies of troops, or to select the officers and soldiers who have shown the most energy in the action, or who ought to be the object of particular mention. I have already made known in this Report the importance of the part which was enacted by Bosquet's Division in his outflanking movement; during which his 1st Brigade (in position, alone, upon the heights) remained a long time exposed to the fire of five batteries of artillery.—The 1st Division climbed the heights at their steepest points, with an ardour, of which its chief, General Canrobert, gave it the example. This distinguished General-Officer had been struck upon the chest by a fragment of a shell; but he was able to remain on horseback till the end of the action, and his wound will have no bad result.—The 3rd Division, led on most bravely by H. I. H. Prince Napoleon, took a most brilliant part in the combat which was fought upon the heights; and I was happy to address my congratulations to the Prince in presence of his troops.

General Thomas, commanding the 2nd Brigade of this Division, has been seriously wounded by a shot, while energetically conducting his troops to the attack of the plateau. The 2nd Brigade of Forey's Division, marching to the support of the 1st Division, under the orders of General d'Aurelle, figured worthily in the struggle. Lieutenant Poitevin, of the 39th of the line, placed the flag of his regiment upon the wall of the tower of the Telegraph, which formed the central point of the enemy's defence, and died there gloriously, struck by a ball.

Throughout the whole battle, the artillery played a principal part; and I cannot here render too much homage to the daring and intelligence with which this chosen body of troops fought.

In a subsequent Report, (for which I am at this moment collecting materials,) I shall make known to you the names of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers who have merited to be placed in the order of the day. I shall add thereto a list of recommendations for rewards, which you will certainly find are deserved.

Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, &c. &c. &c.

The Marshal Commanding-in-Chief,

A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD.

Head Quarters, at Alma; Battle-Field of Alma,
22nd September, 1854.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

My official report renders an account to your Excellency of the details of the glorious day of the 20th; but I cannot allow the courier to depart, without saying a few words about our brave soldiers.

The soldiers of Friedland and Austerlitz are still beneath our flags; the battle of the Alma has proved it. There is the same dash, the same brilliant courage. Everything can be done with such men, when it is known how to inspire them with confidence.

The Allied armies have captured positions, really formidable. In going over them yesterday, I recognized all which they present favourable for resistance; and, in truth, if the French

and English had occupied them, the Russians never would have obtained possession of them.

The loss of the Russians is considerable. The deserters say more than 6000 men. Their army is demoralized. In the evening of the 20th, it was divided into two parts. Prince Menschikoff, with the left wing, marched upon Baktchi-Seraï, and the right wing marched upon Belbeck. But they were without provisions, and encumbered by their wounded, with whom the road is strewn. A splendid success, Monsieur le Ministre, which does honour to our arms, adds a glorious page to our military history, and has a moral effect upon the army, which is worth an additional 20,000 men. The Russians have left upon the battle-field nearly 10,000 knapsacks and more than 5000 muskets. It was a regular rout. Prince Menschikoff and his Generals were very boastful in their camp, (which I now occupy), on the morning of the 20th. I fancy that they have "drawn in their horns" a little. The Russian General had made a requisition at Alma for three weeks' provisions. I have an idea that he will have stopped the convoy *en route*.

Your Excellency will be able to see that there is a great deal of exaggeration in all Russian affairs; but in three days I shall be beneath the walls of Sebastopol, and I shall be able to say to Your Excellency exactly what it really is.

The disposition and the spirits of the army are admirable.

The vessels which are to bring from Varna the reinforcements of troops of all arms, sailed on the 18th. They will return to me at Belbeck, before the end of the month.

My health is always the same: it sustains itself between sufferings, attacks, and duty. But all that does not prevent me from remaining twelve hours on horseback, on the day of battle. . . . But will not my strength fail me?

Adieu, Monsieur le Maréchal. I shall write to Your Excellency when I am at Sebastopol.

Receive, &c.

*The Marshal Commanding-in-Chief
the Army of the East,*

A. DE SAINT-ARNAUD.

IX.

Report of Admiral Hamelin, upon the battle of the Alma.

Ville de Paris, 23rd September, 1854.

At the anchorage off the Alma.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

By my letter dated the 21st September, I hastened to send to Your Excellency a telegraphic despatch, briefly describing the brilliant victory that our troops had just gained over the Russians, by forcing the fords of the river Alma. To day, I am enabled to add a few details to that telegraphic despatch; and in order to make them better understood, I annex to the present letter two sketches; one of which (paper No. 1) shows the plan agreed upon by the combined armies on the evening of the 19th, for giving battle the following day; and the other (paper No. 2) is a view of the positions of the Alma; particularly those where our troops attacked the left and centre of the Russian army, under the eyes of the fleet, the steamers of which supported this movement with their shells.

It will be sufficient for you, Monsieur le Ministre, to cast your eyes upon the first of these sketches, to appreciate the excellent military conception which it reveals. According to the plan agreed upon, the 2nd Division was to march along the borders of the sea; to cross the Alma at the ford, which our boats had sounded in the morning; and to carry the heights on the enemy's extreme left, under the protection of the eight steam vessels, whose broadsides I had brought to bear against this extreme left. During this time, the 1st and 3rd Divisions, under the orders of the Marshal, attacked the centre of the position of the enemy, while the whole English army, for its part, moved to turn his right.

This plan was executed very nearly as it had been agreed upon, despite our troops having to climb (the Alma once

crossed) cliffs almost perpendicular, where our African soldiers solved problems of agility and audacity, truly extraordinary. Thanks to these prodigies of intrepidity and quickness;—thanks also (it is necessary to say) to the terror with which the shells of our vessels inspired the hostile cavalry upon its extreme left,—General Bosquet's Division succeeded in effecting its movement with the most brilliant success, and within an hour from the commencement of the action, it had already fallen upon the Russian centre. On their side, the two Divisions of the Marshal,—after having sustained a brisk fire of sharpshooters, on the very verge of the banks which enclose the Alma,—climbed with no less audacity and good fortune the natural walls, where the enemy certainly believed his centre quite inaccessible to attack.

During this time, the English army had abandoned the purpose of turning the extreme right of the enemy, and had vigorously attacked the strong intrenched positions directly in front. There the Russians had placed, not merely batteries of field pieces, as along all the rest of their lines, but a battery of twelve guns of the calibre of 32, which our brave Allies succeeded in carrying by storm, but not without fearful loss.

In short, the attack upon the positions was commenced at half-past twelve, and at half-past three they were carried, along the whole line. The Russian army was in full retreat; and several of the bodies which composed it, no longer presented anything but a confused mass of soldiers mingled pell-mell, strewing with their dead the positions which our troops had stormed. If we had had any cavalry, without doubt we should have made several thousands of prisoners and taken a large number of guns.

As to the losses sustained by the Allied armies, they are heavy, in consequence of the difficulties of the positions which it was necessary to carry. We count about 1,500 killed and wounded; the English count 1,500 to 2,000.

As to the enemy, he has scattered with his dead the road between the Katcha and the Alma, and has left upon the field of battle several thousands.

Three of our steam frigates are gone to carry the wounded

of our army to Constantinople. We have added to them a part of the Russian wounded, who receive the same treatment as our own soldiers.

To-day we accompany the army to the Katcha.

I am, with a profound respect,

&c. &c. &c.

*The Vice-Admiral, Commanding-in-Chief
the Fleet of the Mediterranean,*

HAMELIN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST PART.

PREFACE - - - - -	PAGE v
-------------------	-----------

CAUSES OF THE WAR IN THE EAST.

	PAGE		PAGE
First period of the question -	xiii	The Ambassador of France	
The question of the Holy		consents to shut his eyes, if	
Places - - - - -	xiv	a solemn reading of this fir-	
Possession of the sanctuaries		man is not given before the	
disputed by the Roman Catho-		assembled Communities -	xvi
lics and the Greeks -	xiv	The Charge d'Affaires of Rus-	
Treaty of 1740, in favour of		sia requires the public read-	
the Latins, between France		ing - - - - -	xvi
and the Porte - - - - -	xiv	Position of Turkey in the de-	
The Latins address demands		bate - - - - -	xvii
to France - - - - -	xiv	England appears - - - - -	xvii
France strives to terminate		The English Government sug-	
this difference - - - - -	xv	gests to the French Cabinet	
General Aupick addresses his		the idea of treating the	
demand to the Porte (23rd		question directly with Rus-	
May, 1850) - - - - -	xv	sia - - - - -	xviii
The Marquis de Lavalette suc-		France accepts - - - - -	xviii
ceeds General Aupick (1851)	xv	Russia concentrates a corps	
A mixed Commission of		d'armée in the Danubian	
French and Greeks - - - - -	xv	Provinces - - - - -	xviii
Dissolution of this Commis-		Despatch from Count de Nes-	
sion - - - - -	xv	selrode to Baron Brunow -	xviii
It is replaced by another Com-		The question of the Holy	
mission, composed only of		Places is decided in favour	
Mussulmen - - - - -	xv	of the Latins - - - - -	xviii
The Porte accords to the		The Mission of Prince Mens-	
Greeks a firman, which, in		chikoff, officially announced	
fact, invalidates the rights		at Constantinople (4th Fe-	
of the capitulations of 1740	xv	bruary, 1853) - - - - -	xix

	PAGE		PAGE
Arrival of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople - -	xx	Letter of Count Nesselrode to Reschid-Pacha (9th June) -	xxiv
The Russians enter Bessarabia	xx	France and England send their Fleets to the assistance of the Sultan - - -	xxviii
Affront offered by Prince Menschikoff to Fuad-Effendi	xxi	Divers combinations proposed in turn, and rejected -	xxviii
Fuad-Effendi gives in his resignation - - -	xxi	Invasion of the Danubian Principalities by Russia -	xxix
Prince Menschikoff proposes a secret treaty between Turkey and Russia, against the Western Powers - -	xxii	A Note prepared in the Conference of Vienna, on the 24th July, and accepted by Russia, is sent to Constantinople - - -	xxx
Arrival of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe - - -	xxii	The Divan pronounces for its rejection - - -	xxx
Arrival of M. de Lacour at Constantinople - -	xxii	The Note is however adopted, with certain modifications -	xxx
Prince Menschikoff addresses his note of the 5th May to the Divan - - -	xxiii	The Powers urge the Porte to accept the Note without modification - - -	xxx
Russia desires a Convention in the interests of the Greeks -	xxiii	Conference of Olmütz -	xxxlii
The Porte refuses it - -	xxiii	Disaster of Sinope - -	xxxlii
Prince Menschikoff quits Constantinople (21st May) -	xxiv		

BOOK FIRST.

Departure of the French and English troops for the East -	3	Marshal de Saint-Arnaud stops at Malta, and at Gallipoli (2nd and 7th May) - - -	15
Convention of alliance between France and England (10th April, 1854) - - -	4	He arrives at Constantinople (8th May) - - -	16
Bombardment of Odessa (22nd April) - - -	5	The Marshal's letter to the Minister of War (17th May), giving a resumé of the situation - - -	21
General Canrobert arrives at Constantinople - - -	7	Marshal de Saint-Arnaud, Lord Raglan, the Seraskier, and Rizza Pacha, embark for Varna (18th May) - -	22
The Russians cross the Danube -	9	General Forey's expedition to Greece - - -	23
Marshal de Saint-Arnaud arrives at Marseilles - - -	10	Arrival of the Marshal at Varna (19th May) - - -	25
Embarkation of General Forey's Division - - -	10	The Russians invest Silistria (11th May) - - -	26
Marshal de Saint-Arnaud embarks on board the "Berthollet" (29th April) - -	11	Biography of Omer Pacha -	27
Biography of Marshal de Saint-Arnaud - - -	12	Situation of Omer Pacha's army	31
Prince Napoleon's letter to the Emperor - - -	14	Military result of the Conference of Varna - - -	35
The Prince departs for Constantinople (10th April) -	15		

	PAGE		PAGE
The Commanders-in-Chief depart for Schumla - - -	37	Battle of Giurgevo, between the Turks and Russians - - -	110
Return of the Marshal to Varna (22nd May) - - -	44	The Cholera at the Piræus and Gallipoli - - -	117
Council presided over by the Sultan - - -	46	Death of the Duke d'Elchingen (14th July) - - -	117
Resolutions taken in this Council	47	Death of General Carbuccia (17th July) - - -	119
Check of the Russians before Silistria - - -	49	The Cholera declares itself at Varna (9th July) - - -	121
Arrival of the Marshal at Gallipoli - - -	49	Grand Council held by the Generals and Admirals (18th July)	122
Departure of the English 1st Division for Varna - - -	58	The Expedition to the Crimea is agreed upon - - -	123
General Canrobert's 1st Brigade embarks for the same destination (1st June) - - -	58	Description of the Crimea - - -	124
The Marshal returns to Yeni-Keui, to come to a definitive understanding with Lord Raglan (3rd June) - - -	64	A Commission is charged to reconnoitre certain points, and to ascertain the possibility of a landing - - -	126
The troops proceed separately upon Varna - - -	70	Deputation of Circassian Chiefs at Varna (25th July) - - -	127
Prince Napoleon's Division arrives at Constantinople - - -	71	Return of the Commission (28th July) - - -	130
The Sultan passes this Division in review, the day before its embarkation for Varna (17th June) - - -	72	The Katcha is chosen as the point of landing - - -	131
The Russians raise the siege of Silistria - - -	77	General Canrobert sets out to rejoin his Division in the Dobrudscha, and to direct the expedition (29th July) - - -	131
The Emperor's proclamation to the expeditionary corps of the Baltic - - -	84	Expedition of the Dobrudscha - - -	133
Biography of Lord Raglan - - -	85	General Yusuf departs with 3,000 horses for Kustendjé (22nd July) - - -	135
Biographies of the Duke of Cambridge, Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir George Brown, and of Lord Lucan - - -	88	The 1st Division, under the command of General Espinasse, departs for Mangalia and Kustendjé (22nd July) - - -	136
Description of Varna - - -	91	On the same day General Bosquet also begins his march with the 2nd Division - - -	137
Arrival of Omer Pacha at the French camp - - -	95	He is followed by the 3rd Division, commanded by Prince Napoleon (23rd July) - - -	137
Review of the French army (5th July) - - -	95	Arrival at Mangalia (25th July)	141
Organization of the Turkish Irregular Cavalry by General Yusuf - - -	97	Arrival at Kustendjé (27th July)	143
Biography of General Yusuf - - -	97	First engagement between the Bachi-Bozouks and the Russian cavalry - - -	144
First symptoms of the Cholera - - -	107	Combat between the Bachi-	

	PAGE		PAGE
Bozouks and the Cossacks at		Conference on board the "Ville	
Karanaseni - - -	145	de Paris" - - -	190
The expeditionary corps is deci-		A Commission explores Cape	
mated by the Cholera - -	145	Chersonese up to Eupatoria -	181
Return upon Kustendjé - -	146	Return of the Commission (11th	
Arrival of General Canrobert		September) - - -	184
(31st July) - - -	148	The landing at Old Fort is de-	
Arrival of the Division at Man-		ecided upon - - -	185
galla - - -	151	Report of Vice-Admiral Hamelin	185
General Canrobert's Order of the		Topographical description of the	
Day - - -	151	Crimea - - -	192
The 2nd and 3rd Divisions re-		The fleet anchors before Eupa-	
turn to Varna without great		toria - - -	195
loss - - -	152	Colonels Trochu and Steel sum-	
Fire of Varna (10th August) -	156	mon this town to surrender -	196
Disbanding of the Bacht-Bozouks	161	Voluntary surrender of Eupa-	
Conference at Baltchik between		toria - - -	196
the Generals and Admirals		Order to anchor according to the	
upon the Expedition to the		given plan - - -	199
Crimea (19th August) - -	164	Landing of the French troops -	201
Fresh Council of War - -	164	Landing of the English troops -	204
The Expedition to the Crimea is		General Order of the Marshal	
unanimously voted - -	165	(14th September) - -	207
Biography of Vice-Admiral Ha-		Diversion effected by the 4th	
melin - - -	173	Division - - -	207
The Emperor's proclamation to		Some English and French fri-	
the Army of the East - -	176	gates bombard the Russian	
Embarkation of the French army		camp on the heights of the	
(1st September) - -	178	Alma - - -	203
Journal of the Marshal upon the		The 4th Division proceeds to-	
Expedition to the Crimea -	179	wards the Katcha - -	208
Admiral Hamelin is joined by		Difficult landing of the 4th Divi-	
the English fleet (8th Sept.) -	180	sion (15th September) - -	209

BOOK SECOND.

Lieutenant De Molène takes pos-		heights of the Alma (20th Sep-	
session of a post of Russian		tember) - - -	224
infantry - - -	216	Bosquet's Division advances to-	
The allied armies commence		wards the heights of the Alma	225
their march (19th September)	218	Immobility of the English army	225
Passage of the Boulganak -	219	General Bosquet receives the	
The army arrives at the Alma -	219	order to suspend his march -	226
Prince Menschikoff makes a re-		General Bosquet resumes his	
connoissance - - -	219	march, and himself reconnoi-	
Biography of Prince Menschikoff	219	tres the ground - - -	228
Effective force of the Russian		Flank movement of General	
army, its position upon the		Bosquet - - -	229

	PAGE
The French artillery opens fire -	231
Prince Menschikoff refuses to believe that a part of the army has succeeded in climbing the cliffs - - -	236
He gives orders to the Russian artillery to open fire -	237
The battle commences -	237
Battle of the Alma -	237
General Canrobert crosses the Alma - - -	240
The 1st and 9th Chasseurs, the 7th of the Line, and the 1st Zouaves climb the hills -	242
Prince Napoleon advances at the same time at the head of the 3rd Division - - -	242
The Russians set fire to the village of Bourliouk -	242
General Monet crosses the river with the 1st Brigade, Colonel Cler at the head of the Zouaves, and Colonel Duchâteau, followed by the Marines -	243
Assault of the Telegraph -	245
The 3rd Division arrives upon the heights - - -	247
General Thomas is wounded, and placed <i>hors de combat</i> -	247
General Forey crosses the river with Lourmel's Brigade -	248
General d'Aurelle proceeds forward towards the centre -	249
Our troops crown the plateau -	250
Colonel Cler at the head of the Zouaves, dashes upon the Tower of the Telegraph -	251
General Canrobert comes up to support this daring movement - - -	253
A fragment of a shell overthrows him - - -	253
The Russian movement of retreat - - -	254
The English are arrested in their march by superior forces -	255
Prodigies of valour of Brown's Division - - -	256
Splendid attack of the Duke of	

	PAGE
Cambridge and Sir De Lacy Evans - - -	257
Fresh charge of the Russians -	257
Arrival of Toussaint's battery -	257
The English redouble their efforts, and appear upon the heights, threatening to envelop the enemy - - -	257
The battle is won - - -	258
Prince Menschikoff is driven out of all his positions -	258
Capture of Prince Menschikoff's carriage by the Commandant La Boussinière - - -	260
The Marshal's letter to the Emperor - - -	266
The day following a battle -	268
Losses of the French and English army, and of the Russian army - - -	269
The army resumes its march (23rd September), and traverses the Katcha without opposition on the part of the Russians - - -	272
The Russians sink five ships-of-the-line and two frigates, at the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol - - -	275
Admiral Hamelin's report -	276
Alteration of the plan of attack -	277
Extract from the Journal kept by the Marshal - - -	277
Plan adopted in the Conference of the Katcha - - -	277
The army arrives in the valley of the Belbeck - - -	281
The troops march upon Sebastopol in passing by Inkermann -	283
The enemy's positions are out-flanked - - -	283
The Marshal is attacked by the cholera - - -	284
Engagement between the head of the English column and the Russian rear-guard -	286
The Marshal resigns the chief-command to General Canrobert - - -	290

	PAGE		PAGE
March towards the Tchernaya -	292	Eight Turkish battalions come	
Admiral Hamelin's report -	293	to take part in the siege -	340
The English take possession of		The plan of attack is definitively	
Balaklava - - -	294	agreed upon in Council (9th	
Lord Raglan's report - -	294	October) - - -	340
Biography of General Canrobert	295	The Russians come to reconnoitre	
The Marshal is transported to		the positions (7th October) -	341
Balaklava - - -	301	Fresh attempt by the Russians	
The cholera disappears; great		(9th October) - - -	341
feebleness succeeds - -	301	Order of the Day of the 9th Oc-	
Lord Raglan and Admiral Lyons		ttober - - -	342
visit the Marshal - -	306	Opening of the trenches (9th	
His departure for Constanti-		October) - - -	342
nople - - -	307	Reconnoissance of the Russians	
His death (29th September) -	309	upon the English lines (10th	
Arrival of the "Berthollet" at		October) - - -	348
Marseilles (11th October) -	315	Admiral Bruat's reconnoissance	
Public funeral at Paris (16th		with Colonel Desaint - -	351
October) - - -	315	Continuation of the first parallel	355
The Emperor's letter to Madame		Establishment of two new bat-	
de Saint-Arnaud (16th October)	316	teries - - -	355
Sebastopol - - -	319	Company of sharpshooters or-	
Landing of the siege material -	322	ganized by General Forey -	355
The Russians hastily fortify		All the batteries are completed -	356
themselves - - -	322	Admiral Hamelin proposes to	
Biography of General Forey -	323	General Canrobert to combine	
The English army takes up its		an attack by land and sea	
positions - - -	325	against Sebastopol (14th Oc-	
Description of Sebastopol -	331	ttober) - - -	356
The regular siege commences -	332	The attack is agreed upon -	356
A Russian column of from 5,000		Grand Council, where the open-	
to 6,000 men, escorting a con-		ing of the fire is decided upon	
voy, is attacked by the Zouaves		for the next day (16th October)	356
and Foot Chasseurs, under the		The guns are unmasked -	358
orders of the Commandant		At half-past six in the morning,	
Dubos (2nd October) - -	334	the signal is given to com-	
The Russians make a sortie in		mence the fire (17th October)	359
order to burn a house, situated		Explosion of the powder maga-	
between the town and the camp	338	zine of the battery No. 4 -	362
The English army suffers from		Orders to cease firing - -	363
the cholera - - -	338	The English fire continues -	364
The reinforcements commence to		Action of the allied fleets during	
arrive from Varna - -	339	the attack - - -	364
A Russian column is thrown back		Reports of Admirals Hamelin	
upon the Tchernaya by the		and Dundas - - -	365
English artillery - -	339	The bombardment continues	
General Lourmel's engagement		during five hours upon the	
with a Russian column (7th		French and English lines -	367
October) - - -	339	A shell falls upon the flag-ship -	368

	PAGE		PAGE
Admiral Hamelin escapes by		At six o'clock the fire ceases	- 369
miracle - - -	- 368	The first period of the Expedition is terminated - -	- 372
The English begin the fire		Gigantic works are about to be	
against the northern forts -	- 368	executed - - -	- 372
The fire of the Quarantine Battery is silenced - -	- 369	A new phase is about to be	
The Russian vessels sunk at the entrance of the harbour, prevent the entrance into it -	- 369	opened - - -	- 372

DOCUMENTS IN AUTHENTICATION.

I. Treaty of alliance between England and France -	377	VII. Marshal de Saint-Arnaud's report to the Emperor upon the battle of the Alma	335
II. The Black Sea fleet -	379	VIII. Marshal de Saint-Arnaud's reports to the Minister of War, upon the battle of the Alma - -	- 398
IV. Treaty of alliance between England, France, and Turkey - - -	- 381	IX. Admiral Hamelin's report upon the battle of the Alma - - -	- 404
V. Composition of the Army of the East - -	- 385		
VI. Admiral Hamelin's order for the landing - -	- 387		

END OF THE TABLE OF CONTENTS.



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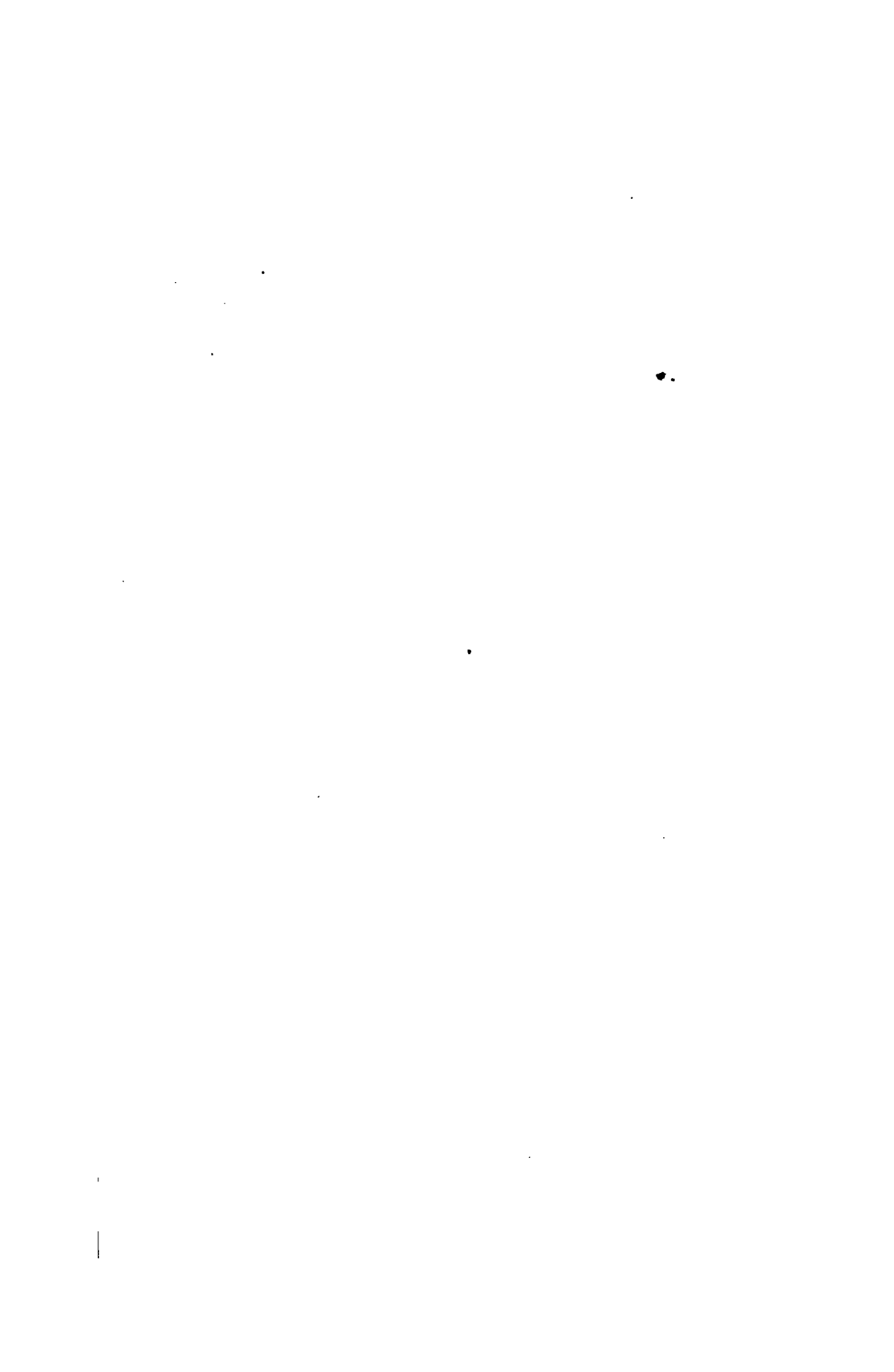
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